

No 8044 m. m



GIVEN BY

Oliver Ditson & Co.





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2010 with funding from  
Boston Public Library

<http://www.archive.org/details/ethiopiangleeboo00howe>



THE  
**ETHIOPIAN GLEE BOOK,**  
**COMPLETE,**  
CONTAINING THE SONGS SUNG BY THE  
**CHRISTY MINSTRELS,**  
WITH MANY OTHER  
**POPULAR NEGRO MELODIES,**  
IN FOUR PARTS,  
ARRANGED FOR QUARTETTE CLUBS.

8047.7

---

BY GUMBO CHAFF, A. M. A.

FIRST BANJO PLAYER TO THE KING OF CONGO.

---

BOSTON:  
PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY ELIAS HOWE, NO. 11 CORNHILL.  
1849.

# PREFACE.

---

De 'Scriber am pressed wid de vast 'sponsibilty ob pesentin' to de whole Nigga Popalashun ob dis world de genus ob de colored pofessors ob de 'vine art; and did he tink dat de world would be safe widout em, an' dat posterity would not sink down into oblibion, he would most 'specfully hab declined de honor to be de fus' skientific orther ob an Ethiopian Glee Book. He would most 'specfully say dat he hab taken some *pain*' to present a work 'dapted to de genus ob de risin' generation ob yung Niggers, an dat dis Book will be de means to keep dem in de strait an' narrow paff', am de cinsere wish ob one ob dare Ancesters,

GUMBO CHAFF.

*C. G. Howe*

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849,  
By ELIAS HOWE,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

---

STEREOTYPED BY A. B. KIDDER, 7 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

*G. 1857*

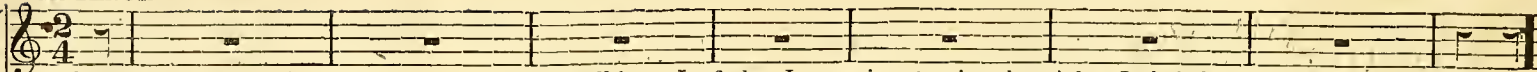
## DEDICATION.

*To all de Bobolashun and Antislavery 'cieties truout de world dis Book am most 'specfully 'scribed by de orther.*

# LUCY NEAL. Solo & Chorus.

3

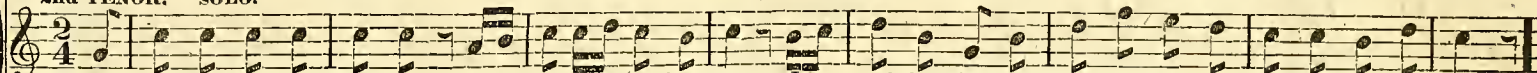
## 1st TENOR.



1. Come list-en to my sto-ry, You can't tell how I feel; Ise guine to sing the lub I hab For poor Miss Lu-cy Neal.

2. When I do come to Danville, I take my horn an blow, An den you see Miss Lu-cy Neale Cum running to de door.

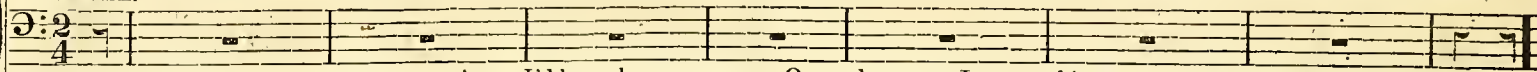
## 2nd TENOR. SOLO.



3. Miss Lu-cy dress'd in sat-in, Its O, she looked so sweet, I neb-ber should hab known her— I soon cognized her feet.

4. Oh! tell me, dearest Sam-bo, Whar hab you been so long? Dey do say dat you hab left me, An cross de sea was gone.

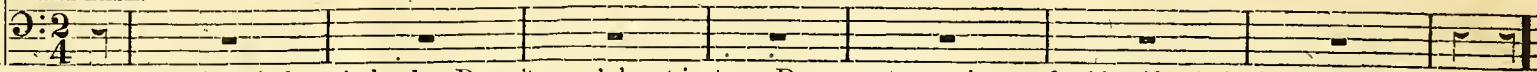
## 1st BASE.



5. I told her dat it was not so, An I'd leave her no more; O den poor Lu-cy kiss me, An fell faintin on de floor.

6. Oh! dar's de wite man com-in, To tear you from my side; Stan back! you wite slave dealer, She is my betroth'd bride.

## 2nd BASE.

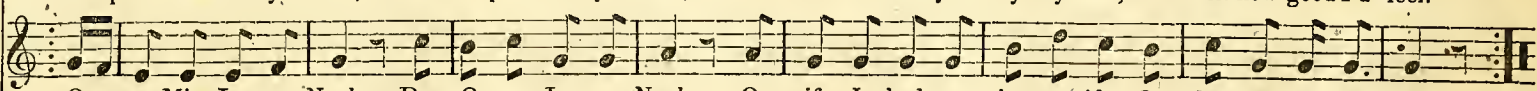


7. De poor nig-ga's fate is hard, De wite man's heart is stone, Dey part poor nig-ga fro his wife, An brake up dar happy home

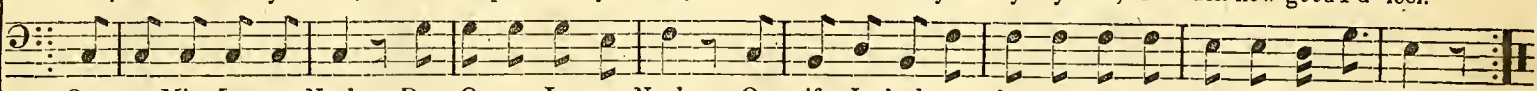
## CHORUS.



O poor Miss Lu-cy Neal, Den O poor Lu-cy Neal, O if I had you by my side, O den how good I'd feel.



O poor Miss Lu-cy Neal, Den O poor Lu-cy Neal, O if I had you by my side, O den how good I'd feel.



O poor Miss Lu-cy Neal, Den O poor Lu-cy Neal, O if I had you by my side, O den how good I'd feel.



O poor Miss Lu-cy Neal, Den O poor Lu-cy Neal, O if I had you by my side, O den how good I'd feel.



## GUMBO CHAFF. TRIO.

1st TENOR.

1. On de O - hi - o bluff, in de State ob In - di - an - na, Dar's whar I used to lib, chock up in de Ha-baur;  
 2. Once up - on a driff log tink I see an al - i - ga - tor, Skull my boat round, den I chuck him sweet po - ta - ter:

2nd TENOR.

3. When de sun gone down, an my day's work o - ber, Ole Gum-bo Chaff, he tinks he libs in clo - ber,

BASE.

Ebery mornin ear - ly, mas - sa gibs me liquor, Take my net and pad - dle, an I put out quick - er, An I jump  
 Hit him on de head, an I try for to wix it, Could'nt fool him bad no how I could fix it; So I up

I gwan a-board de boat, wid my ole tam - bo - rin, Den shub de boat orf, and gwan to Or - lean; An de cap -

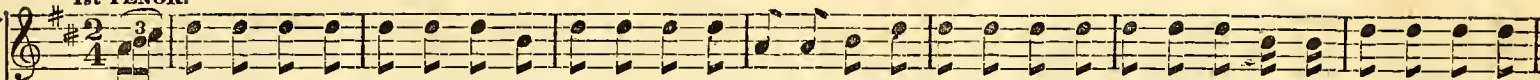
in de kiff, den I row de rib - er driff, An I cotch as ma - ny tur - o - pins as we two nig - gas lift.  
 wid a brick, an I fotch such a lick, But 'twas noth - in but a pine knot pon a big stick.

tain odd ro - tem, O I neb - er will forgotten, For he put me on de leb - ee dare to role a bale 'o cotton.

# OLD DAN TUCKER. SOLO & CHORUS.

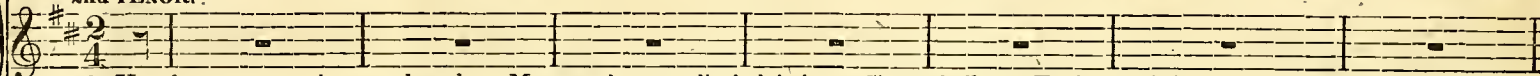
5

## 1st TENOR.



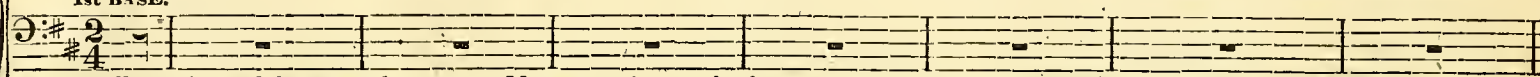
1. I cum to town de ud-der night, I hear de noise an saw de fight, De watchmen was a runnin roun, Cry-in Old Dan Tucker's
2. Dan Tuck-er is a nice old man, He used to ride our dar-by ram: He sent him wizzen down de hill, If he had'nt got up he'd

## 2nd TENOR.



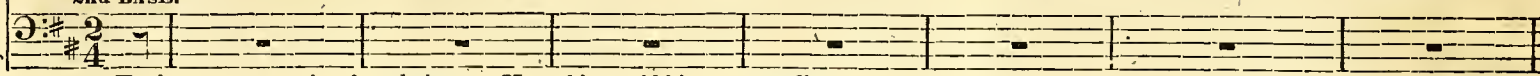
3. Here's my ra-zer in good or-der, Magnum bonum, jis hab bo't er, Sheepshell oats, Tucker shell de corn, I'll shabc you as soon as de
4. Old Dan Tucker an I got drunk, He fell in de fire and kick up a chunk, De charcoal got in-side he shoe, Lor bless you honey, how de

## 1st BASE.



5. Down de road foremost de stump, Mas-sa make work de pump: I pump so hard I broke de sucker, Dar was work for Old
6. I went to town to buy some goods, I lost myself In'a piece of woods, De night was dark, I had to suffer, It froze de heel of Dan-

## 2nd BASE.



7. Tuck-er was a hardened sinner, He nebber said his grace at dinner; De old sow squeel, de pigs did squall, He whole hog wid de

## CHORUS.

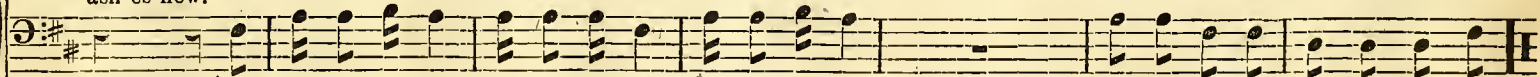


cum to town. So get out de way! get out de way! get out de way! Old Dan Tucker, your too late, to cum to sup-per.  
lay dar still.

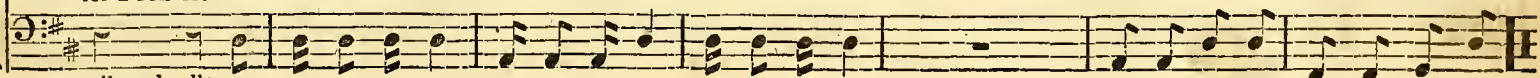
## SOLO.



water get warm. So get out de way! get out de way! get out de way! Old Dan Tucker, your too late to cum to sup-per.  
ash-es flew.



Dan 'Tucker. So get out de way! get out de way! get out de way! Old Dan Tucker, your too late to cum to sup-per.  
iel Tuck-er.



tail and all

# COAL BLACK ROSE. Solo & Chorus.

Andante.  
1st TREBLE SOLO.

1. Lubly Rosa, Sambo cum, Don't you hear de ban-jo tum tum tum!      Lub-ly Ro-sa, Sam-bo cum, Don't you hear de banjo tum tum tum!

2. Dat you Sambo? yes I cum, Don't you hear de ban-jo tum tum tum!      Lub-ly Ro-sa, Sam-bo cum, Don't you hear de banjo tum tum tum.

3. Tay a little, Sambo, I cum soon As I make a fire in de backa room.      Tay a little, Sambo, I cum soon As I make a fire in de backa room.

4. I laft to tink if you's mine, lubly Rose, I'd gib a plenty Lord above knows, Oh possum fat hominy, sometime rice, Cowheel, sug'cane, eb'ryting nice.

CHORUS.  
TREBLE.

O Rose, de coal black Rose, I wish I may be scorch'd if I don't lub Rose, O Rose, de coal black Rose

ALTO.

TENOR.

O Rose, de coal black Rose, I wish I may be scorch'd if I don't lub Rose, O Rose, de coal black Rose.

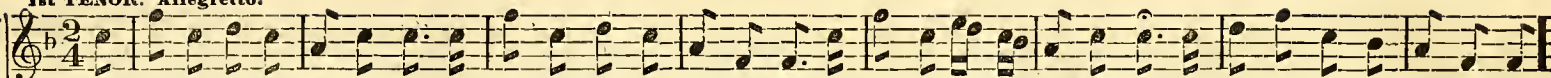
BASE.



# DANDY JIM O' CAROLINE. Quartett & Chorus.

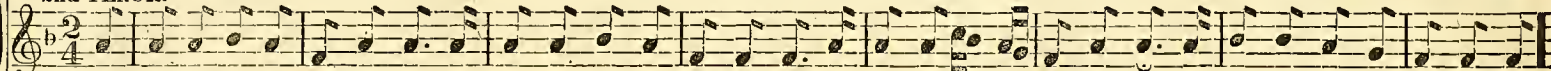
7

1st TENOR. Allegretto.



1. Dar's dan-dy niggas in each place, Wid beef stake lips dat wink wid grace, But none among de gals can shine Like dandy Jim ob Car-o-line.  
2. I went one ebe-nin to de ball, Wid lips comb'd out and wool quite tall, De ladies eyes like snow-balls shine On dandy Jim ob Car-o-line.

2nd TENOR.



3. Dey squatsied to me advance, To foot it wid me in de dance, Yet none could toe but Ginger Dine, Wid dandy Jim ob Car-o-line.

1st BASE.

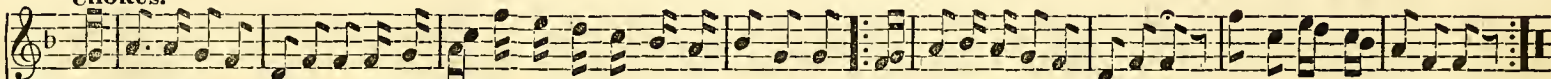


4. An when I cut de pigeon wing, I fan de cei-lin wid my fling, De la-dies all fell in a swine, For dandy Jim ob Car-o-line.

2nd BASE.



CHORUS.



For my ole massa told me so, I's de best lookin nigga in de country O! I look in de glass an foun it so, Jus what massa told me O!



Unison.



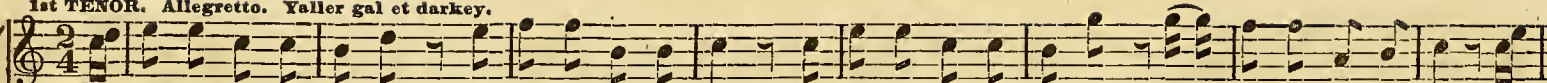
For my ole massa told me so, I's de best lookin nigga in de country O! I look in de glass an foun it so, Jus what massa told me O!





## MISS LUCY LONG.

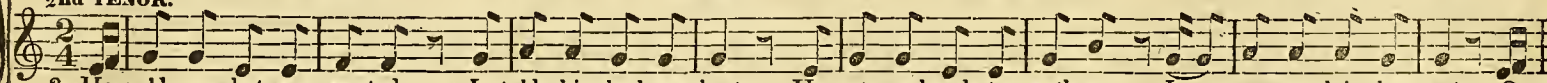
1st TENOR. Allegretto. Yaller gal et darkey.



1. I've come a-gain to see you, I'll sing a-noth-er song. Just list-en to my sto-ry, It is'nt ve-ry long. O

2. I went to see Miss Lu-cy, I got her to consent, And up, to Deacon Snowball's Dis child and Lu-cy went. O

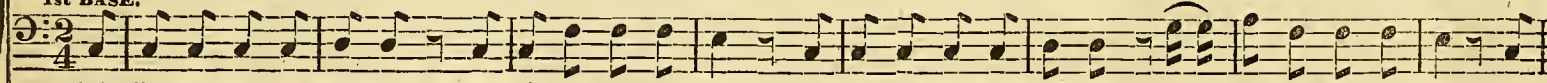
2nd TENOR.



3. He ax'd us what we wanted, I told him he knew best: He put our hands to-geth-er, I cannot-splain de rest. O

4. An now we have got married, I spec to have sum fun: If Lu-cy does'nt mind me, Dis nigger'll cut and run. O

1st BASE.



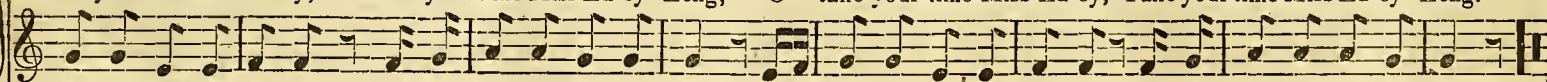
5. Miss Lu-cy she is handsome, Her teeth is white as snow, And when she rocks the cradle, I plays the ole ban-jo. O

2nd BASE.



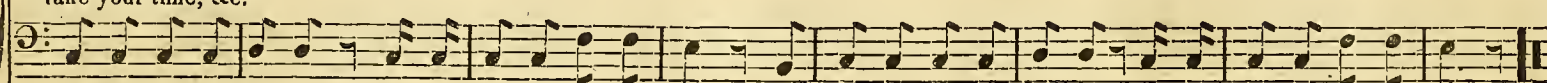
take your time Miss Lucy, Take your time Miss Lu-cy Long, O take your time Miss Lu-cy, Take your time Miss Lu-cy Long.

take your time Miss Lucy, Take your time Miss Lu-cy Long, O take your time Miss Lu-cy, Take your time Miss Lu-cy Long.

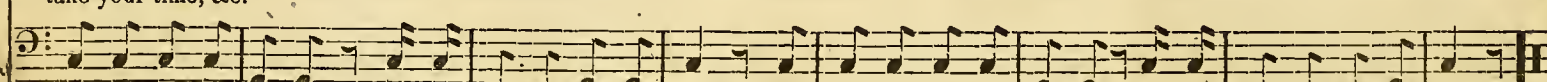


take your time, &amp;c.

take your time, &amp;c.



take your time, &amp;c.



# SUCH A GETTIN UP STAIRS.

9

## 1st TENOR. CHORUS.



1. On a Sus-ke-han-nah raft I cum down de bay, An I danc'd an I frolicked, an I fiddled all de way. Such a gettin up stairs I neb-ber did see, Such a  
2. Trike he toe an heel, cut de pigeon wing, Scratch grav-el, slap de foot, dat's just de ting. Such a gettin up stairs I neb-ber did see, Such a

## 2nd TENOR.



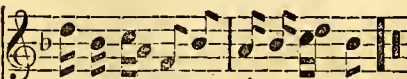
3. I went to de play, an I seed Jim Crow, Oh! nigga Isam den swell, for Jim was no go. Such a gettin up stairs I neb-ber did see, Such a  
4. I look him in de face untill I make him grin, And den I trow a backa quid an hit him on de shin. Such a gettin up stairs I neb-ber did see, Such a

## 1st BASE.

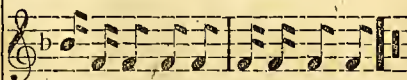


5. Oh, I is dat boy wot knows to preach a sarmon, 'Bout temperance, and 'seven up,' an all dat kin of varmin. Such a gettin up stairs I neb-ber did see, Such a

## 2nd BASE.



get-tin up stairs I nebber did see.  
get-tin up stairs I nebber did see.



get-tin up stairs I nebber did see.  
get-tin up stairs I nebber did see.



get-tin up stairs I nebber did see.



Niggas held'a meetin 'bout de colonization,  
And dere I spoke a speech about amalgamation.

Such a gettin up stairs, &c.

To Washington I go, dere I cut a swell,  
Cleanin gemmen's boots and ringin auction bell.

Such a gettin up stairs, &c.

I call on yaller Sal, dat trades in suassages,  
And dere I met big Joe, which make my dander rüz.

Such a gettin up stairs, &c.

Say I, "you see dat door? just mosey, nigga Joe,"  
For I'm a Suskehannah boy, wot knows a ting or two.

Such a gettin up stairs, &c.

And den I show my science—prenez gardez vouz,  
Bung he eye, break he shin, split he nose in two.

Such a gettin up stairs, &c.

Sal beller out—den she jump up between us,  
But guess he no forget de day when Isam show he genus.

Such a gettin up stairs, &c.

Den be Joe went out, he gwan to take de law,  
But he no fool de possum—I cut stick for Baltimore

Such a gettin up stairs, &c.

Two behind and two before,  
Wait till you get to de watch-house door.

Such a gettin up stairs, &c.

Sal is sassy, I know what she means,  
She's been to school, and is up to beans.

Such a gettin up stairs, &c.

If you want a song, get one dat's fat,  
"The gallant hussar," or "all round my hat."

Such a gettin up stairs, &c.

Turner an Fisher, dey go de 'hole figga,  
Dey's de chaps what mortalize de nigga.

Such a gettin up stairs, &c.

When you buy dis, an know it right well,  
Fetch along de change, and get de "Singer's Jewel."

Such a gettin up stairs, &c.



## DE SKEETERS DO BITE.

Pomposo con espressione, with wool ober de eyes.

O Pom-pey, Dear Pom-pey, O Pom-pey, Dear Pom-pey, o - pen your eyes!

O Fan - ny, Dear Fan - ny, O Fan - ny, Dear Fan - ny, o - pen your eyes!

O see . . . . . der sight! I feels . . . . . a bite! O see der sight! I

O see . . . . . der sight! I feels . . . . . a bite! O see der sight! I

O see der sight!

feels a bite! O dear! dis is a dref - ful night For skee-ters and flies. . . . . .

feels a bite! O dear! dis is a dref - ful night For skee-ters and flies. . . . . .

A dref - ful night, &amp;c.

Lively. De Nigga spring like de rattlesnake.

Beau-ti - ful nig-gers a - way, a - way, Crows go to sleep when night comes on; Der skeeters do bite de lon-ger we stay, We'll

Beau-ti - ful nig-gers a - way, a - way, Crows go to sleep when night comes on; Der skeeters do bite de lon-ger we stay, We'll

take ourselves off till der crit-ters are gone. De skeeters do bite! De longer we stay!

take ourselves off till der crit-ters are gone. De skee-ters do bite! De lon-ger we stay!

Fal la la, la la la la, la la la la, Fal la la la la la la, Fal la la la la la la la la la la, Fal la la la la la la.

Fal la la la la la la la la la la, Fal la la la la la la la, Fal la la la la la la la la la la, Fal la la la la la la.

Repeat Soft.

## DE YALLER CORN.

SOLO. Pastorale e Niggeroso.

1. At break ob day Di - an - a wakes In all her colors bright, Re-flecting o'er de wooly tribe, Her streams ob glist'ning light, De

2. Di - an - a is de gal for me, Her eyes like diamonds shine, Dose rows of pearls behind dose lips Hab smash'd dis heart ob mine; Al-

3. Di - an - a has de biggest foot, In all de country round; An when she stamps it on de floor, De darkies hear de sound: A-

darkies cum to ush-er in Dis beauteous belle ob morn, And niggers wid de day be-gin To grind de yal-ler corn.

rea-dy has he time arrived, For Dian-a's sig-nal horn, And niggers wid de day be-gin To grind de yal-ler corn.

way dey scamper to de field, When Di-an-a blows her horn, And niggers wid de day be-gin To grind de yal-ler corn.



CHORUS.  
TREBLE.

De yal-ler corn, De yal-ler, yal-ler corn, De yal-ler corn, De yal-ler, yal-ler corn. And niggers wid de day be-gin To

## ALTO.

## TENOR.

De yal-ler corn, De yal-ler, yal-ler corn, De yal-ler corn, De yal-ler, yal-ler corn, And niggers wid de day be-gin To

## BASE.

grind de yal-ler corn, And niggers wid de day begin To grind de yal-ler corn, De yal-ler, yal-ler corn, De yaller yal-ler corn.

grind de yal-ler corn, And niggers wid de day begin To grind de yal-ler corn, De yal-ler, yal-ler corn, De yaller, yal-ler corn.

## ZIP COON. Solo &amp; Chorus.

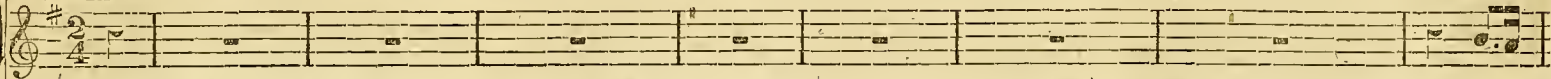
1st TENOR. SOLO. Samboso.



1. I went down to San-dy hook, tod-er ar-ter-noon; I went down to San-dy hook, tod-er ar-ter-noon; I

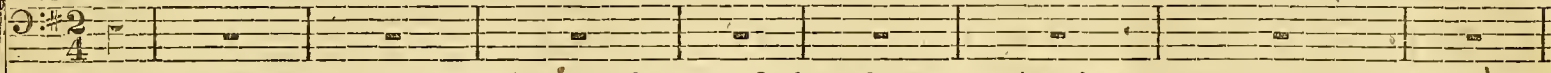
2nd TENOR.

SOLO.



2. Ole Su-ky Blue-skin, fell in lub wid me, She vité me to her house to take a cup a tea; What

1st BASE.



3. Did you ev-er see de wild-geese sail up-on de ocean; O de wild goose mo-tion is a ve-ry pret-ty notion, An

2nd BASE.



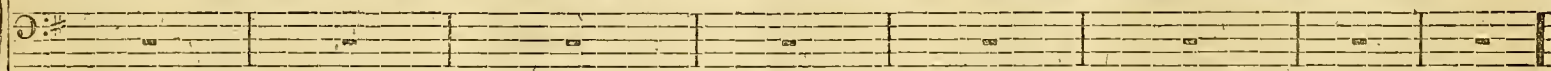
4. O my ole Mistress is ve-ry mad wid me, Because I would'nt go wid her an'live in Ten-ne-see, Massa



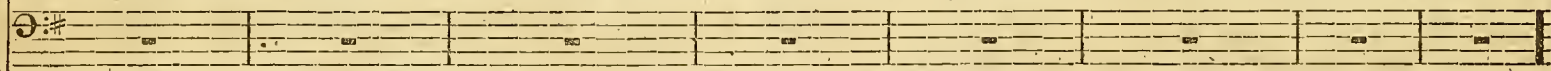
went down to San-dy hook, tod-er, ar-ter-noon; And de fust man I met dere was ole Zip Coon.



do you think old Syke had for de sup-per! Chick-en-foot, spar-row-grass and apple-sauce but-ter.



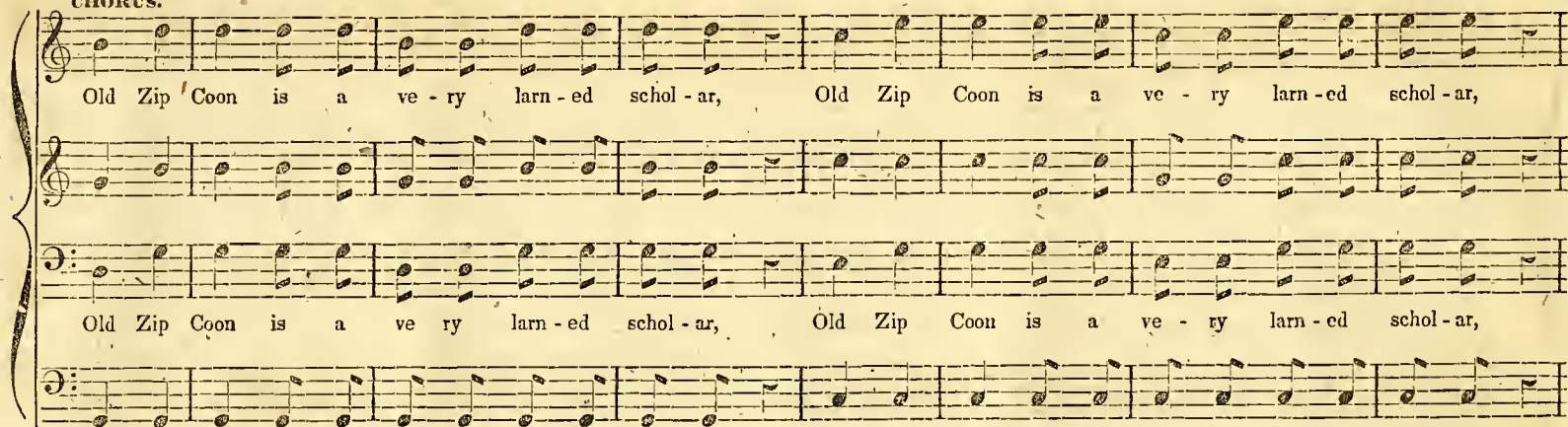
when de wild goose winks he beck-on to de swal-lor, And den de wild goose hollar, gog-gle gog-gle gollar.



build a barn dere an put in all de fod-der, Dere was dis ting and dat ting an one ting oder.

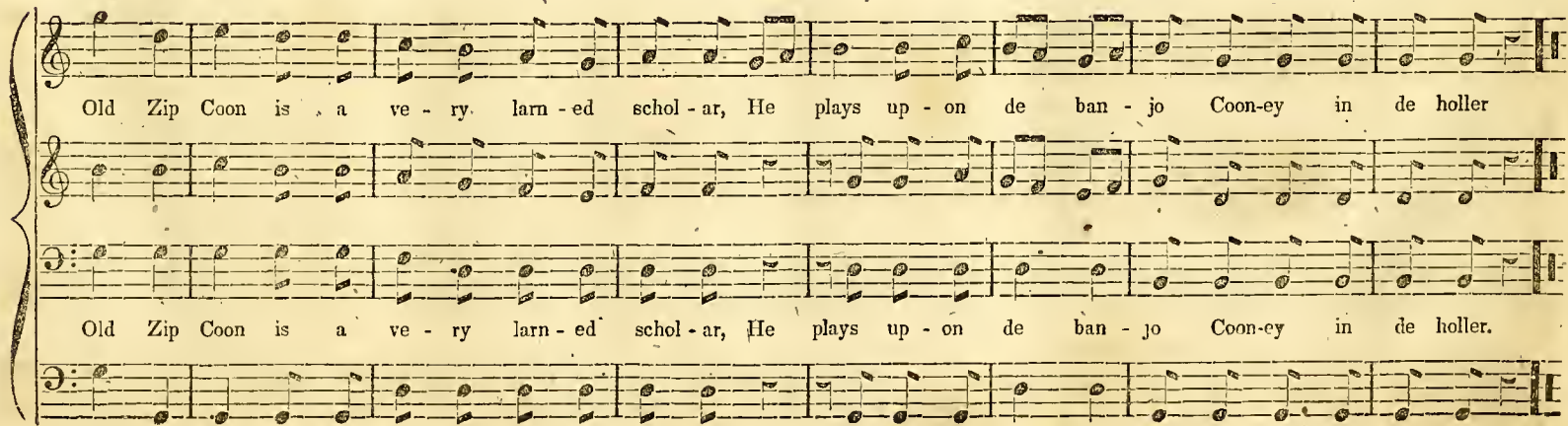


## CHORUS.



Old Zip Coon is a ve - ry larn - ed schol - ar, Old Zip Coon is a ve - ry larn - ed schol - ar,

Old Zip Coon is a ve ry larn - ed schol - ar, Old Zip Coon is a ve - ry larn - ed schol - ar,



Old Zip Coon is a ve - ry larn - ed schol - ar, He plays up - on de ban - jo Coon-ey in de holler

Old Zip Coon is a ve - ry larn - ed schol - ar, He plays up - on de ban - jo Coon-ey in de holler.

## SING, SING! DARKIES SING.

TREBLE. CHORUS BY ALL DE DARKIES.

FINE.

Sing, sing! darkies sing, Don't you hear the ban-jo ring ring ring; Sing, sing, dark-ies sing, Sing for the white folks, sing.

ALTO.

Sing, sing! darkies sing, Don't you hear the ban-jo ring ring ring; Sing, sing, dark-ies sing, Sing for the white folks, sing

TENOR.

Sing, sing! darkies sing, Don't you hear the ban-jo ring ring ring; Sing, sing, dark-ies sing, Sing for the white folks, sing.

BASE.

Sing, sing! darkies sing, Don't you hear the ban-jo ring ring ring; Sing, sing, dark-ies sing, Sing for the white folks, sing

SOLO.

Since mu-sic is de meat ob love Made by ole 'Pol-lo from a-bove, De sweetest wictu'ls ob de kine, An' in de darkies' strain divine,  
 Dar's Dandy Jim ob Car-o-line, An' od-er airs dat's quite as fipe; Dar's Dan-el Tucker, Lu-cy Neal Dat makes de frame all o-ver feel,

## CHORUS.

Sing, sing, darkies sing, Don't you hear the ban-jo ring ring ring; Sing, sing, darkies sing, Sing for the white folks, sing.

Sing, sing, darkies sing, Don't you hear the ban-jo ring ring ring; Sing, sing, darkies sing, Sing for the white folks, sing.

Sing, sing, darkies sing, Don't you hear the ban-jo ring ring ring; Sing, sing, darkies sing, Sing for the white folks, sing.

Sing, sing, darkies sing, Don't you hear the ban-jo ring ring ring; Sing, sing, darkies sing, Sing for the white folks, sing.

*Con espressione with much de color.*

With 'lo - dious voice An' eb - er su - ple hand, Come raise de noise An' make de wool straight stand.  
An' shake de bones An' scrape de fid - dle leine, Come twang de ban - jo, shake de tam - bo - rin.

*D. C.*

*D. C.*

*D. C.*

*D. C.*



## OLE BULL AND DAN TUCKER.

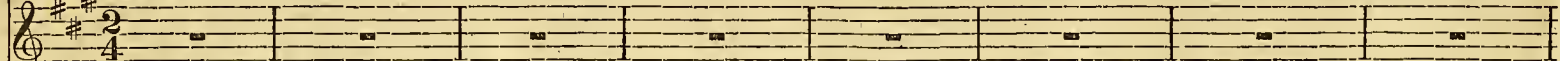
## ALTO. Banjoretto.



1. White folks, I will sing to you, A good old song it is quite new, A-bout Ole Bull and old Dan Tucker, Who play'd a match for an oyster sup-per.

2. Ole Bull come to town to play Five hundred dollars for a day, The women run and I run too, To hear him fid-dle up some-thing new.

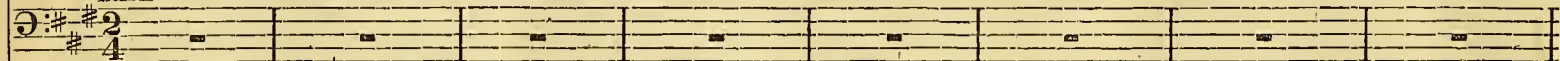
## TENOR.



3. They play'd t'gether at Chatham street, Each other's time they try to beat, Some went for Dan and some for Bull, The house was crowd-ed ram jam full.

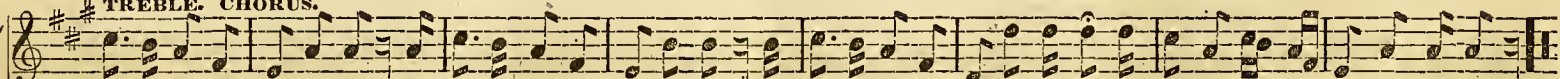
4. When first his fiddle gan to speak, The peo-ple they all went to sleep; He gave his bow a mighty haul, He made them all wake up and squall.

## BASE.



5. If you want to hear good play, Just call for Dan from the Norway, Who tuck the shine from Pag-a-nin-y, He was the boy from old Vir-gin-ny.

## TREBLE. CHORUS.

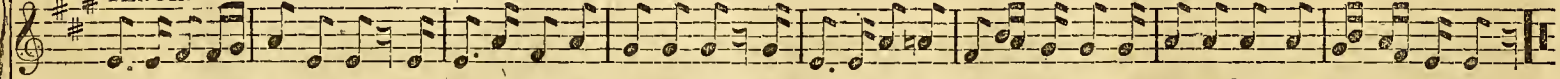


Hand the ban-jo down to play, Who beat Ole Bull from de Norway, Who tuck the shine from Pag-a-nin-y, We am the boys from old Vir-gin-ny.

## ALTO.

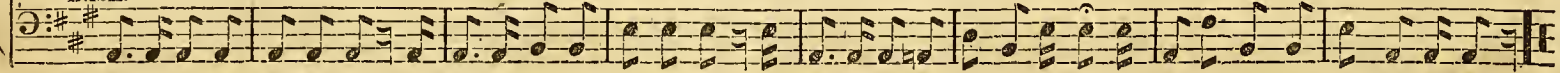


## TENOR.

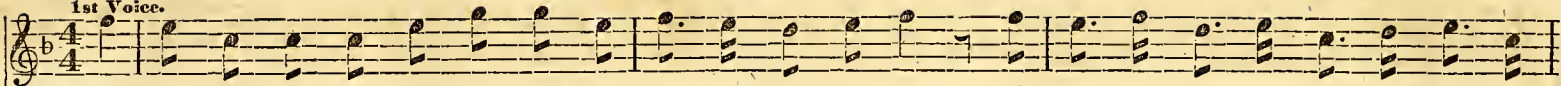


Hand the ban-jo down to play, Who beat Ole Bull from de Norway, Who tuck the shine from Pag-a-nin-y, We am the boys from old Vir-gin-ny.

## BASE.



## 1st Voice.



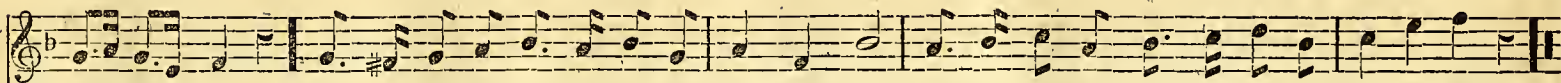
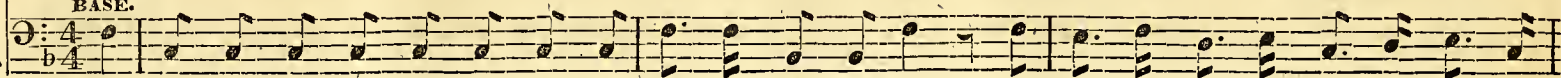
1. Come list - en all you gals and boys, I's just from Tuck - y' - hoe: I'm goin to sing a .lit - tle song, My  
 2. O I'm a roar - er on de fid - dlé, And down in old Vir - gin - ny, They say I play de sky - en - tific, Like  
 3. I went down to de rib - er, I didn't mean to stay, But dere I see so ma - ny gals, I

## 2nd Voice.



4. I got up - pon a flat boat, I cotch de Un - cle Sam, Den I went to see de place Whar  
 5. An den I go to Orleans, An feel so full ob fight, Dey put me in de cal - a - boose, An

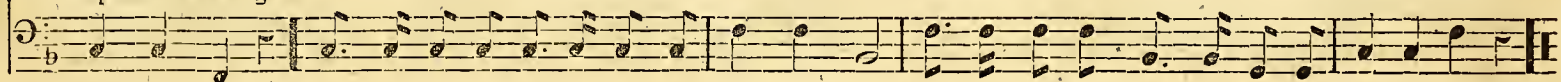
## BASE.



name's Jim Crow. Wheel a-bout and turn a-bout an do jis so, Eb-ery time I wheel a-bout I jump Jim Crow.  
 Massa Paganinni.  
 could'nt get away.



dey kill'd Pakenham. Wheel a-bout and turn a-bout an do jis so, Ebe-ry time I wheel a-bout I jump Jim Crow.  
 keep me dere all night.



## THE BAND OF NIGGERS FROM 'OLD VIRGINNY STATE.'

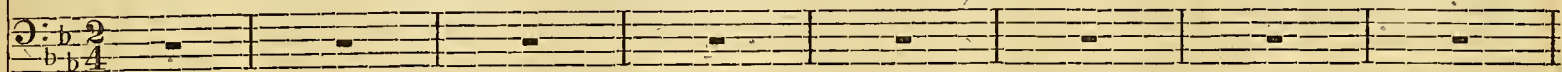
SOLO.



1. Don't you hear the ban-jo coming! Don't you hear the ban-jo coming! Don't you hear the ban-jo coming From de old Vir-gin - ny  
 2. We have left our father Cuf-fee, We have left our fa-ther Cuf-fee, We have left our fa-ther Cuf-fee, In de old Vir-gin - ny



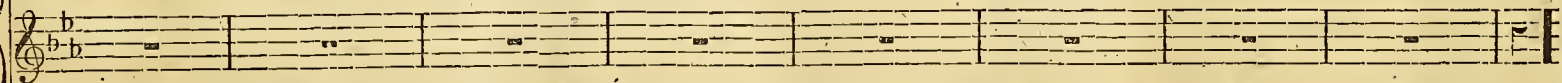
3. Dere is mu-sic in dis Nigger, Dere is mu-sic in 'dis Nigger, When he's going de big fig-ure, On de old oak



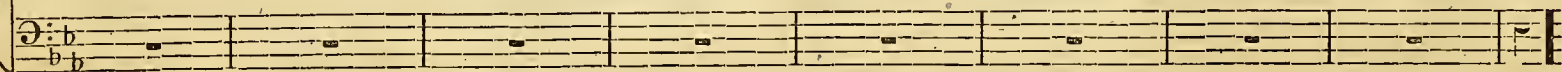
4. We hab twen-ty leb-en broders, And Leb-en-teen sisters, And dere all as black as nig-gers In old Vir-gin - ny



state; We're a fam-i-ly of niggers, We're a fam-i-ly of niggers, We're a fam-i-ly of niggers And our sto-ry we'll re-late.  
 state; We've ob-tained his ban-jo, We've ob-tained his ban-jo, We've ob-tained his ban-jo, And his ole Jaw bone.



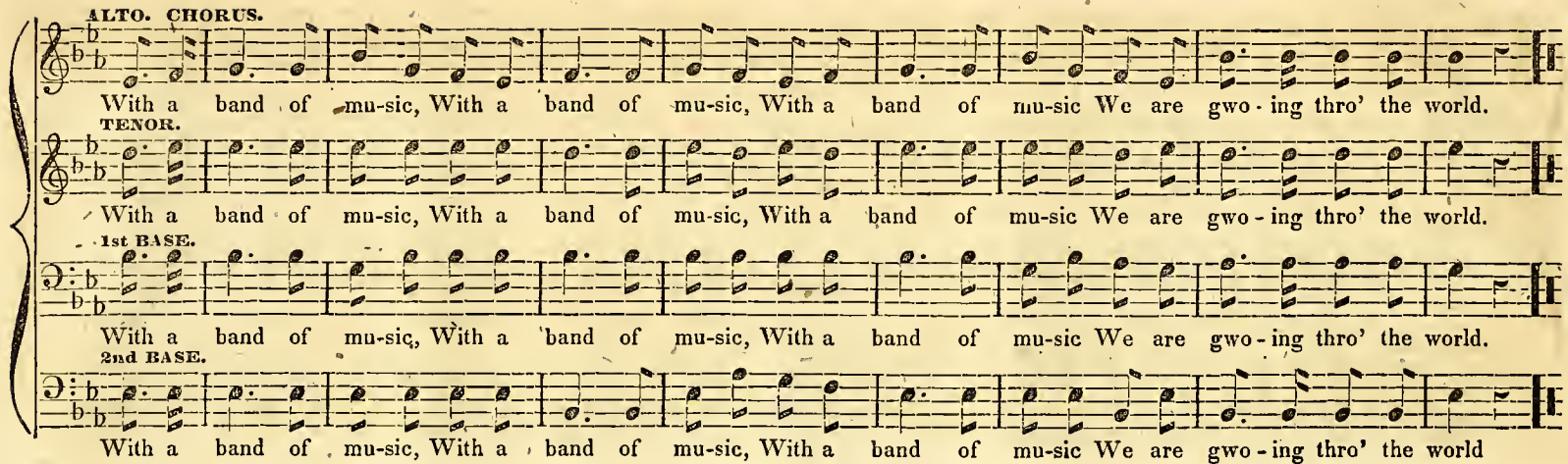
plank; Your tem-per would'nt ruf-fle, Your applause you would't muffle, Did you see our dou-ble shuffle On de ole oak plank.



state; 'Tis the tribe of Cuf-fee, 'Tis the tribe of Cuf-fee, 'Tis the tribe of Cuffee, And their names I re-late



**ALTO. CHORUS.**



With a band of mu-sic, With a band of mu-sic, With a band of mu-sic We are gwo-ing thro' the world.

**TENOR.**

With a band of mu-sic, With a band of mu-sic, With a band of mu-sic We are gwo-ing thro' the world.

**1st BASE.**

With a band of mu-sic, With a band of mu-sic, With a band of mu-sic We are gwo-ing thro' the world.

**2nd BASE.**

With a band of mu-sic, With a band of mu-sic, With a band of mu-sic We are gwo-ing thro' the world.

5

Cæsar, Cuffee, Jake and Josey,  
 Sambo, Pomp, and Nigger Nosey,  
 Dandy Jim, Zip Coon and Rosey,  
 And they're all wide awake.  
 Rose and Dinah both so pretty,  
 Lucy, Phillis, and Miss Kitty,  
 Ole Aunt Sarah she's so witty,  
 About her there's no mistake.  
 With our band of music,  
 With our band of music,  
 With our band of music,  
 And our old Jaw bone.

6

Uncle Gabriel plays de fiddle,  
 Zip Coon he makes de riddle,  
 Bone Squash is in de middle,  
 And dis Nigger plays de bones.  
 While the banje and triangle,  
 With the cymbals jingle jangle,  
 And big drum so neat we handle,  
 'Tis a sin to uncle Jones.  
 With our band of music,  
 With our band of music,  
 With our band of music,  
 With our band of music,  
 We can make the air resound.

7

Now three cheers, altogether,  
 Now three cheers altogether,  
 Now three cheers altogether,  
 For old Virginny state.  
 Like de niggers gone before us,  
 We will swell de Chorus,  
 And de white folks will anchore us  
 With a loud hurra.  
 Like de niggers gone before us,  
 We will swell de Chorus,  
 Till the heavens o'er us,  
 Will rebound de loud Chah!



## GWINE TO DE MILL.

ALTO.

1. I drove my cart to de mill one day, An I met Jule Glover gwine dat way; She spress'd a wish dat she mount ride: Yes dat yon may Jule by my side.

TENOR.

2. I kissed at Ju-lia on de road, But de fool she scream'd and squall'd so loud, De oxens run an de cart turn o - ber, An spilt out I and Ju - lia Glover.

1st BASE.

3. O Jule was a chick ob de ole blue hen, An she gin me a jaw wid a vengeance den; She cuff'd my ears an set em a ringin, Bat I said nothin, and kep on singin.

2nd BASE.

4. Jule den call me a ban - jo fool, She claw'd my face an pulled my wool, I gin her a lick dat tipped her o-ver, An dar I lef my Ju - lia Glover.

Set down dar my Ju - lia Glo-ver, Ban - jo I - sam am your lov - er; Gwine to de mill wid Ju - lia Glover, Gwine to de mill wid Ju - lia Glo-ver.

Set down dar my Ju - lia Glo-ver, Ban - jo I - sam am your lov - er; Gwine to de mill wid Ju - lia Glover, Gwine to de mill wid Ju - lia Glo-ver.



1. I once did love a 'yel-low gal, I'll tell you what's her name; She came from old Vir-gin-i - a, And they call her Ma-ry Blane.

CHORUS.

TREBLE.

Den farewell, den fare-well, Den farewell Ma-ry Blane, O do take care your-self my dear, I'm com-ing back a - gain.

ALTO.

Den farewell, den fare-well, Den farewell Ma-ry Blane, O do take care your-self my dear, I'm com-ing back a - gain.

TENOR.

Den farewell, den fare-well, Den farewell Ma-ry Blane, O do take care your-self my dear, I'm com-ing back a - gain.

BASE.

2 They've sung of charming Lucy Neale,  
They've sung of pretty Jane,  
But I will sing of one more fair,  
My own sweet Mary Blane. Den, &c.

3 Saint Louis boasts of pretty girls,  
But Oh! 'tis all in vain,  
They have no gal that fills my eye,  
As does my Mary Blane. Den, &c.

4 We lived together many years,  
And she was still the same;  
In joy and sorrow, smiles and tears  
I loved my Mary Blane. Den, &c.

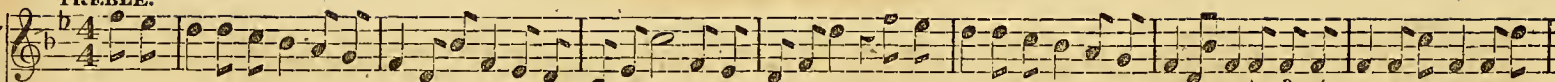
5 I was taken very sick one day,  
It give my Mary pain;  
Oh! den I learn'd how kind she was,  
My own sweet Mary Blane. Den, &c.

6 The doctor gave me medicine,  
But said 'twas all in vain;  
He said that I must surely die,  
And leave my Mary Blane. Den, &c.

7 Oh! Mary, now before we part,  
Come smile on me again;  
'Tis you can ease this dying heart—  
My own sweet Mary Blane. Den, &c.

## IN DE WILD RACKOON TRACK.

## TREBLE.



1. In de wild rackoon track, At de break ob de morn, 'Tis de nigger's pride, By de ribber's side, We am led on de track by de howl ob de coon. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

## ALTO.

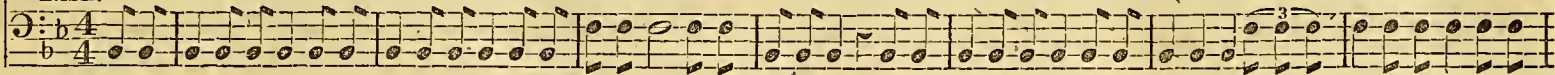


2. I hab cross'd de Mississippi, I hab kiss'd de black gal's lippy, But de happiest time war in old Carolina, When dis nigga fell in lub wid a gal named Dinah. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

## TENOR.



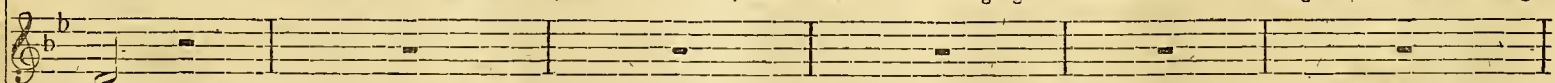
## BASE.



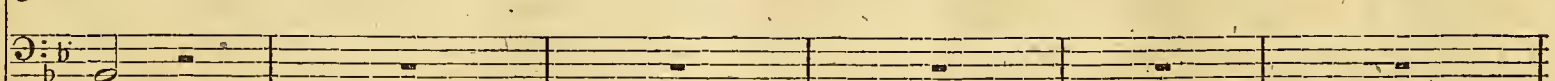
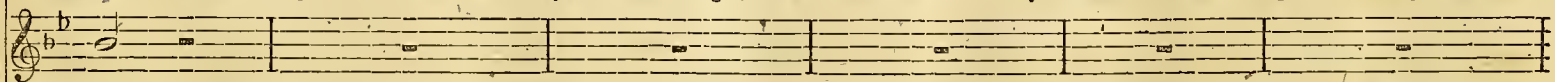
## Sambo, SOLO.



ha; Howl to me when de coon I see, Make de heart of dis nig - ger bound. I long to be climbing



ha; Her lips war white, her eyes war bright, Her voice war ber - ry clear, Her lips war big, she could





CONCLUDED.

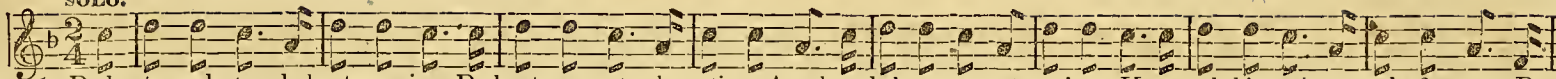
up dat tree, To pull de old coon down. In de wild rac-koon track, At de break ob de morn,'Tis de nigger's pride, By de

sing like a pig, Her mouth stretch'd from ear to ear. In de wild rac-koon track, At de break ob' de morn,'Tis de nigger's pride, By de

[illegible]

## DE BOATMAN'S DANCE.

SOLO.



1. De boatman dance, de boatman sing, De boatman up to ebery ting; An when de boatman get on shore, He spends his cash an works for more. Den
2. De boatman is a thrifty man, Da's none can do as de boatman can; I neber see a pretty girl in all my life, But dat she was some boatman's wife. Den
3. When you go to de boatman's ball, Dance wid my wife or not at all; Sky-blue jacket an tarpulin hat, Look out my boys for de nine tail cat. Den
4. When de boatman blows his horn, Look out old man your hog is gone, He steal my sheep he cotch my shoat, Den put em in bag an toat em fo boat. Den
5. I went on board de udder day, To see what de boatman had to say; Dar I let my passion loose, An dey cram me in de callaboose. Den



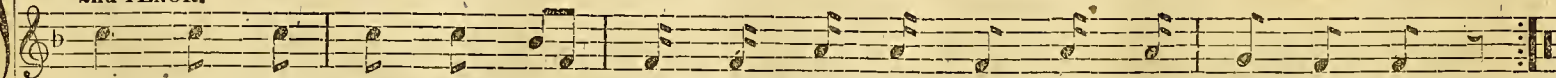
dance, de boatman, dance, O dance, de boatman, dance, O dance all night till broad day light, An go home wid de gals in de morning.  
 dance, de boatman, dance, O dance, de boatman, dance, O dance all night till broad day light, An go home wid de gals in de morning.  
 dance, de boatman, dance, O dance, de boatman, dance, O dance all night till broad day light, An go home wid de gals in de morning.  
 dance, de boatman, dance, O dance, de boatman, dance, O dance all night till broad day light, An go home wid de gals in de morning.  
 dance, de boatman, dance, O dance, de boatman, dance, O dance all night till broad day light, An go home wid de gals in de morning.

1st TENOR. CHORUS.



Heigh O, de boat - man row, Float - in down de rib - er de O - hi - o.

2nd TENOR.



Heigh O, de boat - man row, Float - in down de rib - er de O - hi - o.

1st BASE.



Heigh O, de boat - man row, Float - in down de rib - er de O - hi - o.

2nd BASE.



Heigh O, de boat - man row, Float - in down de rib - er de O - hi - o.

# JOLLY RAFTSMAN.

27

TREBLE. *Allegro.*



My raft is by de shore, she's light and free, To be a jolly raftsman's the life for me, And as I pole a-long, our song shall be, O

ALTO.



TENOR.



My raft is by de shore, she's light and free, To be a jolly raftsman's the life for me, And as I pole a-long, our song shall be, O

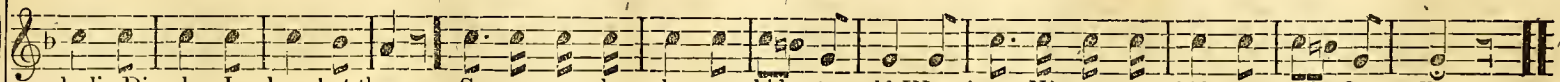
BASE.



FINE.

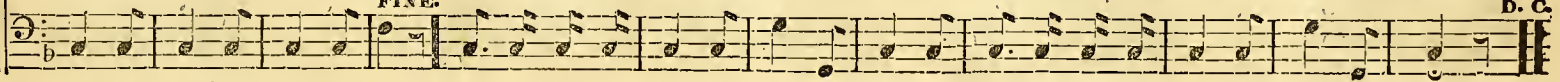


darlin Di-nah I love but thee. O dis nig-ga war raised in ole Wur-gin-ny, And my lub her name is Dine,  
She hab de sense to pre-fer dis nig-ga, 'Fore dandy Jim ob Car-o-line.



darlin Di-nah I love but thee. So good by we bid to old Wurginny, Niggers we bid you all fare-well;  
Our mas-ters dey may go to Guin-ea, In free states we will dwell.

FINE.



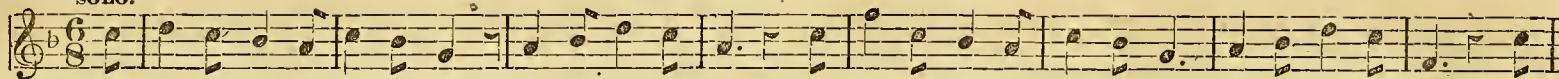
D. C.

D. C.

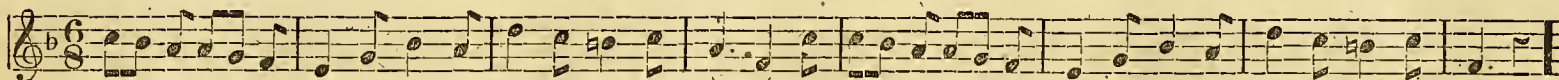


## PHILISEE CHARCOAL.

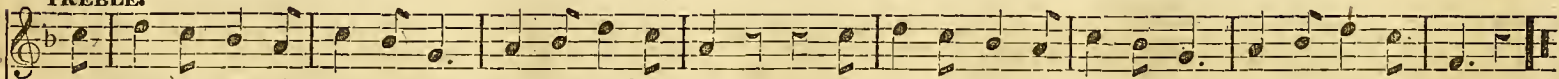
## SOLO.



1. Oh come to me my own true-lub, Come sweet Phi-li - see, The old folks bof are sound a-sleep, Snoring mer-ri - ly, When  
 2. Be-neaf dis sha-dy pos-sum tree, Sweet I'll tell my lub: Whenfust I spied dat melting glance, At de wash-ing tub; O  
 3. Dis is de hour when true lubs meet, Sweetest Phi - li - see, O let me squeeze thee to dis heart, Frobbing ar-dent - ly; What

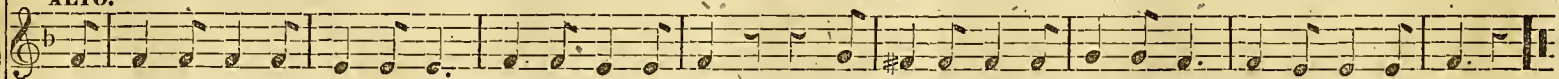


work is done den lub be-gins Ar - ter de close ob day, Wid ban-jo's sound and vi - o-lins To teal young hearts away.  
 how dis heart against dese ribs, Did beat with joy and bliss, The li - ly arms a-round me fling When I do teal dat kiss.  
 raptures now glide thro' my veins, O clos-er come to me, Wid - in dose arms I'd lib and die, My lub - ly Phi - li - see.

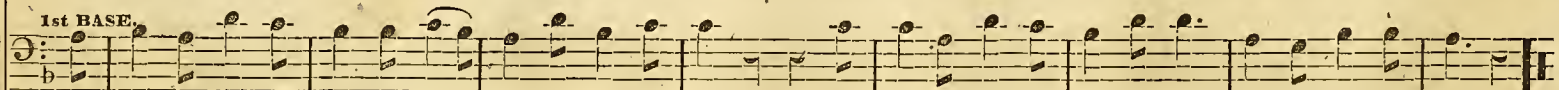
CHORUS.  
TREBLE.

O come to me my own true lub, Come, sweet Phi-li-see! De old folks bof are sound a-sleep, Snoring mer-ri - ly.

## ALTO.

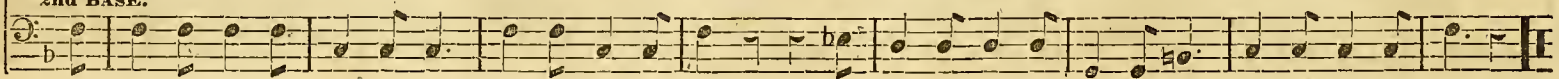


## 1st BASE.



O come to me my own true lub, Come, sweet Phi-li-see! De old folks bof are sound a-sleep, Snoring mer-ri - ly.

## 2nd BASE.

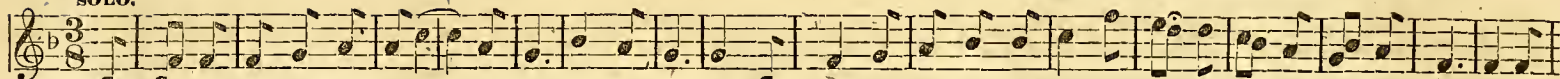




# HARK TO DE BANJO'S SOUND.

29

## SOLO.



1. My dear, my lub-ly Di - an-ah, O come down to me! With lub my heart is ex-tin-guish-ing For thee and on - ly thee; The
2. De dew is fall-ing fast, Di-an-ah, Your luber cannot stay, O why you keep him here all night, Un - til de broke ob day! If
3. O what is dat dat I be-hold: Ah! is it you my dear! Where have you been so long Di-an - ah, While I've been waiting here. De
4. I'm sit-tin on a ta - ter hill, De crickets are dancing round, De bats are fly - ing o'er my head, To hear my ban-jo sound. Den



moon is trabling up de hill De stars are glist'ning round, So wake my lub, my sweet Di - an-ah, And hark to de ban - jo sound.  
 you don't cum I'll kill myself, I'll drown me in a spring, An I will hang me up to dry, By dis old ban - jo string.  
 day is coming o'er de fields, I see it on de ground, So I must trab-cl off Di - an-ah, And stop de ban - jo sound.  
 come my sweet Di-an-ah, come, And with my ban-jo sing, An I will play de pol - ka dance, Up - pon my ban - jo string.

## CHORUS. TREBLE.



Den hark to de ban-jo sound, O hark to de ban-jo sound, Den wake my lub, my sweet Di-an - ah, And hark to de ban - jo sound.

## ALTO.



## TENOR.



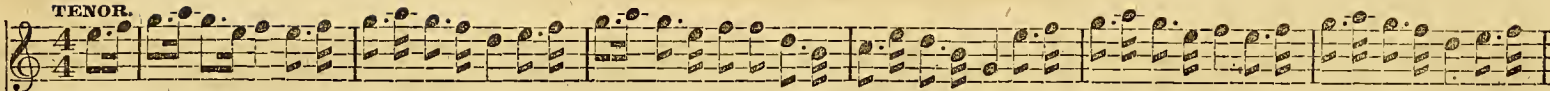
Den hark to de ban-jo sound, O hark to de ban-jo sound, Den wake my lub, my sweet Di-an - ah, And hark to de ban - jo sound.

## BASE.



## JUMBO JUM.

TENOR.

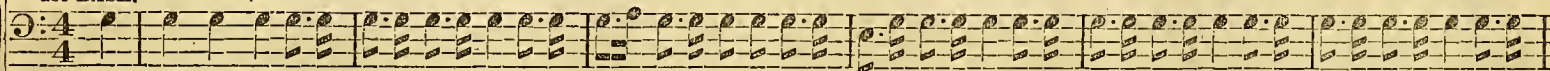


1. My name's Jum-bo Jum and I cum from Ten-e-see, I can fight jump and wrestle by the double rule of three, Ev'ry moroing ve-ry ear-ly this nig-ga can be seen Fireing

ALTO.

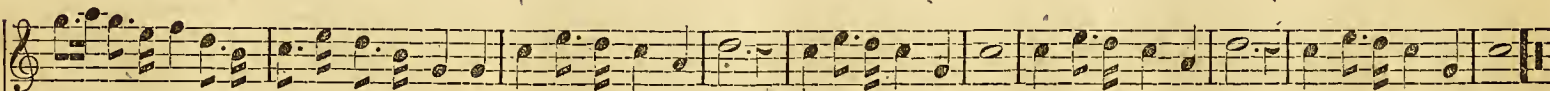
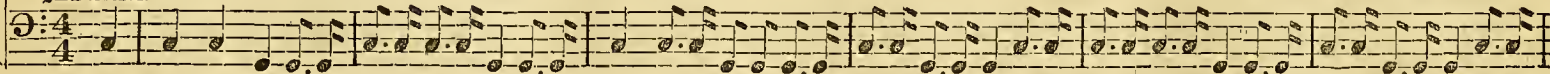


1st BASE.

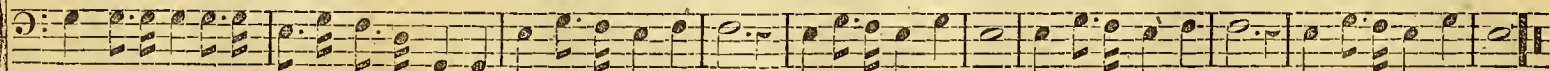
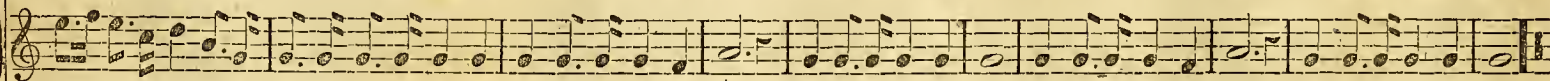


2. O Nashville is a nice place as any in the nation, And all, and all de niggers work dere upon de plan-ta-tion, When de day's work is done dey take hold of a fid-dle, They bal-

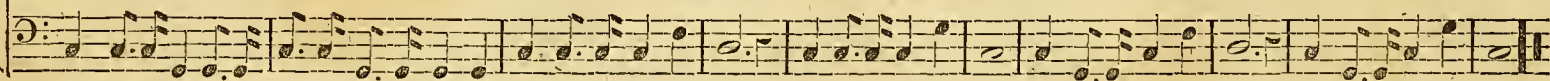
2nd BASE.



up, like de dev-il to raise a lit-tle steam. O, look at ex-quis-ite snia! Nigger you can't be - gin, Here is the jay bird wing, And the back-action spring.



ance to their partner and chassy down the middle. O then you ought to see de niggers, Sporting dere elegant figures: I took em right on de wing, When I cum de back-action spring.





# OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

31

SOLO.

1. De biggest fool I eb-er see, Was nigger come from Ten-ne-see; }  
At mornin' when dis nigger rose, He put his mittens on his toes. }

1st Voice.

Reel o'er the mountain, love, Hey come a-long my dar-ling, Fare you well Miss Dinah Clare, I'm go-ing o'er the moun-tain.

2nd Voice.

Reel o'er the mountain, love, Hey come a-long my dar-ling, Fare you well Miss Dinah Clare, I'm go-ing o'er the moun-tain.

BASE.

2

Dis nigger went to feed-de sheep,  
He gib em green tobacco leaf,  
He went some water for to get,  
And carried it in a corn basket,  
Reel o'er de mountain, &c.

3

He went to shell corn in de shed,  
He shelled his shins all bare instead,  
He went to feed de hoss at de barn,  
He put himself in de trough for corn,  
Reel o'er de mountain, &c.

4

Every day when Sunday come,  
He combed his hair with a hoss-jaw bone,  
He went to split some oven-wood,  
And he split himself up clar de foot,  
Reel o'er de mountain, &c.



## TELL ME JOSEY WHAR YOU BEEN. Duett &amp; Chorus.

## TREBLE.



1. Tell me Josey, whar you bin, To leave me this way is a sin, You left me all a-lone 'to sigh, It is a wonder I did'nt die.  
 2. Lub-ly Dinah, then I'll tell you, It happened in an oyster cellar, A nigger hit me wid a stick, I laid him flat wid a large big brick.

## ALTO.



## 1st BASE.



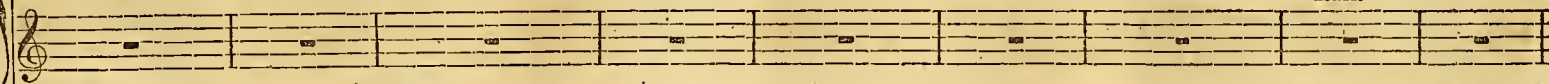
## 2nd BASE.



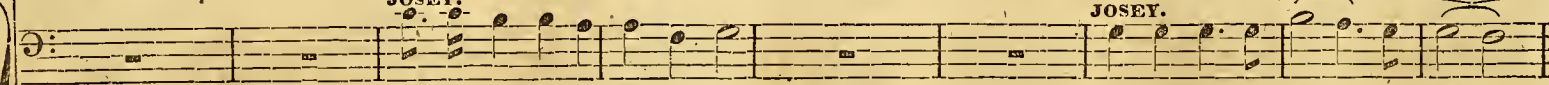
Tell me Josey, whar you bin!

Tell me then O shall I die.

Rall.



## JOSEY.



The way I love her is a sin.

## JOSEY.



If you drop I'm sure to sigh.

## CHORUS.

Tell me Jo-sey whar you bin, To leave me this way is a sin, You left me all a -

Tell me Jo-sey whar you bin, To leave me this way is a sin, You left me all a -

Tell me Jo-sey whar you bin, To leave me this way is a sin, You left me all a -

lone to sigh: It is a won-der I didn't die.

lone to sigh: It is a won-der I didn't die.

lone to sigh: It is a won-der I didn't die.

3

*She.* Now tell me Joe if you will marry,  
Case I can no longer tarry,  
You're the Nigger I admire,  
You've set my bursting heart on fire;

*She.* Now tell me Joe if you love me.

*He.* Dere's none dat I adore above thee.

*She.* My heart wid love now is pealing.

*He.* O, Moses, how she works my feeling.

4

*He.* O, lubly Rose, dere's my hand,  
No wench could have it in dis land;  
You are my thoughts by day and night,  
O, Moses, she's a beautiful sight.

*He.* How I do adore the creature.

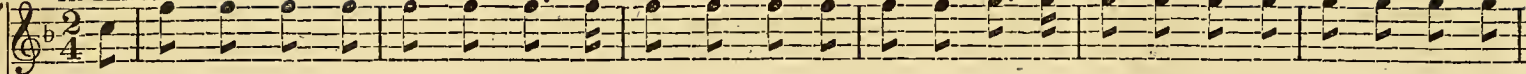
*She.* Moses! he's got splendid feature.

*He.* She's the only wench I ever see.

*She.* He's stole my heart away from me.

## SALLY STEELE AND JENNY WEAVER.

1st TENOR.



2nd TENOR.

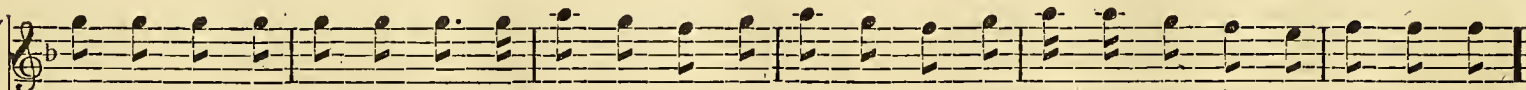
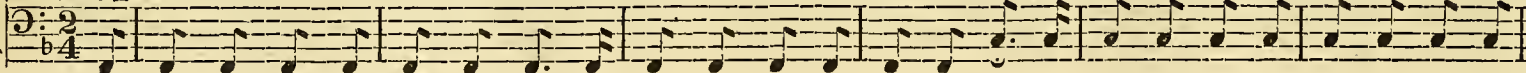


1. 'Twas once I lived in Ten - e - see, And Sal - ly Steele I dere did see—And Jen-ny Weaver lived dere too, I

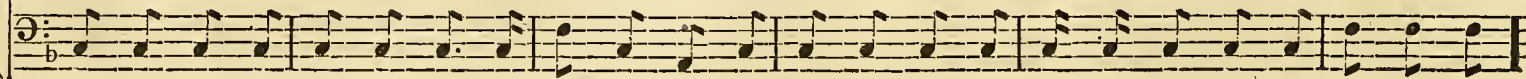
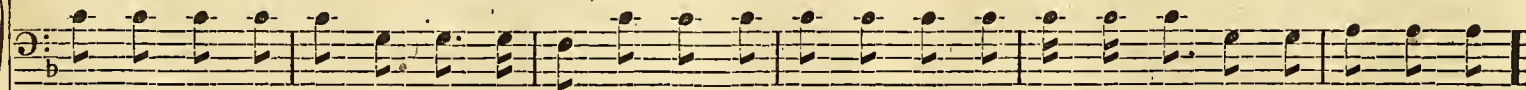
1st BASE.



2nd BASE.



loved em boff, what could I do! So wipe your eye and don't you cry, I'll mar - ry you boff, gals, by and by.





## CHORUS.

La tal la la la la tum tum te dum dum, la la la la la la tum, tum te dum dum, la la la la la la tum te dum dum, la la la la tum de tum dum.

La tal la la la la tum tum te dum dum, la la la la la la tum tum te dum dum, la la la la la la tum te dum dum, la la la la tum de tum dum.

2

O Sally she was fat and tall,  
 And Jenny she was thin and small,  
 And Sally could'nt dance a reel,  
 But Jenny'd go it toe and heel.  
 So wipe your eye, &c.

3

I went to Sally's house one day,  
 'Twas 'jis kase I was gwine dat way;  
 And Jenny Weaver comed dar too,  
 And den dey faw't an de wool did flew  
 So wipe your eye, &c.

4

Says I dear gals, 'twill neber do  
 To splashify your beauty so,  
 I kissed em boff to make em friends,  
 But when I left dey faw't again.  
 So wipe your eye, &c.

5

I courted Sally off' and on,  
 And den I courted Jenny some,  
 I played de hawk and buzzard game,  
 And yet I lubed em both de same.  
 So wipe your eye, &c.

6

O Sally had de softest heart,  
 And tears from her pretty eyes would start,  
 Bekase I talked of Jenny Weaver,  
 And Sally said she know'd I'd 'ceive her.  
 So wipe your eye, &c.

7

Ole Massa broke up head and tail,  
 And dey put me up at de sherif's sale:  
 Den to de sowf I had to go;  
 Good by my Sal and Jenny too.  
 So wipe your eye, &c

**1st Voice.**

1. One Sunday day when de sun was hot, I'd take a nap ob sleep I thought, I hung my coat on de fence to dry, An

**2nd Voice.**

2. Ole Jo-el's cous - in, yal-ler Sal, I used to court when she was a gal, But it am my real trew be-lief, Dat

**BASE.**

Ole Joe Gold-en come along by. D'ye see him den? See him when? When he stole my knife and bas - ker too.

de whole bil - ing am a thief. D'ye see him den? See him when? When he stole my knife and bas - ker too.

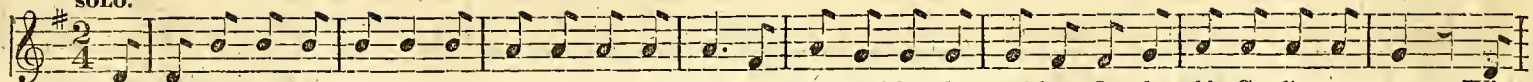
3 Ole Joel Golden went to plough,  
And put his gear on de muley cow,  
De cow gin a beller, and off she run,  
And de mule died laughing to see de fun.  
D'ye see him den?  
See him when?  
When he did'nt know de mule from de muley cow.

4 Ole Joel Golden libed on de coast,  
Where de niggers lib on herrings most;  
De herrin' bones choke him ten times a minute,  
And dat's de way he got dat squint.  
D'ye see him den?  
See him when?  
When de herrin' bones choke him and make him squint.

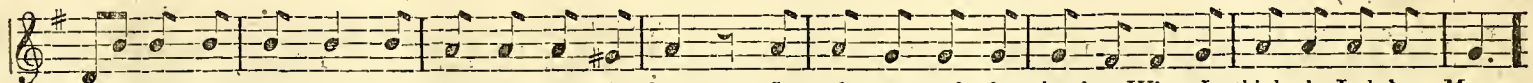
5 Ole Joel's wife and my wife together,  
Went to town to sell chicken fadder.  
O buy my fadders, said Ole Yaller Sal,  
O come buy fadders of dis yaller gal.  
D'ye see em den?  
See em when?  
When dey bought deir fadders of Ole Yaller Sal.

6 A lizzard in de sun, a settin on a rail,  
His head went a bobbin and wiggle went his tail;  
"O come along lang," de lizzard say,  
"I'se hungry, bug, so don't stay away."  
D'ye see him den?  
See him when?  
When his head went a bobbin and wiggle went his tail

SOLO.



1. Now Niggers lis-ten to me, A sto-ry I'll re-late; It happened in de - val-ley, In de old Car-li - na state; Why
2. Old Mas-sa gib me holi-day, An say he'd gib me more; I tank'd him ber-ry kind-ly, And shov'd my hoat from shore; So
3. On de banks ob de rib-er, Where de trees dey hang so low, De coon among de branches play, While de mink he keeps be-low; O
4. Be-nead de shady old oak tree, We sat for many an hour, Hap-py as de Bus-sard bird Dat flies a - bout de flower; But



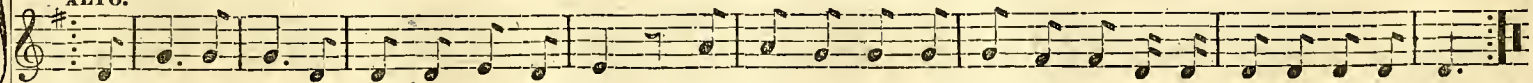
down in de meadow, 'Twas dere I mow'd de hay; I al-ways work de hard-er When I think ob Lub-ly Mae.  
 down de riber I glides along Wid my heart so light and free, To de cottage ob my lub-ly Mae I'd longed so much to see.  
 dar is de spot, An Mae she looks so neat, Her eyes dey sparkle like de stars, Her lips are red as beet.  
 O dear Mae I left her, She cried when boff we parted, I bid sweet Mae fare-well, An back to Mas-sa start-ed.

CHORUS.  
TREBLE.



O dearest Mae, you're lub-ly as de day, Your eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwine a - way.

ALTO.



TENOR.



O dearest Mae, you're lub-ly as de day, Your eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwine a - way.

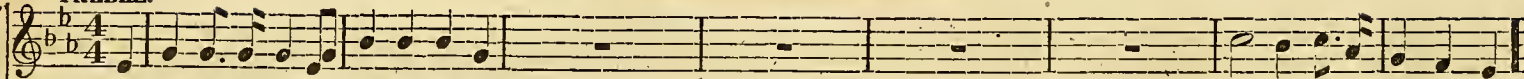
BASE.





## O WHAR IS DE SPOT DAT WE WAS BORN ON.

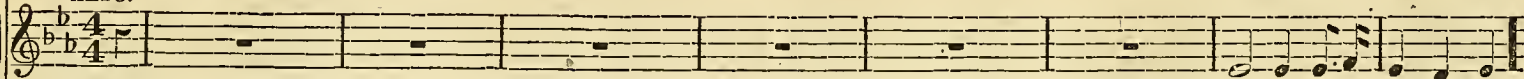
TREBLE.



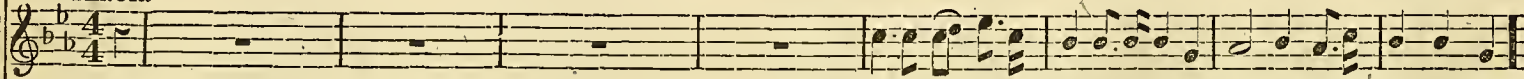
1. O whar is de spot dat we was born on,

Way down in de Car'line State;

ALTO.

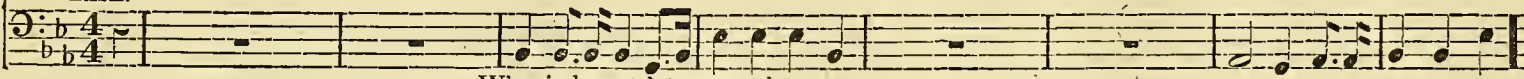


TENOR.

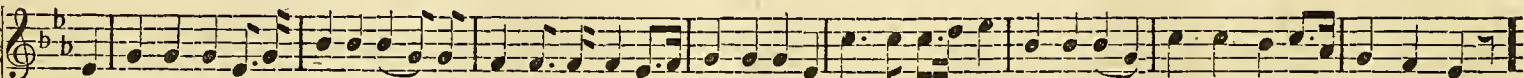


Whar, O whar is de spot we was born on, Way down in de Carline State;

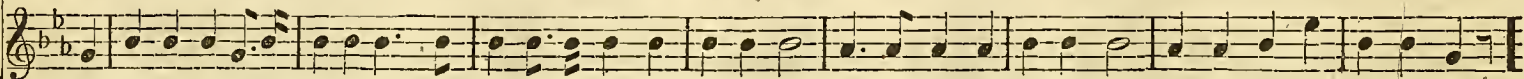
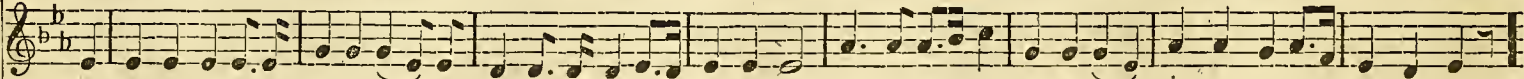
BASE.



Whar is de spot dat we was born on,



When we go back dere to hoe de corn, We'll lib in de house whar we was born, Sing to Massa night and morn, Case ole Mas-sa's ber-y great;



When we go back dere to hoe de corn, We'll lib in de house whar we was born, Sing to Massa night and morn, Case ole Mas-sa's ber-y great;



And its by and by we do hope to meet him, By and by we do hope to meet him, By and by we do hope to meet him, Way down in de Car'line State, And its

Bum by we do hope to meet him, Bum by we do hope to meet him, Bum by we do hope to meet him, Way down in de Car'line State,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The third staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The fourth staff is a bass line in bass clef with a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first three staves and the second line of lyrics corresponding to the fourth staff.

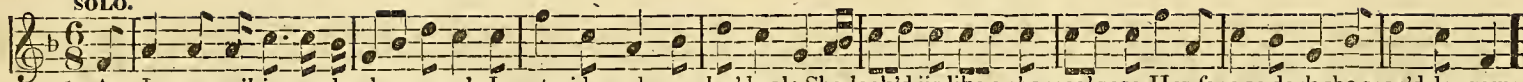
by and by we do hope to meet him, By and by we do hope to meet him, By and by we do hope to meet him, Way down in de Car'line State

Bum by we do hope to meet him, Bum by we do hope to meet him, Bum by we do hope to meet him, Way down in de Car'line State.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, following the same format as the first system. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The third staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The fourth staff is a bass line in bass clef with a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first three staves and the second line of lyrics corresponding to the fourth staff.

## I'M SAILIN' ON DE OLD CANAL.

SOLO.



1. As I was sail-in on de ole ca-nal, I met wid my dear color'd gal; She look'd jis like a charcoal rose, Her face so dark she scar'd de crows.
2. O Pomp she cried, come hid - der to me, Or I'll hang myself on dat ole pine tree; I've treasured you long as a colored prize, I've waited here wid tears in my eyes.
3. O yes, dear Fanny, I'll be dar soon, You're handsome as dat ole new moon; Your face is as fair as any spring wedder, So jump on board and we'll sail off togedder.
4. De earth did quake and de breakers roar, When she came on board and left de shore; De boat did dance wid joy to see, My colored gal sail off, wid me.

TREBLE.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASE.

I'm sail-in on de ole ca-nal, Tra la la la la la la la... Such a beau-ti - ful form is my colored gal, Tra la

la la la la la la la... Such a beau-ti - ful form is my colored gal, Tra la la la la la la la la...



# JENNY GET YOUR HOECAKE DONE.

41

ALTO.

1. De hen and chick-ens went to roost, De hawk flew down and bit de goose, He bit de ole hen in de back, I

TENOR.

2. As I was gwine a - long de road, 'Pon a stump dere sat a toad: De tadpole winked at Pollewog's daughter, An

1st BASE.

3. High heel boot with-out any strap, Hand me down my leg-horn hat, I's gwine to de Astor house to dine, I

2nd BASE.

4. Ap - ple ci - der and cinnamou beer, Christmas comes but once a year: Gin - ger pud-din and pun-kin pie, Grey

real-ly believe dat am a fac, O Jen-ny get your hoe-cake done my dear, O Jen-ny get your hoe-cake done.

kicked de bull-frog plump in de wa - ter, O Jen-ny get your hoe-cake done my dear, O Jen-ny get your hoe-cake done.

won't be back till half past nine, O Jen-ny get your hoe-cake done my dear, O Jen-ny get your hoe-cake done.

cat kicked out black cat's eye, O Jen-ny get your hoe-cake done my dear, O Jen-ny get your hoe-cake done.

## YOUNG BOWSHIN'S BRIDE.

1st Voice. — In de plaintive way.



1. Der 'jaw-bone' hung in de kitchen hall, De corn-stalk shine on de wite-wash wall, Old Possum's brack frends lub fun and were gay, An

2nd Voice.

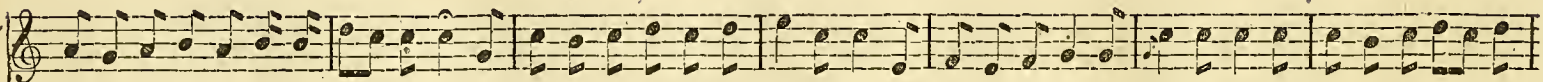


1. Der 'jaw-bone' hung in de kitchen hall, De corn-stalk shine on de wite-wash wall, Old Possum's brack frends lub fun and were gay, An

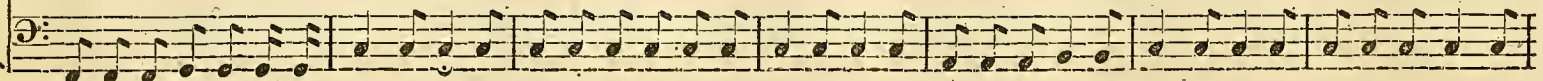
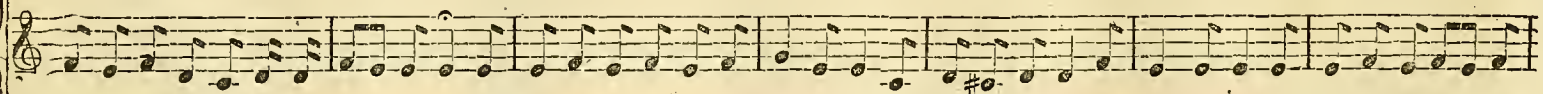
BASE.



kick up de deb-il on a hol-i-day, Old Possum he seed wid a fader's pride, His own color'd child young Bowshin's bride, An she wid her wite eyes



kick up de deb-il on a hol-i-day, Old Possum he seed wid a fader's pride, His own color'd child young Bowshin's bride, An she wid her wite eyes



CHORUS.*pp* Take de time ad lib, with much effect.

seemed to be, De new-moon ob dat com - pa - ny. Oh de old Jaw - bone! Oh de old Jaw - bone!

seemed to be, De new-moon ob dat com - pa - ny. Oh de old Jaw - bone! Oh de old Jaw - bone!

2 "I'm tired of dancing now, she cried;  
 So put up de Banjo—I'll hide, I'll hide!  
 And you, love Bowshin will fast me trace,  
 While I hide myself from your grinning face."  
 Away she ran, and her friends began  
 To find dis 'ere nig!! if any of em can!  
 And young Bowshin cried, "Oh whar bouts you hide?  
 I can't lib widout you, my own brack bride."  
 Oh the old Jaw-bone, &c.

3 He hunt her dat night, and he hunt her next day,  
 And he hunt all round—when a week pass away!  
 In de long, in de short, in de big holler long,  
 Did young Bowshin hunt wid his terrier dog!  
 Den a whole year pass by, and their grief was told,  
 To all little niggers when two years old;  
 And when Bowshin come out these young Nigs cried  
 "See dat old man weep for his colored bride!"  
 Oh the old Jaw-bone, &c.

*To be sung in a very descriptive manner.*

4 At length an old log, long covered wid brush,  
 Was found in de swamp!—dey all made a rush!  
 And a tapering form lay mouldering dar,  
 In a green striped dress and some wooly hair.  
 Oh hard was her fate! like a sportive frog!  
 She hid from her lub in a holier log;  
 Der brush was grown over—and her sable bloom  
 All fade away in dat old log tomb.  
 Oh the old Jaw-bone, &c.

*Spoken wid de nigger accent.* { Now jus tink ob dis ere Nigger and weep!  
 Whar! Whar!! Caw!!! Whoo! oo!! oooo!!!!



## BLACK EYED SUSIANNA.

SOLO.  
Moderato.

1. I've been to de east, I've been to de west, I've been to Souf Carlina, And ob all de gals I lub de bes, Is my brack eyed Su-si-an-na.

CHORUS.  
TREBLE.ALTO.  
She's brack,  
TENOR.

dat's a fac,

She's brack, dat's a fac.

I've

BASE.

She's brack,

dat's a fac,

She's brack, dat's a fac.

I've

been to de east, I've been to de west, I've been to Souf Car-li-na, And ob all de gals I lub de bes, Is my brack eyed Su-si-an-na. D. C.

been to de east, I've been to de west, I've been to Souf Car-li-na, And ob all de gals I lub de bes, Is my brack eyed Su-si-an-na. D. C.

**Risolute.**

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts (treble and bass clef) with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment (treble clef) with the instruction 'Risolute.' below it. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

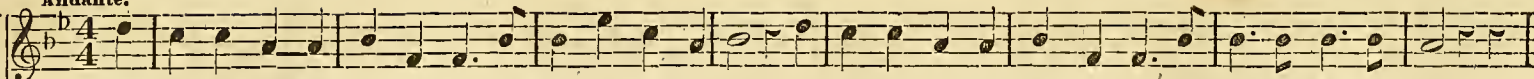
2 I courted a gal way in de wes,  
 Her name it was Jenima—  
 But still I had a feelin in my bres,  
 For my brack' eyed Susianna.  
 I've been to de east, &c.

3 A letter to my lub I wrote,  
 When I was in Indianna.  
 Ebery sentence dat I spoke  
 Was brack eyed Susianna.  
 I've been to de east,

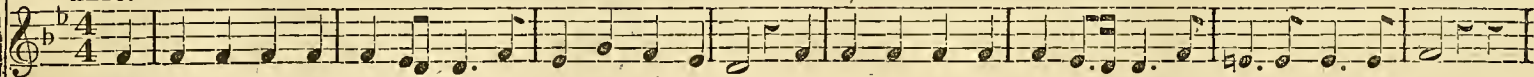
4 Home I started to my lub,  
 Her promise to remind her;  
 Soon herself to me she gub  
 Dat brack eyed Susianna.  
 I've been to de east, &c.

5 I lub her now wid all my heart;  
 My 'fections grow sublimer;  
 Neber more from her I'll part,  
 Sweet brack eyed Susianna.  
 I've been to de east, &c.

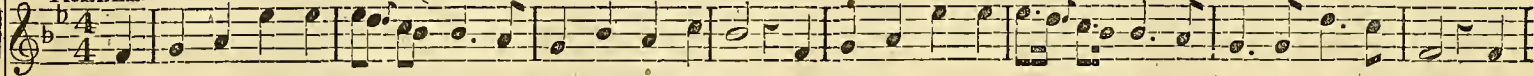
## DEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

TENOR.  
Andante.

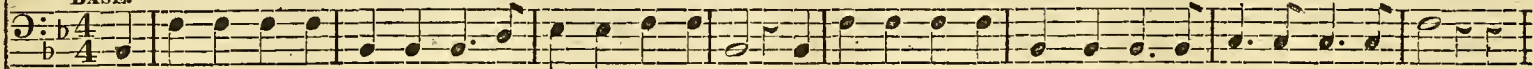
ALTO.



TREBLE.

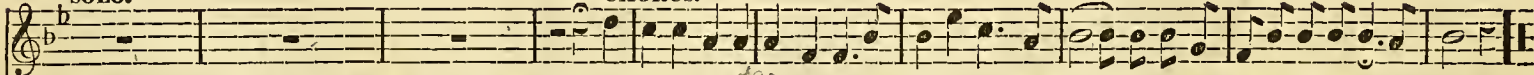


BASE.

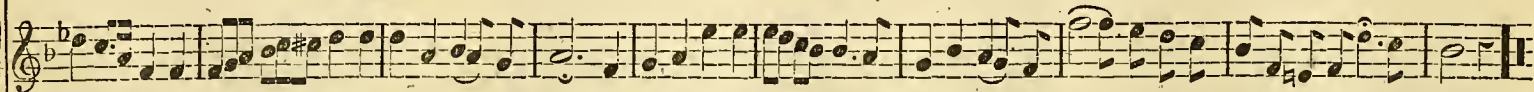
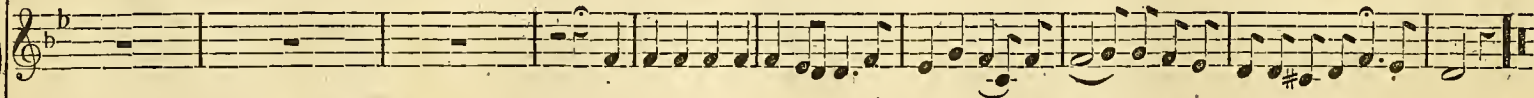


SOLO.

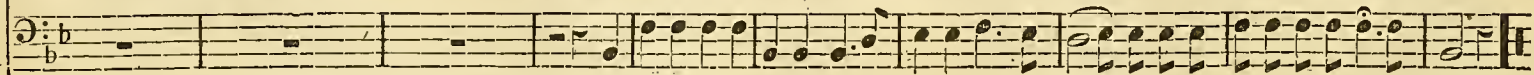
CHORUS.



may perhaps just at dat time, Some re-col-lec-tions see, Ob days when we did gum tree climb, Den you'll remember me, Den you'll remember, you'll remember me.



holler hearts shall sound like log, Cut from de ole gum tree, And you sigh like de lone tree frog, Den you'll remember me, Den you'll remember, you'll remember me.





# DE ROSE OB ALABAMA.

47

SOLO.



1. A-way from Mis-sis-sip-pi's vale, Wid my ole hat dar for a sail, I eross'd upon a, cot-ton bale, To Rose ob Al - a - ba-ma.
2. I landed up - on de sand bank, I sat up-on a holler plank, An dere I made de ban-jo twang, For Rose ob Al - a - ba-ma.
3. O ar - ter dreck-ly, by an by, De moon rose wite as Rosey's eye, Den like a young coon out so sly, Stole Rose ob Al - a - ba-ma.
4. I axe her set down whar she please, So cross my legs she took her ease, 'Its good to go up-on de knees,' Said Rose ob Al - a - ba-ma.

1st Voice.



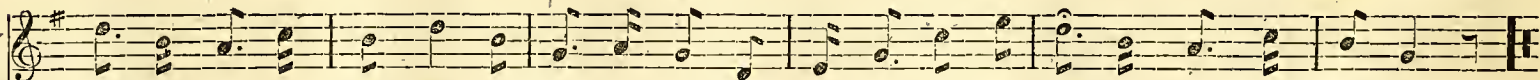
O brown Ro - sey, De Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma, A sweet to - bac - co po - sey Is de

2nd Voice.

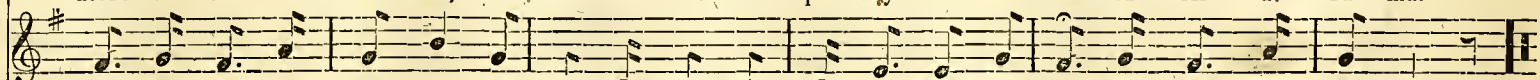


O brown Ro - sey, De Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma, A sweet to - bac - co po - sey Is de

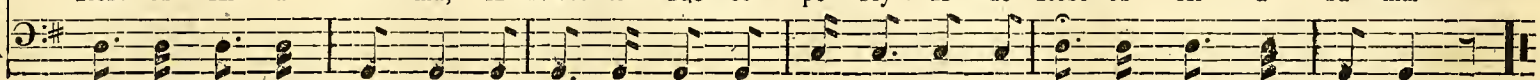
BASE.



Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma, A sweet to - bac - co po - sey Is de Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.



Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma, A sweet to - bac - co po - sey Is de Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.

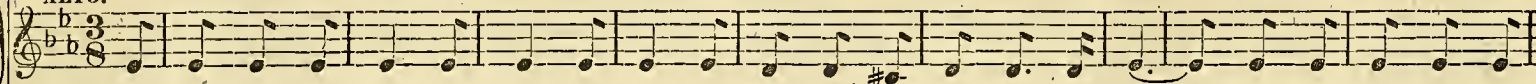


## I DREAMT DAT I LIB'D IN HOTEL HALLS.

TENOR.



ALTO.



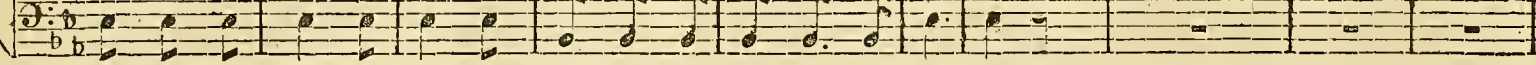
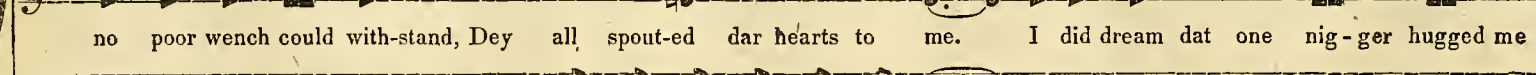
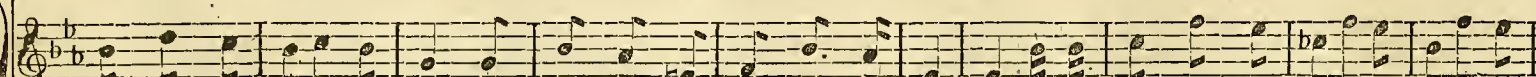
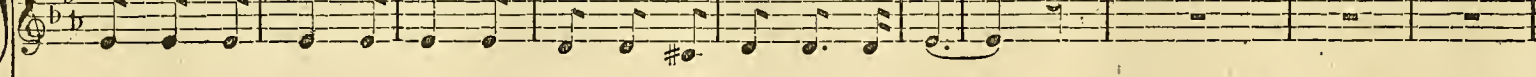
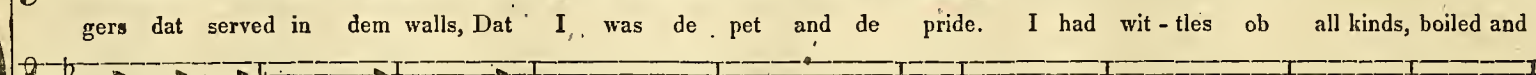
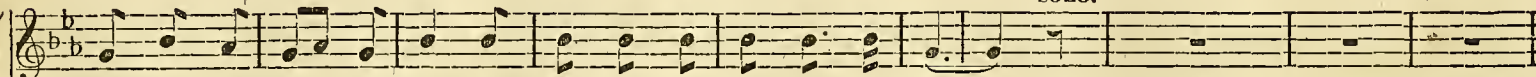
TREBLE.



BASE.



SOLO.



## CHORUS.

roast, And dish - es too many to name, And I al - so dreamed, what charmed me most, Dat I lobed Coon

close, Bought sas-sage and oder roast game; But I al - so dreamed, what charmed me most, Dat I lobed Coon

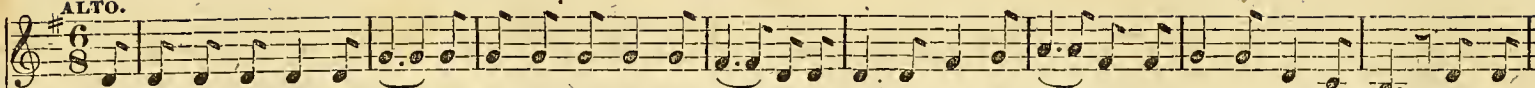
still de same. And I al - so dreamed what charmed me most, Dat I lobed Coon, dat I lobed Coon still de same.

still de same. And I al - so dreamed what charmed me most, Dat I lobed Coon, dat I lobed Coon still de same.



## A LIFE BY DE GALLEY FIRE.

ALTO.

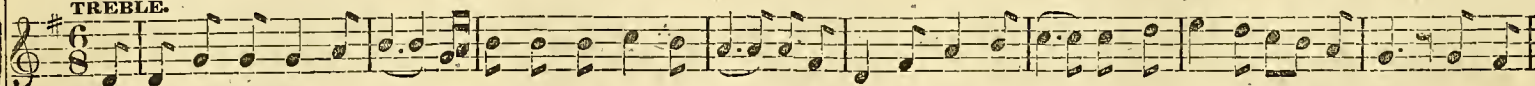


1. A life by de gal-ley fire, A home in de good old ship, Whar de waves curl higher an higher, Like de nigga's under lip; Like a

TENOR.

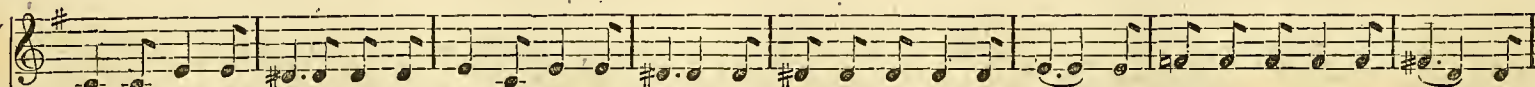
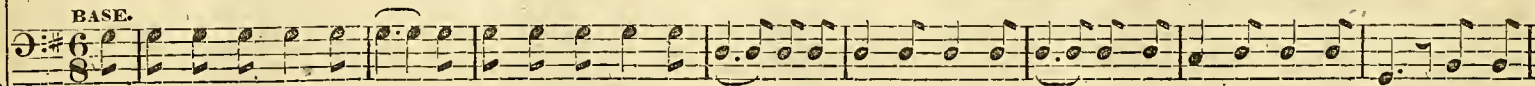


TREBLE.

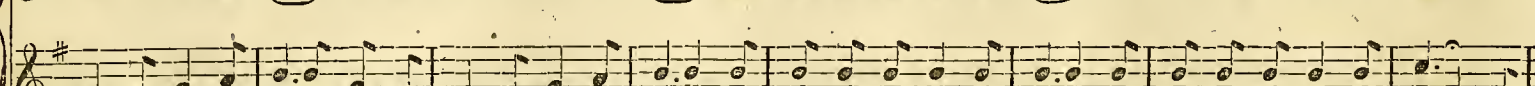
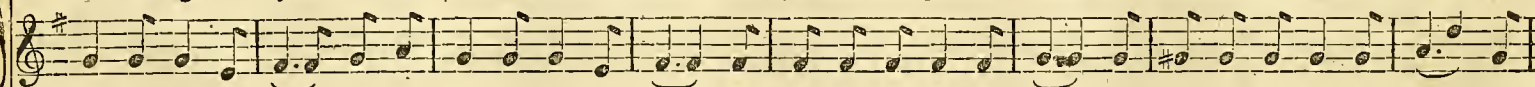


2. An in de caboose I stand A-mong de fi-ah and pot, And dar I hab command Ob de wittals smok-in' hot; I set

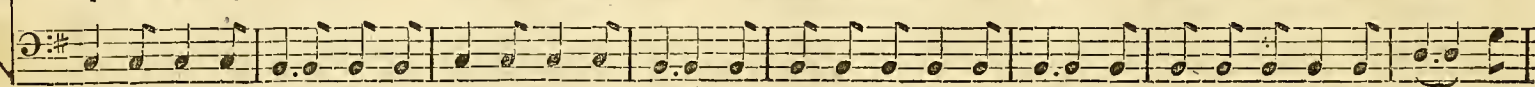
BASE.



coon in cage I pine, While on de stan' still shore, O gib me de pickle briqe, An de black caboose once more. A



up an toast my shin, An work my old jaw - bone, And when de storm do be - gin, I sing him dis yar tune. A



life by de gal-ley fire, A home in de good old ship, Whar de waves curl higher an higher, Like a nigger's un - der lip. De

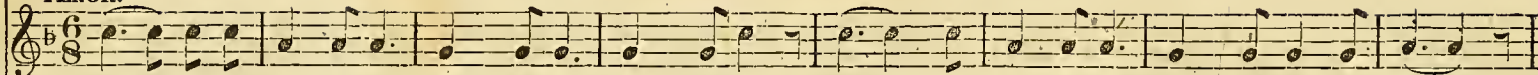
The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major. The bottom three staves are a piano accompaniment in G major, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a steady eighth-note bass line. The lyrics are written below the piano accompaniment.

black, De black, De black caboose once more, De black, de black, de blaok caboose once more.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, following the same structure as the first system. It continues the melody and piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the piano accompaniment.

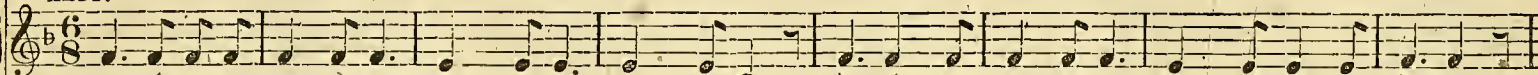
## COME WID DE DARKEY BAND.

TENOR.



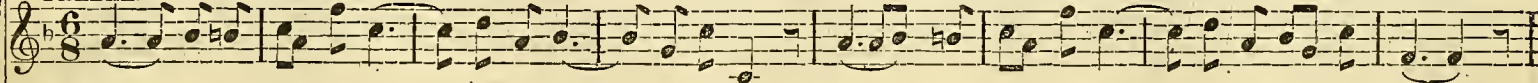
1. Come wid de darkey band, Sing de air to de fair, Whar de 'lo-dious song will charm de throng,

ALTO.

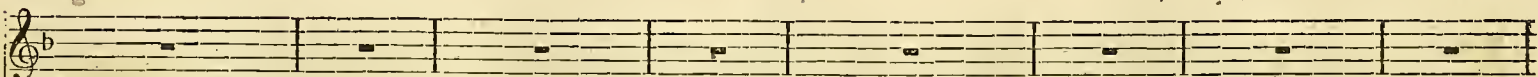
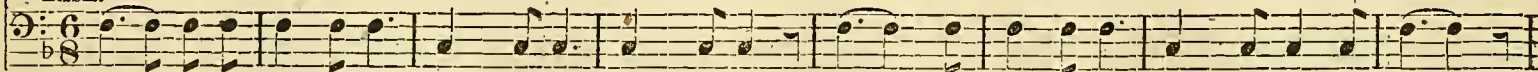


2. Come wid de darkey band, Sing de air to de fair, Whar de 'lo-dious song will charm de throng,

TREBLE.



BASE.

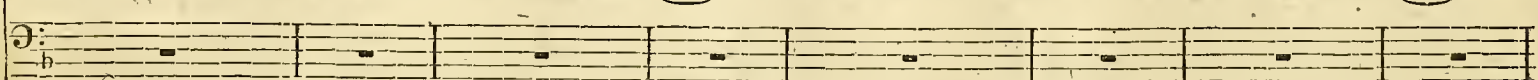
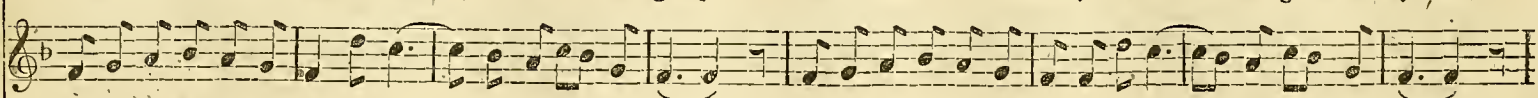


And scare old care away. No tune in-instrument a - round Can equal de banjo's sound, When to its chords we gaily sing,

DUET.



Music's de first ting to clasp, An hold you in his grasp, Den lub is sure to be at hand, An all comes through de darkey band,





We make de heart's jaw-bone ring, We make de heart's jaw-bone ring, Wealth's dollars can't sound so fine, As when our lips and strings combine.

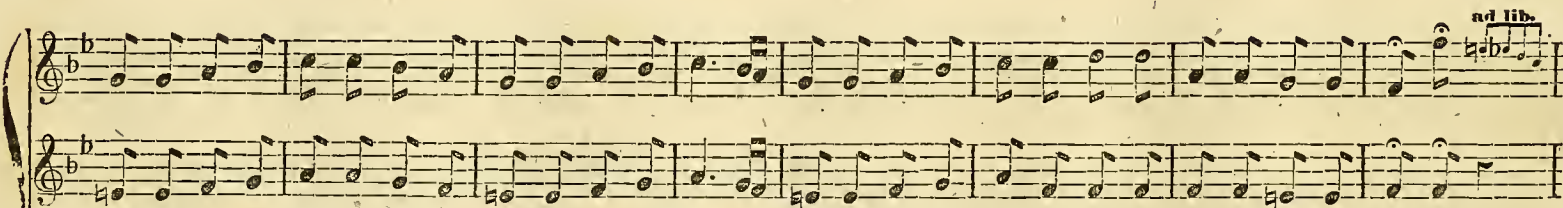
Den wid lub and mu-sic blest Den wid lub an mu-sic blest, You need'nt care for all de rest, You need'nt care for all de rest

Come wid de darkey band, Sing de air to de fair, Whar de 'ludious song will charm de throng.

TREBLE.



1. I've lived in Al - a - ba-ma whar de colored race am plenty, Whar dey don't get their freedom then when dey are one and twenty, Ex-



cept - in when dey get it in a light and fan-cy way, Dey turn and twist their bodies till at last dey run a - way. . .



ad lib.

Strike de toe and heel nigger, O strike de heel and toe, For Phil-is am / a waiting for her Al - a - ba - ma Joe.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is a simple, rhythmic tune with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment provides a steady, rhythmic foundation with eighth notes.

2 O' de gals in Alabama am a very shiny black,  
 Dey feel above de white folks and make em clear de track,  
 O my sweet mouf do water when I think of days gone by,  
 Where I used to see my Phillisee wid de tear in her eye.  
 Strike de toe, &c.

3 I met with a misfortune one day when I was young,  
 Which werry near obstruced me for ever having sung,  
 An alligator grab at me with his ivory so long,  
 But he could'nt go dis nigger because he is so strong.  
 Strike de toe, &c.

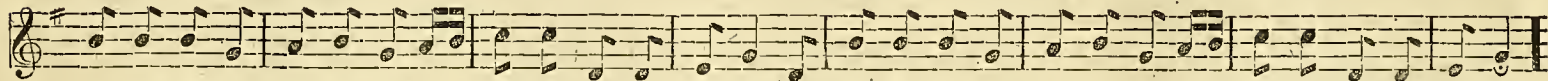
4 Now dis Alabama nigger mus'nt sing any more,  
 Because he kick up such a row he make de possum roar;  
 But if amalgamation does come down to de South,  
 You'll know an Alabama nigger by de shape of his mouth.  
 Strike de toe, &c.



# THE GAL WITH THE BLUE DRESS ON.

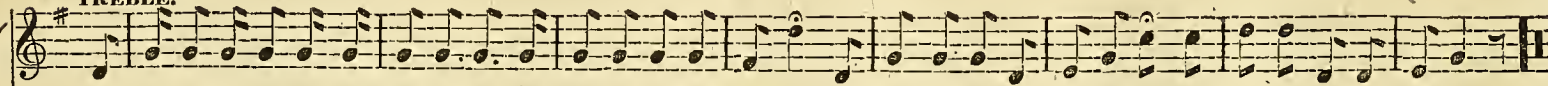


1. Oh!-white folks I will sing to you, A - bout my dear Su - san-na, She's the gal that stole my heart a-way, Down in the Al - a - ba-ma. She's
2. My love can cut the pig-eon wing, And like-wise dance the polka, She's a row-ser in de dar-key jig, And a sylph in de cow-cho-ker. Her
3. I took her to a ball one night, And when we went to sup-per, She fainted and o-ber the ta - ble fell, And run her head in de but-ter. Dey



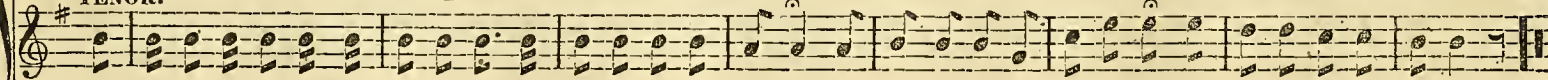
tall and slen-der 'bout the waist, And bean-ti-fal as We-nus, Oh all de gals I eb-er see, She was de great-est gen-us.  
 gay bird heels dey go so fast, The dark-ies look with won-der, Some fall right down and faint a - way, And think dere struck with thunder.  
 used camphene to fotch her too, But den it were too lat-er, For a turkey leg struck in her head, And she choked to death with a tater.

## TREBLE.



Oh! give me the gal with the blue dress on, The white folks call Su-san - na, She stole my heart a - way she's gone, Way down in Al - a - ba - ma.

## TENOR.

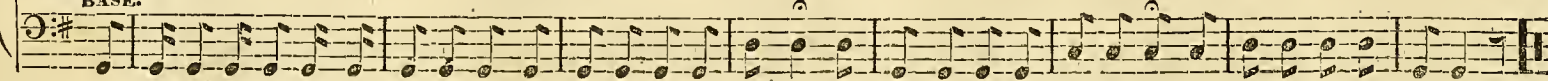


## ALTO.



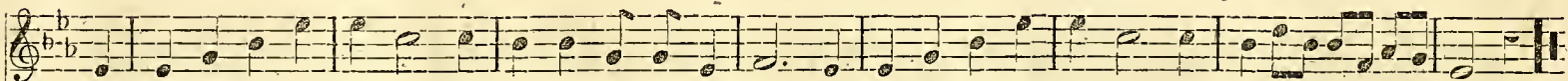
Oh! give me the gal with the blue dress on, The white folks call Su-san - na, She stole my heart a - way she's gone, Way down in Al - a - ba - ma.

## BASE.

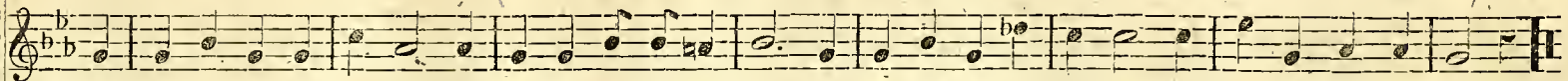
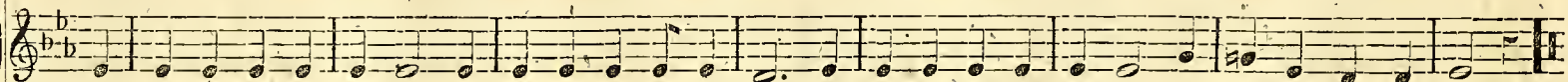




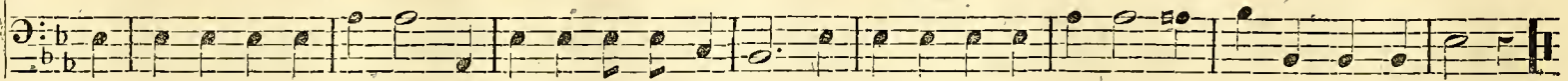
I'm tired of life, I can-not find My Suke of Ten-nes-see, For I used to meet her in the old corn field, She's mine wherever she be.



Have a - ny of you seen her, She's mine wherev - er she be, O tel where I can find her, My Suke of Ten - nes - see.



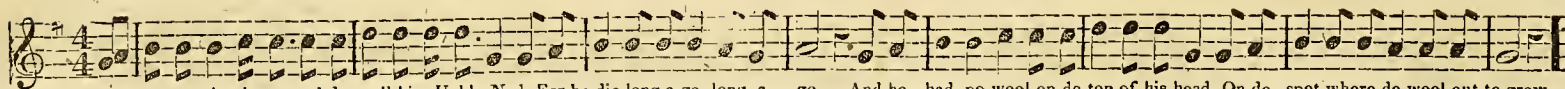
Have a - ny of you seen her, She's mine wherev - er she be, O tell where I can find her, My Suke of Ten - nes - see.



2  
She listened to the preaching of old Father Miller, She told old Massa fore she left,  
She's up in the clouds, I b'lieve, That she was young for to leave him,  
Says she, go away, all you wicked color'd nigger, She look'd like her Fader, 'cause he was brack  
For this world I'm going to leave. And so was her brother Stephen.  
Cho. Have any of you seen her, &c. Cho. Have any of you seen her, &c.

4  
She put all her 'sention robes on her back,  
She clime up de big pine tree,  
But weder she went up, or weder she went down,  
I did not stop for to see.  
Cho. Have any of you seen her, &c.

# MY UNKLE NED.



Dar was an ole nigger, and dey call him Unkle Ned, For he die long a-go, long a - go, And he had no wool on de top of his head, On de spot where de wool out to grow.

CHORUS.  
PRIMO.



Hang up de fiddle and de bow; Dar's no more hard work for my Unkle Ned, He is gone where de good nigger go.

ALTO.

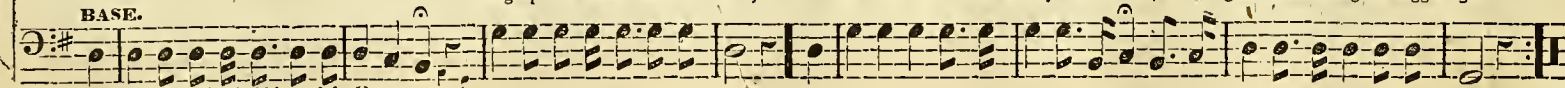


SECONDO.



Hang up de fiddle and de bow; Dar's no more hard work for my Unkle Ned, He is gone where de good nigger go.

BASE.



Den lay down de shubble and de Ho-o-o, |

2

Unkle Ned he got married, when he was bery young,  
To a yaller gal ob euller, Rosa Lee,  
She die in tre weeks, by an Allegator stung,  
In de big swamp ob ole Tennessee.  
Ded lay de shubble, &c.

3

Unkle Ned he shed tears, but he could'nt bring her too,  
So he berry her, den look for anudder,  
De gals lub him so, dat dey all at him flew,  
Dat my Unkle Ned, almost smudder.  
Den lay de shubble, &c.

4

Unkle Ned he had fingers like de cane brake,  
Dough he had no eyes for her to see,  
He had'nt any teeth to eat de corn eake,  
So he had to leave de corn eake be.  
Den lay de shubble, &c.

5

Unkle Ned when he die, massa take it bery bad,  
De tears dey run down like de rain,  
And missa turn pale, for she look bery sad,  
Tink she nebber see Unkle Ned again.  
Den lay de shubble, &c.



# AS I WAS GWOIN DOWN SHINBONE ALLEY. QUARTETT.

59

TREBLE.

ad lib.  
3

1. As I was gwoin down shinbone alley, Long time a - go! To buy a bonnet for Miss Sal-ly, Long time a - go!

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASE.

2. Be - hind de fence I watch he motion! Long time a - go! 'Kase I know he have a no-tion! Long time a - go!

Dare I, met ole Clem de weaver, Long time a - go! In his hand he had a cleaver, Long time a - go!

I says ole Clem what dat you to - tin, Long time a - go! Long time fore de nigger spoken, Long time a - go!

## DE FLOATING SCOW OB OLE VIRGINIA.

SOLO.



1. De floating scow ob ole Vir-gin-ia, Dat I work-ed from day to day, A raking 'mong de oyster beds, To me it was but play;
2. O, if I was but young a-gain, I would lead a different life, And I'd save money and buy a farm, And take Dina for my wife;
3. O, when I'm dead and gone to rest, Lay de ole ban-jo by my side, Let de Possum an coon to funeral go, For dey was my only pride;



But now I'm old and fee-ble too, I can-not work a - ny more: O, car-ry me back to ole Vir-gin-ia, To ole Virginia shore  
 But now old age, he holds me tight, And my limbs are growing sore, Den, car-ry me back to ole Vir-gin-ia, To ole Virginia shore.  
 Den in soft repose I take my sleep, And I'll dream for eb-er more, Dat car-ry-ing back to ole Vir-gin-ia, To ole Virginia shore.

1st TENOR.

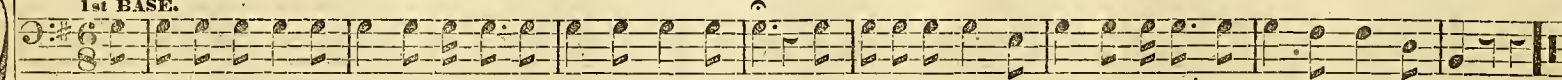


O car-ry me back to ole Vir-gin-ia, To ole Vir-gin-ia shore, O carry me back to ole Vir-ginia, To ole Vir-gin-ia shore.

2nd TENOR.



1st BASE.



O car-ry me back to ole Vir-gin-ia, To ole Vir-gin-ia shore, O carry me back to ole Vir-ginia, To ole Vir-gin-ia shore.

2nd BASE.





# JIM ALONG JOSEY.

61

1st TENOR. Moderato.

Chorus. Ad lib.

Tempo.

ad lib.

1. Oh! I'se from Lu-ciana, as you all know, Dar whar Jim along Josey's all de go, Dem niggars all rise when de bell does ring, And dis is de song dat dey do sing.

2d TENOR.

2. Oh! when I gets dat new coat which I 'pects soon, Likewise a new pair tight-knee'd trousaloon, Den I walks up and down Broadway wid my Susianna, An' de folks will 'tink I am Santa Anna.

1st BASE.

3. My sister Rose de oder night did dream, Dat she was floating up and down de stream, And when she woke she 'gan to cry, And de white cat picked out de black cat's eye.

2d BASE.

4. Now way down south not very far off, A bull-frog died wid de whooping cough, And 'toder side of Mississippi as you must know, Dare's where I was christened Jim along Joe!

Allegro.

ff

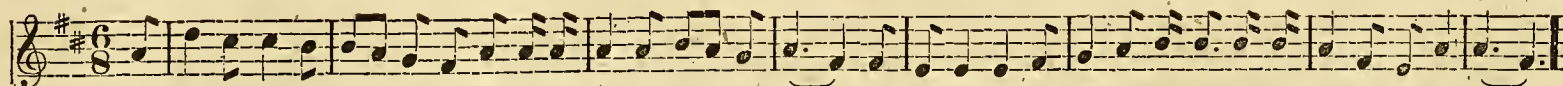
Hey get along, get a-long Jo-sey, Hey get along, Jim along Joe! Hey get along, get a-long Josey, Hey get along, Jim along Joe!

ff

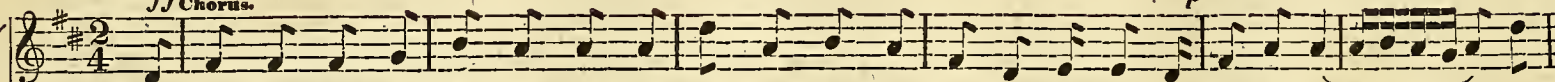
Hey get along, get a-long Jo-sey, Hey get along, Jim a-long Joe! Hey get a-long, get a-long Jo-sey, Hey get along, Jim along Joe!



## MISS NANCY PAUL.

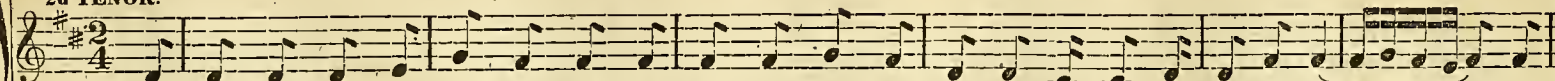


1. Long, long ago, I got ac - quainted With a gall so straight and tall; O! was'nt she a lubly creature, And her name was Nancy Paul.
2. I gib Miss Nanc an in - bi-ta-tion To go and dance at a ball; She laugh'd and said she's berry willing, So I danced with Nancy Paul.
3. Since den I called on Nancy often, I take her by her hand so small, And look up in her sparkling eyeses And say I lub you Nancy Paul.
4. She told me I had stole her 'fections, Dat I must very oft-en call; She said I was her darling nigger, I said she was my Nancy Paul
5. And now dear Nanc and I is married, De little childrens round us squall, Dey sing we lub our darlin daddy, Because he married Nancy Paul.

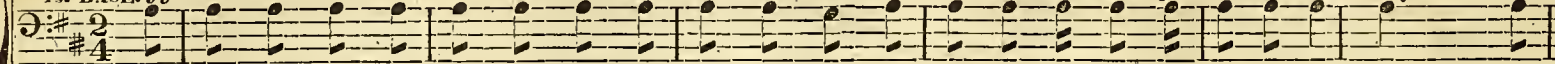
1st TENOR. *ff* Chorus.

Miss Nan - cy's form all folks ad - mire, She's six feet high, per - haps some higher; O Nancy Paul . . . . O

## 2d TENOR.

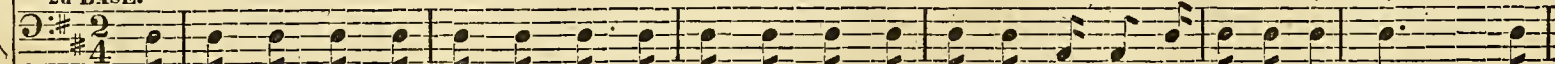


Miss Nan - cy's form all folks ad - mire, She's six feet high, per - haps some high - er, O Nan - cy Paul . . . . O

1st BASE. *ff*

Miss Nan - cy's form all folks ad - mire, She's six feet high, per - haps some high - er; O Nancy Paul . . . . O

## 2d BASE.



Miss Nan - cy's form all folks ad - mire, She's six feet high, per - haps some high - er, O Nan - cy Paul . . . . O

# CONCLUDED.

63

*pp*

Nan - - cy Paul . . . . . You're the hand - som - est gall ob de Nig - gers all, O! Nan - - cy Paul . .

*pp*

Nan - - cy Paul . . . . . You're the hand - som - est gall ob' de Nig - gers all, O Nan - cy Paul . .

. . . . . O! Nan - cy Paul . . . . . She's de hand - som - est gall ob' de Nig - gers all.

. . . . . O Nan - - cy Paul . . . . . She's de hand - som - est gall ob de Nig - ners all.

## JIM CRACK CORN.



1. When I was young I used to wait On Mas-sa and hand him de plate; Pass down de bot-tle when he get dry, And brush away de blue-tail fly.
2. Den ar-ter din-ner mas-sa sleep, He bid dis nig-gar vig-il keep; An' when he gwine to shut his eye, He tell me watch de blue-tail fly.
3. An' when he ride in de ar-ter-noon, I fol-ler wid a hickory broom; De po-ney being ber-ry shy, When bit-ten by de blue-tail fly.

## TREBLE. Chorus.

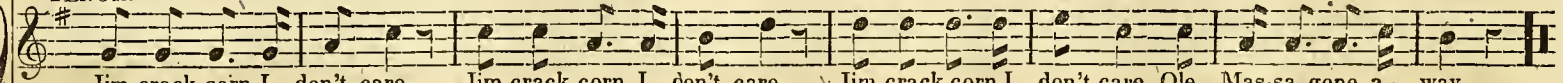


Jim crack corn I don't care, Jim crack corn I don't care, Jim crack corn I don't care, Ole Mas-sa gone a-way.

## ALTO.

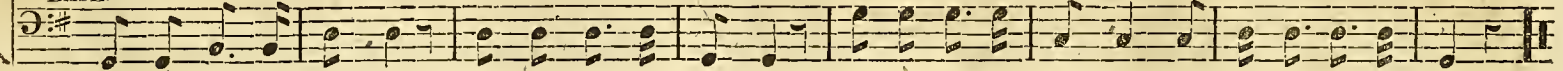


## TENOR.



Jim crack corn I don't care, Jim crack corn I don't care, Jim crack corn I don't care, Ole Mas-sa gone a-way.

## BASE.



4

One day he rode around de farm,  
De flies so numerous dey did swarm;  
One chance to bite him on the thigh  
De debble take dat blue-tail fly.

Jim crack corn, &c.

5

De poney run, he jump an' pitch,  
An tumble massa in de dito.  
He died, an' de jury wonder'd why  
De verdic was de blue-tail fly.

Jim crack corn, &c.

6

Dey laid 'im under a 'simmon tree,  
His epitaph am dar to see:  
'Beneath dis stone I'm forced to lie,  
All by de means ob de blue-tail fly.'

Jim crack corn, &c.

7

Ole massa gone, now let 'im rest,  
Dey say all tings am for de best;  
I neber forget till de day I die,  
Ole massa an' dat blue-tail fly

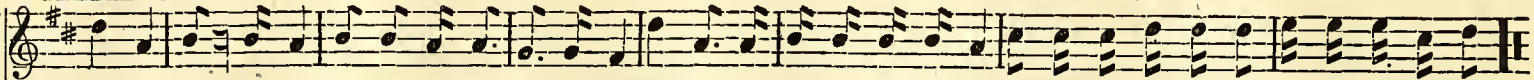
Jim crack corn, &c.





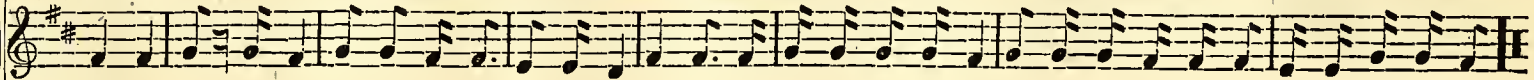
1. Oh! Lou-si-a-na's de same old state, Whar Massa used to dwell; He had a lub-ly cul-lad gal, 'Twas Lousi-an-na Belle.  
 2. I went to de ball de ud-der night, I cut a migh-ty swell; I danc'd de Pol-ka—pigeon-wing, Wid de Lousia-na Belle.

## TREBLE. Chorus.



Oh! Belle don't you tell, don't tell Mas-sa, don't you Belle, Oh! Belle, de Lou'si-a-na Belle, I's gwine to mar-ry you, Lou'si-a-na Belle.

## ALTO.

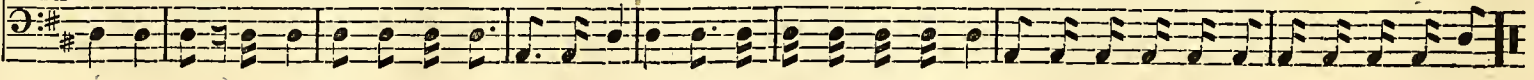


## TENOR.



Oh! Belle don't you tell, don't tell Massa, don't you Belle, Oh! Belle, de Lou'si-a-na Belle, I's gwine to mar-ry you, Lou'si-a-na Belle.

## BASE.



3

Dere's Dandy Jim ob Caroline—  
 I know him by de swell,  
 Tryin' to come it mighty fine,  
 Wid de Lou'siana Belle.  
 Oh! Belle, &c.

4

Dere's first de B and den de E,  
 And den double LL;  
 Anoder E to the end ob dat,  
 Spells Lou'siana Bellè.  
 Oh! Belle, &c.

## OLD KING CROW.

TREBLE. Jenny.

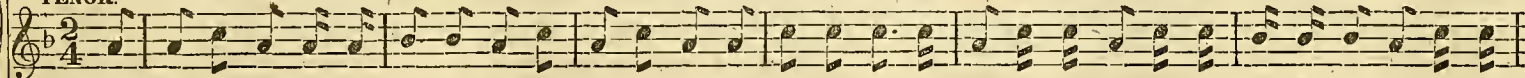


ALTO.



1. Now gemmen hear what I'se gwoin to say, It am a fac and dat you know, It cum for to pass on a wer-ry fine day, An its

TENOR.

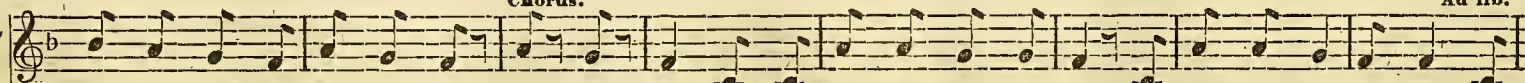


BASE. Sambo.

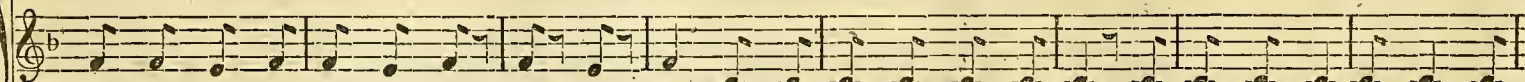


Chorus.

Ad lib.



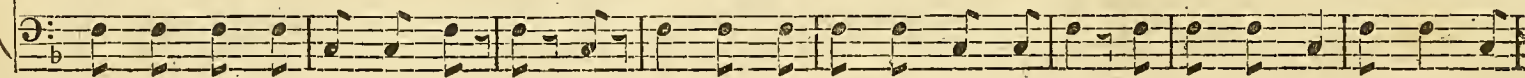
Old King Crow He's de black-est tief I know, He neb-er says nuf-fin, But



all a-bout an "Ole King Crow!" Old King Crow He's de black-est tief I know, He neb-er says nuf-fin, But



Old King Crow He's de black-est tief I know, He neb-er says nuf-fin, But



## Calando.

Caw! Caw! Caw! Oh! don't both-er me, I tell you taint done,

Caw! Caw! Caw!

Caw! Caw! Caw! Jen-ny get de hoe-cake, Fetch a-long de hoe-cake, Will you bring de hoe-cake!

G'long, don't bother me, I'll fotch a-long de hoe-cake Soon it am done.

I'll fotch a-long de hoe-cake Soon it am done.

I'll fotch a-long de hoe-cake Soon it am done.

fotch a-long de hoe-cake Soon it am done

2  
 I went out in de old corn field,  
 Someting holler hulloa Joe,  
 I looked up in de old oak tree,  
 And dar he sot dat Old King Crow.  
 Old King Crow, &c.

3  
 Say I old crow get out ob dat,  
 Before I shoot you wid my hoe,  
 He nuffin said, but spread his wing,  
 Den away he flew dat Old King Crow.  
 Old King Crow, &c.



## BANKS OB DE OHIO.

**TREBLE.** Solo. Chorus. Solo.

1. We lib on de banks ob de O - hi - o, Tral lal lal lal, tral lal lal lal, Whar de mighty waters rapidly flow, And de steamboat streak along.

**ALTO.**

2. Old mas-sa to we darkies am good, Tral lal lal lal, tral lal lal lal, He gib us our close, and gib us our food, An' we merrily work for him.

3. When day am gwan, an our toil am done, Tral lal lal lal, tral lal lal lal, To de cabin we go and hab our fun—Sweet music dar we excourse.

**TENOR.**

4. Droop not dar-kies, as we hoe, Tral lal lal lal, tral lal lal lal, Tillin' de banks ob de O - hi - o, To raise de bac-ca and corn.

**BASE.**

5. In a berry short time we all must go, Tral lal lal lal, tral lal lal lal, Back to de banks ob de O - hi - o, Our home we lub so well.

**Chorus.** Lento.

We lib on de banks ob de O - hi - o, O - hi - o, O - hi - o, We lib on de banks ob de O - hi - o, on de O - hi - o.

We lib on de banks ob de O - hi - o, O - hi - o, O - hi - o; We lib on de banks ob de O - hi - o, on de O - hi - o

# BANGA. TRIO FOR 3 DARKIES.

69

**1st VOICE.** **Banjo.**

1. What are the joys of white man, here? What are his pleasures, say, Me wants no joys, no ills me fear, But me on Bon-ja play. La la la la la

**2d VOICE.**

2. But white man's joys are not like mine, Do he look smart and gay; He great, he proud, he haughty, fine, While me on Bon-ja play; La la la la la

**BASE.**

3. Me en-vy not the white man den, Me poor but me is gay, Me glad at heart, me hap-py when Me on me Bon-ja play: La la la la la

**Voice.**

la la la la la la la la la Me wants no joys, no ills me fear, But me on, Bon-ja play, Me want no joys, no ills me fear, But me on Bon-ja

la la la la la la la la la, He great, he proud, he haughty, fine, While me on Bonja play, He great, he proud, he haughty, fine, While me on Bonja

la la la la la la la la la, Me glad at heart, me happy when Me on me Bon-ja play: Me glad at heart, me happy when Me on me Bon-ja

play; Me sing all day, me sleep all night, me hab no care, me heart is light, Me tink not what to mor-row bring, Me hap-py, so me sing.

play; He sleep all day, he wake all night, He full of care, his heart no light; He great deal want, he lit-tle get, He sor-ry, so he fret.

play; Me sing all day me sleep all night, Me hab no care, me heart is light, Me tink not what to mor-row bring, Me hap-py, so me sing.

## THE FINE OLD COLOR'D GENTLEMAN.

TENOR.

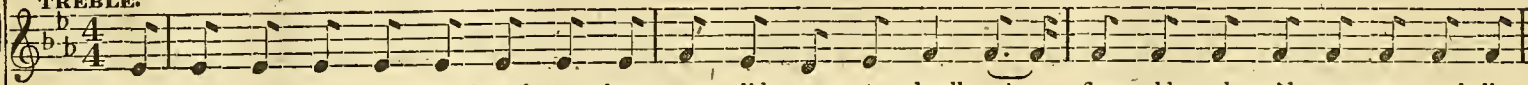


1. In Ten - ne - see, as I've heard say, dere once did use to dwell A fine old col - or'd gem - man, and dis

ALTO.



TREBLE.

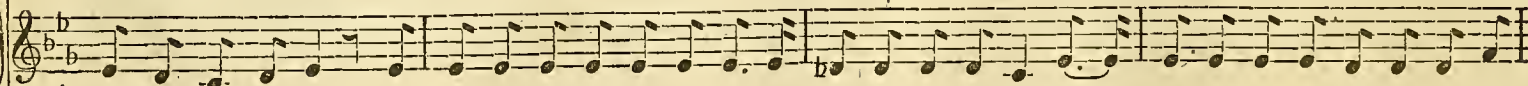


1. In Ten - ne - see, as I've heard say, dere once did use to dwell A fine old col - or'd gem - man, and dis

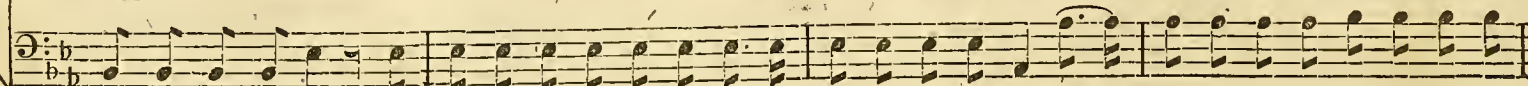
BASE.



Nigger know'd him well; Dey used to call him Sam-bo, or somefing near de same; And de reason why dey call'd him so was be-



Nigger know'd him well; Dey used to call him Sam-bo, or somefing near de same; And de reason why dey call'd him so was be-





Lento.

cause it was his name. For Sam - bo was a gem - men, One of de old - est kind.

cause it was his name. For Sam - bo was a gem - men, One of de old - est kind.

2

His temper was very mild when he was let alone,  
But when you get him dander up, he spunk to de back bone,  
He whale de sugar off ye by double rule of three  
And whip his wate in wildcats, when he got on a spree.

For Sambo, &amp;c.

3

When dis nigger took a snooze, it was in a nigger crowd,  
He used to keep them all awake, because he snored so loud  
He drewd himself up in a knot, his knees did touch his chin,  
De bedbugs had to clar de track, when he stretched down his chin.

For Sambo, &amp;c.

4

He had a good old banjo so well he kept it strung,  
He used to sing de good old song, of "go it while you're young;"  
He sung so long and sung so loud, he scared de pigs and goats,  
Because he took a pint of yeast to raise de highest notes.

For Sambo, &amp;c.

5

When dis nigga stood upright an was'nt slantindicular  
He measured about 'leven feet, he was'nt very partic'lar,  
For he could jump, and run a race, an do a little hoppin,  
And when he got a goin fast de devil could'nt stop 'im.

For Sambo, &amp;c.

6

Old Father Time kept rolling by and age grew on apace,  
The wool all dropt off from his head, and wrinkled was his face,  
He was de oldest nigger what lived on dat plantation,  
He did'nt fear de debil den, nor all of his relation.

For Sambo, &amp;c.

7

Old age came on, his teeth dropt out, it made no odds to him,  
He eat as many taters and he drank as many gin;  
He swallowed two small rail roads wid a spoonful of ice cream,  
And a locomotive bulgine while dey blowin off de steam.

For Sambo, &amp;c.

8

One berry windy morning dis good old nigger died,  
De niggers came from oder states and loud for joy dey cried;  
He layin down upon a bench as strait as any post,  
De 'coons did roar, de 'possums howled when he guv up de ghost.

For Sambo, &amp;c.

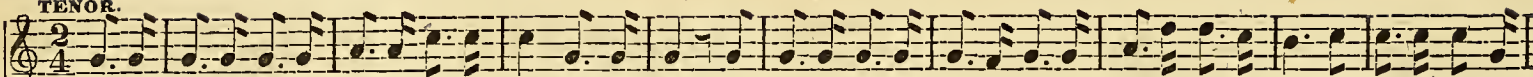
9

Le niggers held an inquest when dey heard of his death,  
De verdict of de jury was, he died for want of breath;  
Dey went to work and skinned him and then they had it dried,  
And de head of dis here banjo is off dat old nigger's hide.

For Sambo, &amp;c.

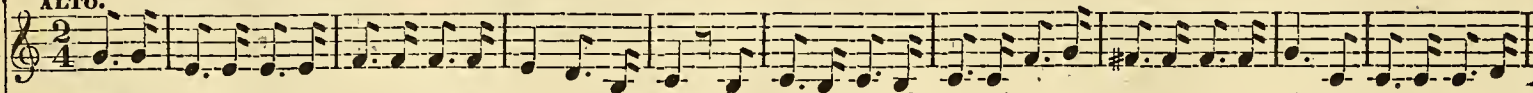
## DE NIGHTS WHEN WE WENT COON HUNTING.

TENOR.

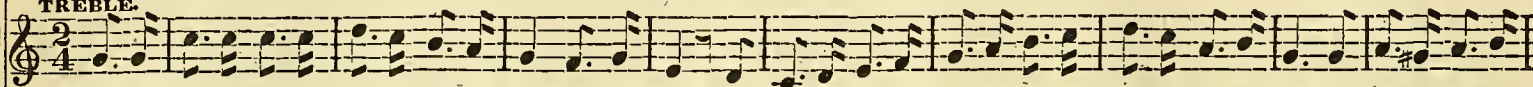


1. In de nights when we went coon hunting, Down in mas-sa's field, We do our best de coon to catch, Be-cause we know he'll steal; But when at night we

ALTO.

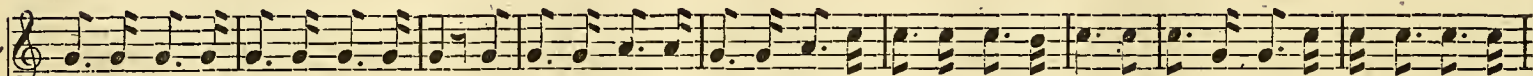
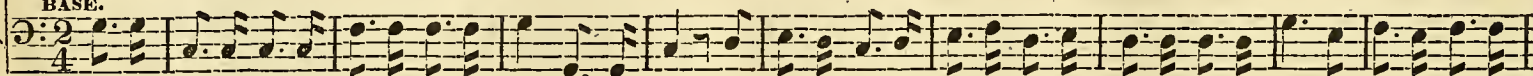


TREBLE.

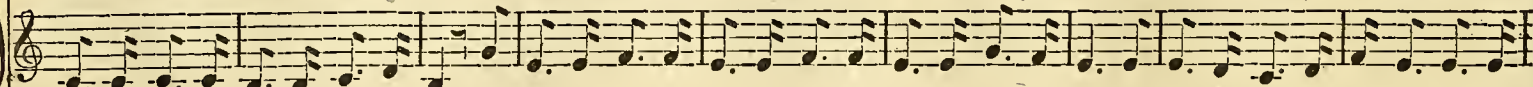


1. In de nights when we went coon hunting, Down in mas-sa's field, We do our best de coon to catch, Be-cause we know he'll steal; But when at night we

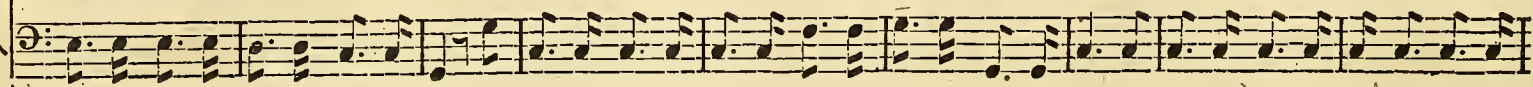
BASE.



cotch de coon, We dance up - on de green, We am de hap - piest nig - gers den, Dat eb - er yet was seen. And dus we passed de pleas-ant time, Nor



cotch de coon, We dance up - on de green, We am de hap - piest nig - gers den, Dat eb - er yet was seen. And dus we passed de pleas-ant time, Nor



thought ob care or wo, An' we am de Ser - e - na-ders, From away down be-low, An' we am de Ser - e - naders, From away down below.

thought ob care or wo, An' we am de Ser - e - naders, From a-way down be-low, An' we am de Ser - e - naders, From away down below.

## 2

De grass smell sweet, de coon look neat,  
 As in de grass he lay,  
 He crouch himself up head an' feet,  
 He's cunning as de day;  
 But when you hear de ole dogs bark,  
 At first cum faint an' low,  
 Den ebery nigger he will start,  
 For a coon is nigh he'll know.

CHO. And dus we passed de pleasant time,  
 Nor thought ob care or wo,  
 An' we am de Serenaders,  
 From away down below

## 3

We fill our pipe full ebery nite,  
 An' take a todd to cheer  
 Us 'fore we start by de moonlight,  
 For de coon we lub so dear,  
 Den ob de coon we're sure to tink,  
 How happy we would be,  
 If we only, only had him long wid us,  
 Beneath de ole gum tree.

CHO. And dus we passed de pleasant time,  
 Nor thought ob care or wo,  
 An' we am de Serenaders,  
 From away down below.



## DE OAK I'SE SAWED SO LONG.

TENOR.



1. A grin for de oak, de ole black oak, Whose trunk I'se sawed so long. Here's a laugh all round, for his

ALTO.

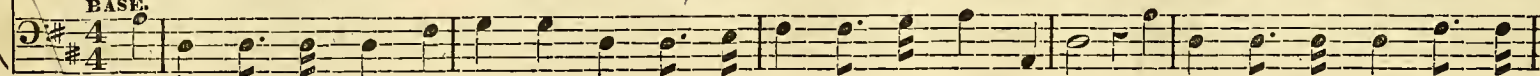


TREBLE.



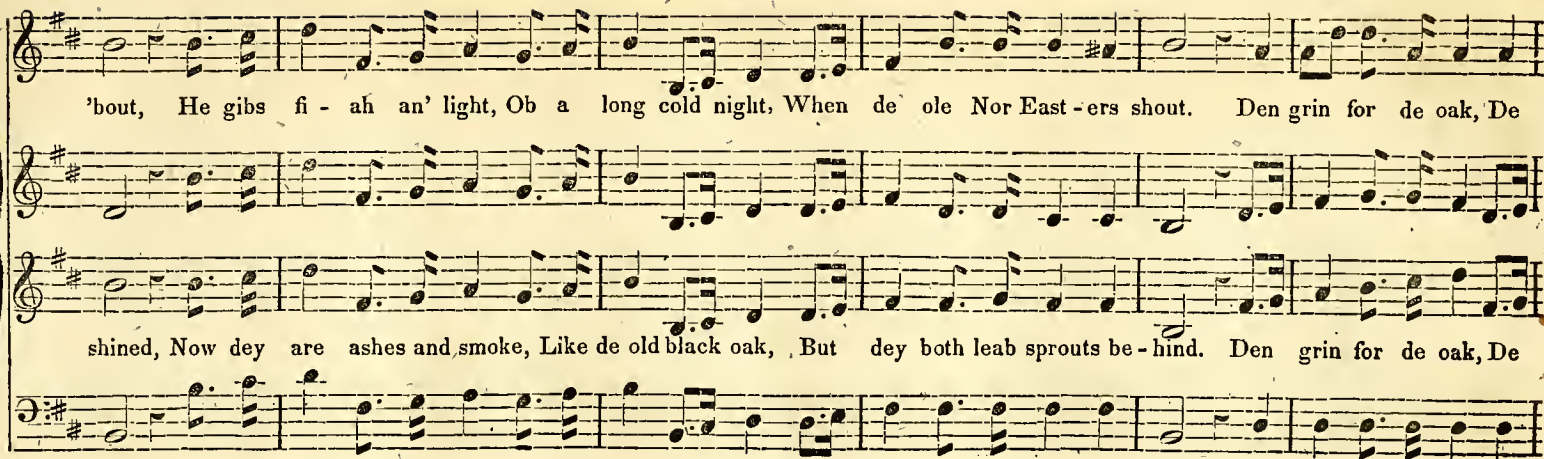
2. He saw'd de hap - py mirth, from de ole stone hearth, Whar a fine back-log lay, When de kitch - en a - round yell'd

BASE.

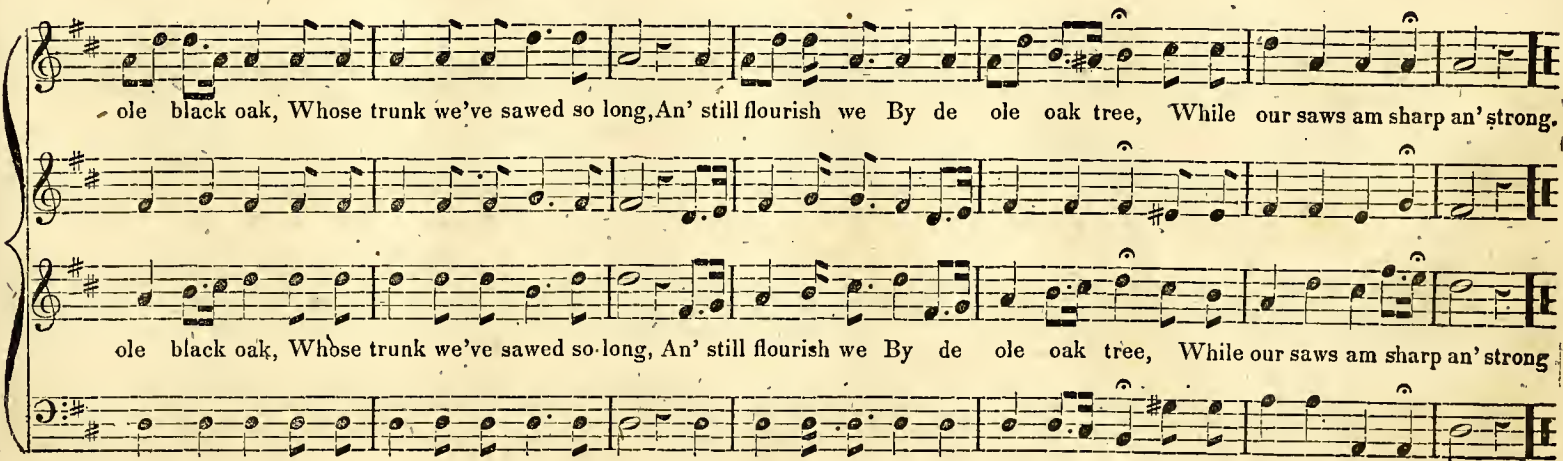


skin so brown, An' his for - ty legs so strong; He shakes all a-round, When he's chopped down, An' de coons cut dirt all

wid de sound, Ob de nig - gas young and gay; An' man - y a night By his coals so bright, Dey spark-led till de morn-in'



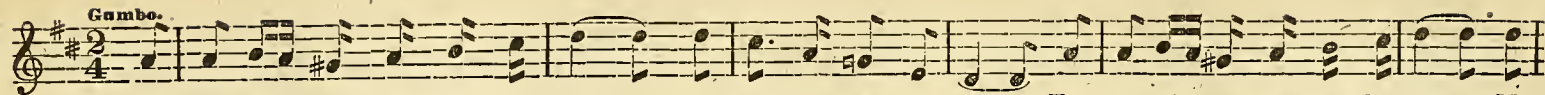
'bout, He gibs fi - ah an' light, Ob a long cold night, When de ole Nor East - ers shout. Den grin for de oak, De  
shined, Now dey are ashes and smoke, Like de old black oak, But dey both leab sprouts be - hind. Den grin for de oak, De



ole black oak, Whose trunk we've sawed so long, An' still flourish we By de ole oak tree, While our saws am sharp an' strong.

## STOP DAT KNOCKING. Duett &amp; Chorus.

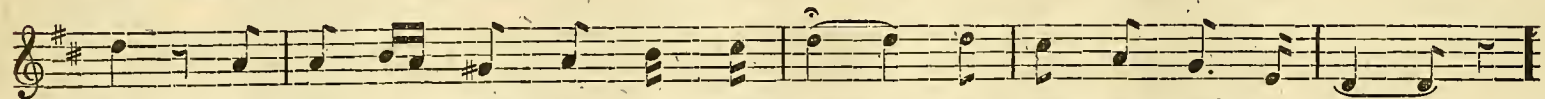
SUNG IN IMITATION OF TWO RIVAL NIGGERS GUMBO &amp; SAMBO.



1. Oh! take dat coon you gave me , lub, I'll hab it now no more, To one it now can on - ly prove My  
 2. Dat Coon and Sam - bo both to - gedder Dey tare my heart wid pain, Der'e like a stor - my win - dy wedder When



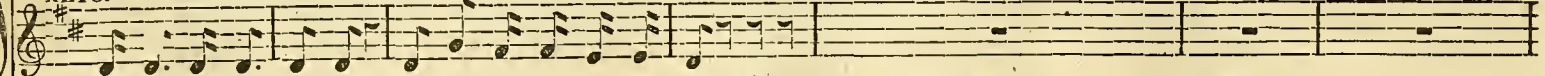
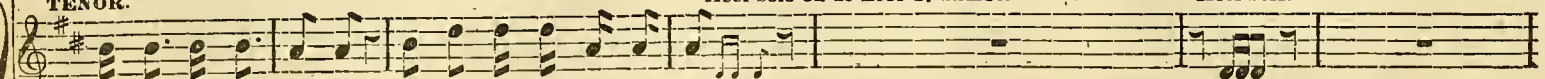
days ob peace are o'er, Oh! let it on some oth - er lap Its lit - tle self re -  
 sun's wash'd out by de rain, Lo! take dis coon I'll hab it not, I throw it now a -



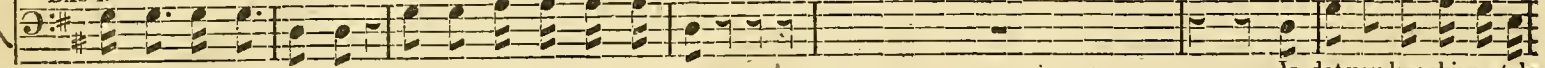
cline, Nor shed a - round dat per - fume sweet, Dat once it shed on mine.  
 way, Its head is like a din - ner pot, And yours is turn - ing grey.

**TREBLE. Chorus. Confuco.**

Who dar? Who dar? Who dar? Who dar knocking at the door? Is dat you Sam-bo knocking here is dat you?

**ALTO.****TENOR.****Heel Solo ou de floor by Sambo.****Heel Solo.**

Who dar? Who dar? Who dar? Who dar knocking at de door?

**BASS.**

Is dat you knocking at de



*Confucio.*

Now I tell you stop dat knocking at de door.

*Sambo in a passion.*

Let me in, Let me in, Let me in, Let me in, Let me in, Let me in, Now I tell you stop dat knocking at de door.

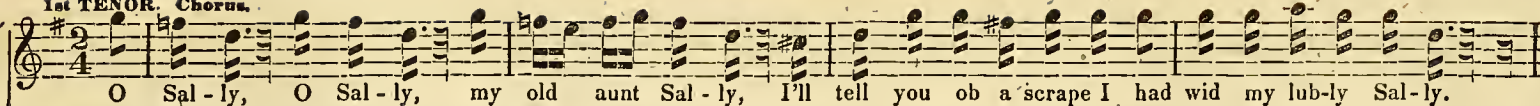
door, Stop dat knocking, Stop dat knocking, Now I tell you stop dat knocking at de door, Stop dat knocking, Stop dat knocking, Now I tell you stop dat knocking, &c.

### MY OLD AUNT SALLY. Solo & Chorus.

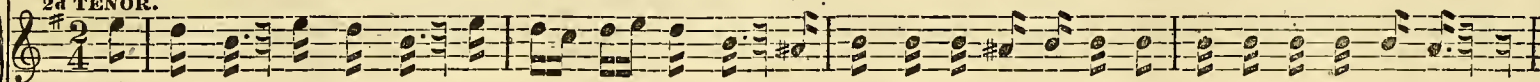
1. A-gwine down to New Or-leans I got up - on de land-in, I ran a-gin a cot-ton bag, it foch me up a standin, Its  
 2. I ax her, wont you take a ride wid me upon de leb-by? She jump up an crack her heels an swow dat she was rea-dy, I  
 3. I hitch de bull be-fore de cart jis like a cleber fel-ler, Den hit him a cut to make him go, de bull began to bel-ler; I  
 4. Up de hill an down de dale I didn't seem to mind her, De bull's tail stick strait out as he keep up be-hind 'er, He

a - la - mode de duck soup, de cor - ner ob an al - ley; I'll tell you ob a scrape I had wid my lub - ly Sal - ly.  
 neb-ber spoke a - nud - der word, nor shall I gib de rea - son Why I lit on her 'fections for de bal - ance ob de sea - son.  
 turn a - roun to look for Sal - I neb - er shall for - get um, Dar I see her makin' track a - cross de san - dy bot - tom.  
 run slap a - gin a stump, an found he - self mis - ta - ken, Sall she dodge on tudder side and try to save her ba - con.

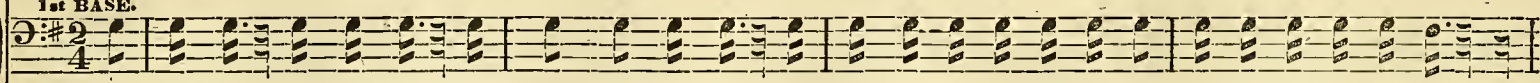
## 1st TENOR. Chorus.



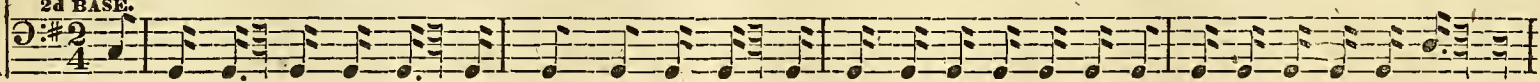
## 2d TENOR.



## 1st BASE.



## 2d BASE.

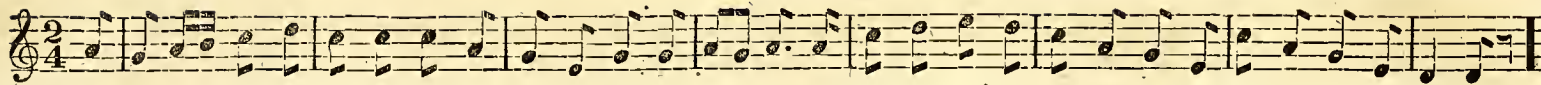


Sal - ly, Sal - ly, my old aunt Sal - ly, Ra re ri ro round the cor - ner Sal - ly.

Sal ly, Sal - ly, my old aunt Sal - ly, Ra re ri ro round the cor - ner Sal - ly.

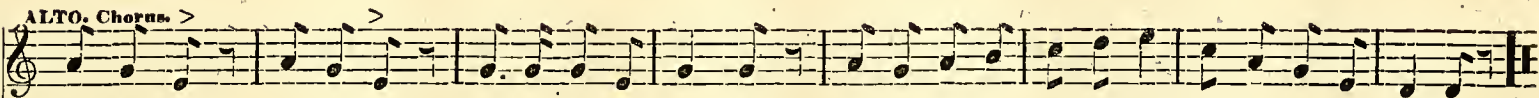
# DE OLE GREY GOOSE.

79



1. I am a nig-ger hard to beat, Hot from de North Caroli - na De prettiest gal I eb - er saw, Could'nt come to tea wid Dinah.
2. She was de prettiest gal in town, De nig-gers do ad - mire her, An eb - ery time dey see her strut, It sets dar harts on fire.
3. I see her at a ball one night, Oh! she look so la - zy, She wink for a lock of dis child's hair, To set dis nigger cra - zy.
4. De ball was o - ber, I took my seat, Clem Green he blow'd de bugle, Dan Tucker he guv out de hymn, Dey called it Yankee Doodle.
5. I tho't dat I would burst my boots, To see dem nig-gers cry - in; One ole wench roll'd up her eyes, Just like a calf a dy-ing.
6. But com-ing to her-self a-gin, I gave to her my hand, Her hair hung down her coal black cheeks, Like sea weeds round a clam.

## ALTO. Chorus. >



Oh! look dar! Oh! look whar! Oh! look o - ber yon - der, Don't you see de ole grey goose Smiling at de gan-der.

## TENOR.

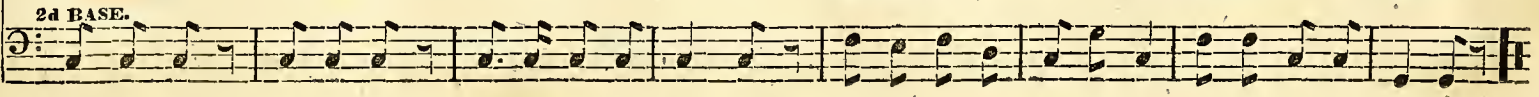


## 1st BASE.



Oh! look dar! Oh! look whar! Oh! look o - ber yon - der, Don't you see de ole grey goose Smiling at de gan-der.

## 2d BASE.





## JENNY BOKER, OR DE BROKEN YOKE.

TREBLE. Wid much fury.

1. As I went up to Lynchburg town, I broke my yoke on de coal-ing ground; I drove from dare to bowling spring, And

ALTO.

TENOR.

2. I drove from dare to Wright's ole shop, Hollered to my dri-ver and told him to stop: Says I, Mr. Wright have you got a yoke, He

BASE.

*ff*  
 tried for to mend my yoke and ring. O Jon-ny Bo-ker help dat nig-ger do Jon-ny Bo-ker, do.

*ff*  
 seized his bel-lows and blew up a smoke. O Jon-ny Bo-ker, help dat nig-ger, do Jon-ny Bo-ker, do.

Says I, Mr. Wright, hab'nt long for to stay,  
He cotched up his hammer knocked right away:  
Soon as he mended my staple and ring,  
Says I, Mr. Wright, do you charge anything? O Jonny Boker, &c.

4

Says he to me, I neber charge  
Unless de job is werry large,  
For little jobs dat is so small  
I neber charge anyting at all.

O Jonny Boker, &c.

(Save three cents dat time.)

5

I drove from dar to Anthony's Mill  
And tried to pull up dat are hill;  
I whipped my steers and pushed my cart,  
But all I could do I could'nt make a start.

O Jonny Boker, &c.

(De ole nigger was fast stalled dat time.)

6

I put my shoulders to the wheel,  
Upon de ground I placed my heel,

Den we make a mighty strain,  
But all our efforts prove in vain.

O Jonny Boker, &c.

7

Dare cum a wagoner driving by,  
I sat on de ground and 'gan for to cry,  
Says me to him some pity take  
And help me up for conscience sake.

O Jonny Boker, &c.

8

Says he to me, I will help thee:  
He tuk out his horses No. 3,  
I wipid from my eyes the falling tears,  
He hitched his horses before my steers.

O Jonny Boker, &c.

9

Den to me he did much please,  
He pulled me up wid so much ease,  
His horses were so big and strong,  
De way dey pulled dis nigger along.

O Jonny Boker, &c.

JIM BROWN.

TREBLE.

1. I am a sci-ence nig - ger, my name's Jim Brown, De onc dat plays de mu - sic up and down de town;

ALTO.

TENOR.

2. I larnt to beat de cym-bals, and I larnt to beat de drum, And all de fan - cy tunes dis nig - ger he could cum;

BASE.

Though to com - mon nig - gers I would not deign my hand, Be - kase I'm de lead - er ob de fam'd brás band.

I went to de Tre-mont to see what was dare, Wid dis old nig - ger, dey noth - ing to com-pare,

This musical system consists of four staves. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second and third staves are piano accompaniment in treble and alto clefs, respectively. The fourth staff is a bass line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

I plays up - on de mu - sic, I make de han - som sound, I am de mu - si - cian dat dey call Jim Brown.

Dey may talk a - bout de ope - ra, de gas - sa Rak - ka - ria, Dey neb - er cum tell wid ole Wirginny neber tire.

This musical system also consists of four staves, following the same instrumental arrangement as the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.





3 De way I larnt to play de carry ob de sword,  
 I practice on de Banjo sugar in de goard;  
 De niggers all dance when Jim begin to play,  
 Dey dance from de mornin to de close ob de day;  
 I plays upon de fiddle and I plays upon de claronet,  
 I plays upon de cymbals till I make de nigger sweet. Tat, tat, &c.

4 I am de raftiest ole nigger dat eber you saw,  
 For to see de enemy I always go to war;  
 I fit at Bunker's Hill, and de battle ob Lexington,  
 Neber saw de time dat dis child run.  
 I plays upon de music when I goes to war,  
 I am de raftiest ole nigger dat eber you saw. Tat, tat, &c.

5 I was born in Massachusetts close to Nashua,  
 I worked upon de farms for three cents a day;  
 De genius ob dis nigger was sure to discover,  
 I jump't upon de pine raft and floats down de river,  
 I land at Warren Bridge, de music in my hand,  
 Quick I get de leader ob de famed Brass Band. Tat, tat, &c.

6 I caution all de Belknap niggers not to stop my way,  
 For if he play de fool wid me dey in de gutter lay;  
 For when I was en Bunker Hill and only three feet high,

I run before ole General Put, and make de red coats fly,  
 Den I play upon de corn stalk, de true Yankee fiddle,  
 Lick'd lasses from de punkin blow, and sugar from maple. Tat, &c.

7 I went on to Washington, de capital ob de nation,  
 I ax massa Jackson, will you gib me situation?  
 Says he, Jim Brown, I giv you one, but what can you do?  
 I can nullify de boot, and put de veto on de shoe.  
 Says he, Jim Brown, what can you do for me?  
 I can go in de garden and plant a hickory tree. Tat, tat, &c.

8 Since music in de city, it is all de rage,  
 Now I take a benefit and sing upon de stage,  
 Since I've appeared and got de coppers from you,  
 I won't care for constable nor fear de Bug a Boo.  
 Since I got encouraged by de people od dis town,  
 Take de eberlasting blessing ob de nigger Jim Brown. Tat, tat, &c.

9 Ole Jim Brown he sing, sing some,  
 But de people was not satisfy till young Jim come;  
 Now I've sung you all I could, and told you all de cause,  
 And if you think de song is good, I want your applause;  
 And now I've sung you all I could, pray don't cry encore,  
 Bekase you kill yourself a laffing if I sing any more. Tat, tat, &c.

## ROSA LEE.

**SOLO TENOR.** *pp* *pp*

1. When I lib'd in Ten-ne-see, U-li-a-li, o-la-e, I went courtin Ro-sa Lee; U-li-a-li, o-la-e,

**ALTO.**

**TENOR.** *pp* *pp*

U-li-a-li, o-la-e, U-li-a-li, o-la-e,

**BASE.**

Eyes as dark as winter night, Lips as red as ber-y bright. When first I did her wooing go She said now don't be fool-ish Joe.

Eyes as dark as winter night, Lips as red as berry bright. When first I did her woo-ing go, She said now don't be foolish Joe.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is marked with *pp* (pianissimo) at the beginning and *f* (forte) later on. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

U - li - a - li, o - la - e, Court-in down in Ten-ne-see, U - li - a - li, o - la - e, 'Neath de wild Ba - nan - na tree.

U - li - a - li, o - la - e, Court-in down in Ten-ne-see, U - li - a - li, o - la - e, 'Neath de wild Ba - nan - na tree.

2

I said you lubly gal, dat's plain,  
 Uliali, olae,  
 Breff as sweet as sugar cane,  
 Uliali, olae,  
 Feet so large and comely too,  
 Might make a cradle ob each shoe,  
 Rosa take me for your beau,  
 She said now don't be foolish, Joe!  
 Uliali, olae, &c.

3

My story is yet to be told,  
 Uliali, olae,  
 Rosa coteh'd a shocking cold,  
 Uliali, olae,

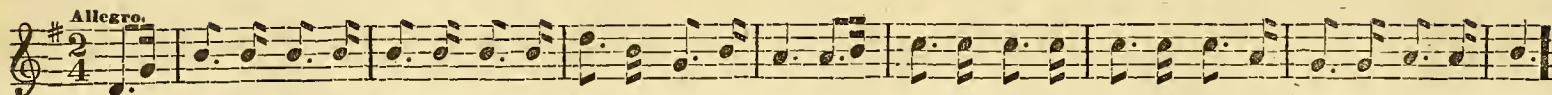
Send de Doctor, fetch de Nurse,  
 Doctor came but make her worse,  
 I tried to make her laugh, but No—  
 She said now don't be foolish, Joe,  
 Uliali, olae, &c.

4

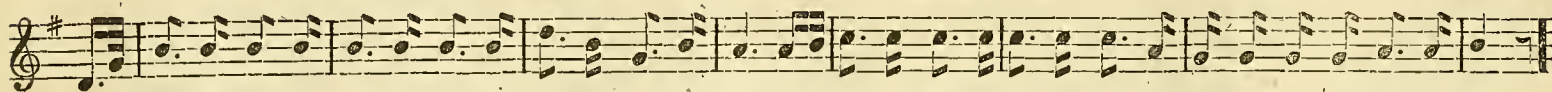
Dey give her up, no power could save,  
 Uliali, olae,  
 She ax me follow to her grave,  
 Uliali, olae,  
 I take her hand, 'twas cold as death,  
 So cold I hardly draw my breff,  
 She saw my tears in sorrow flow,  
 And said farewell my dearest Joe!  
 Uliali, olae, &c.



## WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE DANCE TO NIGHT, BOYS.

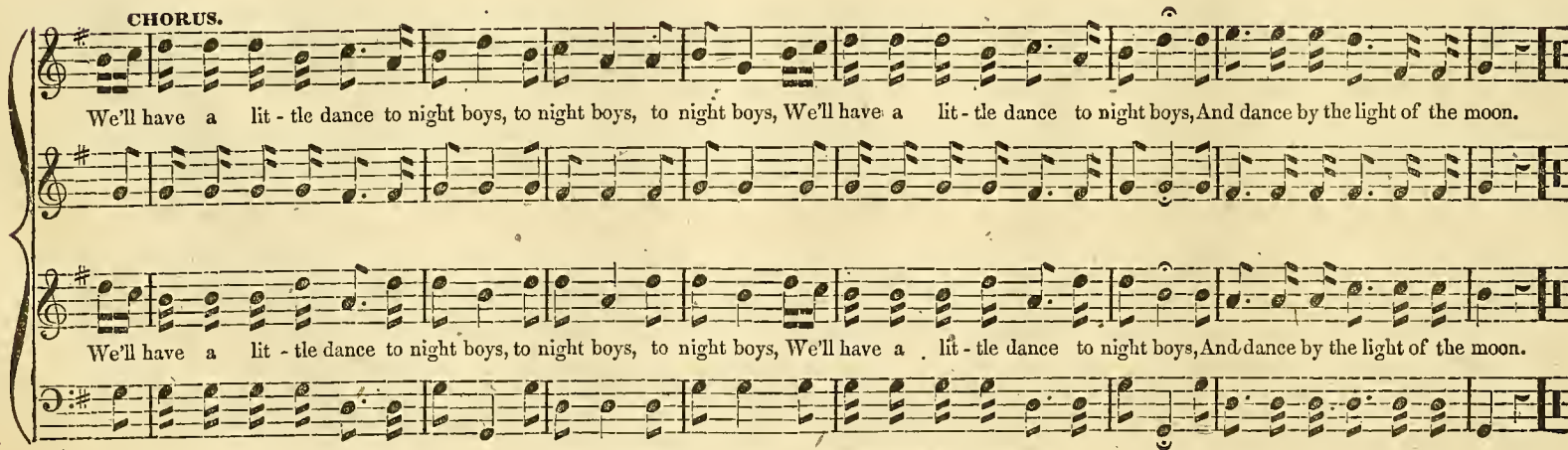


1. Oh lis-ten to this good old tune, And then I'll sing an odder, Oh Massa gwan this af-ter-noon, To call up - on his brudder,  
 2. I wants de kimbrie handkerchief, I wants de beaver hat, Oh hand me down de highheel boots, Likewise de silk cra - vat.  
 3. I ri - ses at the broke of day, To take my morning walk, I meets my lovely Ju - li - an, And dis is the way we talk.



So darkies wait a lit - tle while, Till he gets out of sight, We'll drop de shovel and de hoe, And have a lit - tle dance to night.  
 The darkies all are grinning, Their teeth look berry white, Case dere gwain ober de mountain, To have a lit - tle dance to night.  
 I says you are my on - ly lub, You are my heart's delight, Wont you go o-ber de rib - er To have a lit - tle dance to night ?

## CHORUS.



We'll have a lit - tle dance to night boys, to night boys, to night boys, We'll have a lit - tle dance to night boys, And dance by the light of the moon.

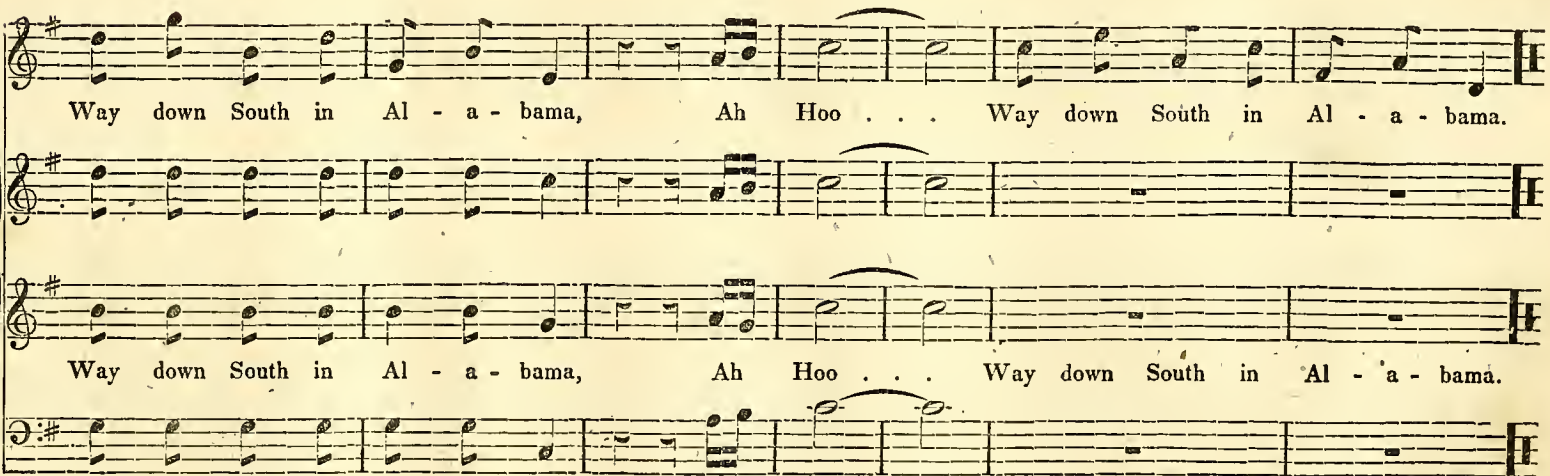
We'll have a lit - tle dance to night boys, to night boys, to night boys, We'll have a lit - tle dance to night boys, And dance by the light of the moon.

# WAY DOWN SOUTH IN ALABAMA.

87



1. A-way down South in Ala-ba - ma, 'Twas dar I left my old Aunt Hannah, She old Miss Squankum she was dare, She wanted a lock of dis child's hair.
2. Af-ter that we danced two reels, De hollow of de foot make a hole in de ground I play'd on de bugle, bust de clarinet, Knock'd on de bones and de swinett.



3

Morrocco shoes and blue silk stocking,  
Dance wid me Miss Polly Hopkins,  
My wife's dead and I'm a widder,  
All de way from Roarin river.

Way down South, &c.

4

Blow away ye gentle breezes  
All among de Simmon treeses,  
Dere I'll set among de muses,  
Mendin all de old boots and shoeses.

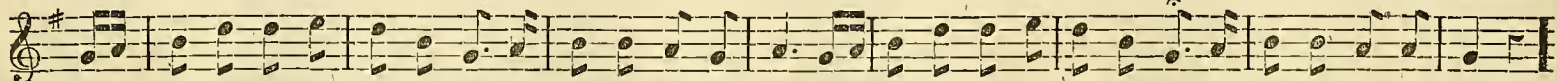
Way down South, &c.

## OH! SUSANNA.

Allegretto.



1. I came from Al - a - ba - ma wid my ban - jo on my knee, I'm g'wan to Lou - si - a - na My true love for to see,
2. I jumped aboard de tel - egraph, And trabbelled down de riber, De Lectric fluid mag - ni - fied, And killed five hundred Nigger.
3. I had a dream de od - der night When ebery ting was still; I thought I saw Sus - an - na, A coming down de hill.
4. I soon will be in New Orleans, And den I'll look all round, And when I find Sus - an - na, I'll fall up - on the ground.

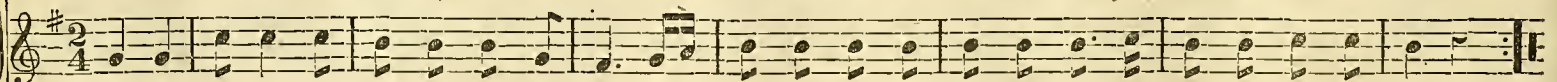


It rain'd all night the day I left, The weather it was dry, The sun so hot I froze to death; Su - san - na, dont you cry.  
 De bullgine bust, de horse run off, I rea - ly tho't I'd die; I shut my eyes to hold my breath, Su - san - na, dont you cry.  
 The buckwheat cake war in her mouth, The tear was in her eye, Says I'm com - ing from de South, Su - san - na, dont you cry.  
 But if I do not find her, Dis dar - kie 'll surely die, And when I'm dead and buried, Su - san - na, dont you cry.

CHORUS.



Oh! Sus - an - na, Oh! dont you cry for me, I've come from Al - a - ba - ma, wid my ban - jo on my knee.



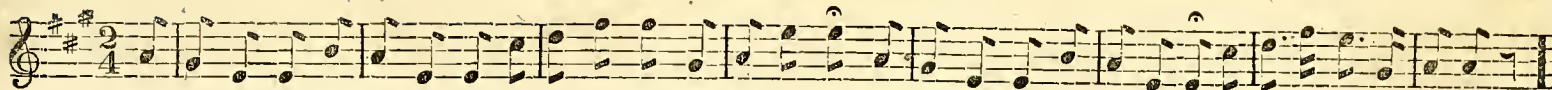
Oh! Sus - an - na, Oh! dont you cry for me, I've come from Al - a - ba - ma, wid my ban - jo on my knee.



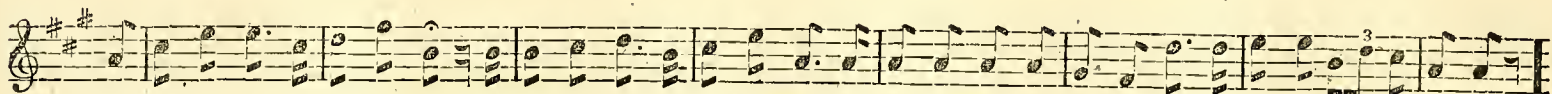


# JIM CROW POLKA.

89



1. Now listen what I'm gwine to say, It am de fash-ion ob de day, Both old and young, the light and gay, All try to dance the Polka,
2. My lubly Rose I chanced to meet, She took a squint down at my feet, Says she 'dear Jule, dem am complete! Just fit to dance de Polka.
3. "Look here, now Rose, dat is no go, The way you dances is'nt slow—But I hav travelled, dat you know, So drop down on dat Polka.
4. De Mexicaa dere plans laid well, Dey placed dere men in de chapparel, But Rough and Ready made em smell Gunpowder, a la Polka.



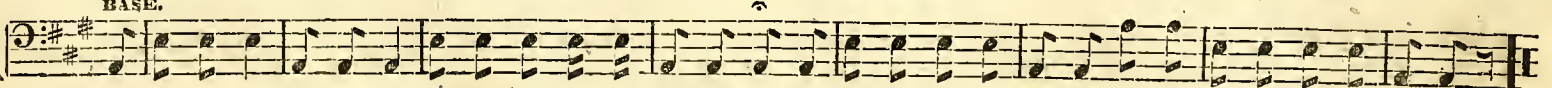
When first I cum in-to dis place, Dey took me for a fun-ny case, And as dey stared me in de 'face Said "he can dance de Polka."  
Says I, "dear Rose, aint you mistaken, Or from your sleep you's just waken, De darkey dea to save her bacon, Begin to dance de Polka.  
I've got de news 'bout Mexico, Where dey thought to whip us at one blow, But General Taylor was'nt slow To make dem dance de Polka.  
One Mexican General, it is said, He got so scared, he swallowed his head, And a few days after he was dead, He danced de Jim Crow Polka.



Den up and down, fast and slow, Toe and heel and a-way we go; Ah, what de-light it is to know De fan-cy Jim Crow Pol-ka.



Den up and down, fast and slow, Toe and heel, and a-way we go; Ah, what de-light it is to know De fan-cy Jim Crow Pol-ka.



By permission of JACQUES & BROTHER, proprietor of the copyright.

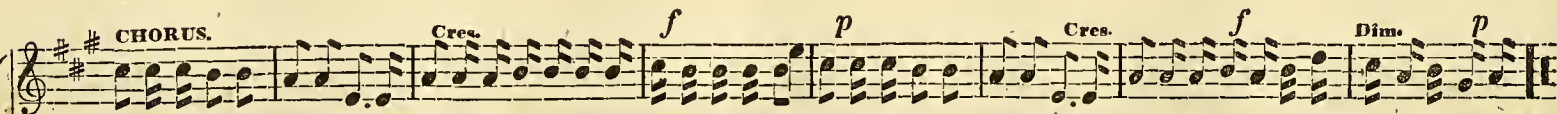
## OH! MR. COON.



1. 'Tis a ber-ry love-ly night, and the moon shines bright, The clouds in de north am a gwan out at sight,



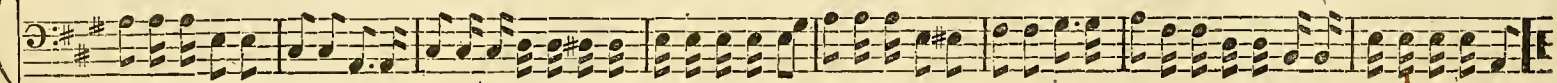
The whip-oor-will sings, and the crickets all dance, De frogs dey want to come it, but dey can-not get a chance.



Oh! Mister Coon, you're come too soon, De gals wont be ready 'fore to-morrow arternoon, Oh! Mister Coon, you're come too soon, De gals wont be ready 'fore to-morrow arternoon.



Oh! Mister Coon, you're come too soon, De gals wont be ready 'fore to-morrow arternoon, Oh! Mister Coon, you're come too soon, De gals wont be ready 'fore to-morrow arternoon.



By permission of C. Holt, Jr., proprietor of the copyright.

1

'Tis a berry lovely night, and the moon shines bright,  
 The clouds in de north am a gwan out at sight,  
 The whipoorwill sings and the crickets all dance,  
 De frogs dey want to come it, but dey cannot get a chance.

CHO. Oh! Mr. Coon, &c.

2

Just fotch along de taters, an we'll fry em in de pan,  
 O help yourself to possum fat, my charming Mary Ann,  
 A nice bowl ob coon soup, am just de berry ting,  
 To clear away de cobwebs, an' let a darkey sing.

CHO. Oh! Mr. Coon, &c.

3

De white bird and black bird, settin in de grass,  
 Preach amalgamation, to de Bobalinks dat pass,  
 To carry out de doctrine, dey seem a little loth,  
 So den comes along a Pigeon Hawk and lebies on dem both.

CHO. Oh! Mr. Coon, &c.

4

Eberlina wash de dishes, Juliana bring de broom,  
 An Lizzy set de chairs back, all around de room,  
 Mr. Coon am a genblemun, I spect him here to night,  
 He's coming round de corner gals, jes try an be perlite.

CHO. Oh! Mr. Coon, &c.

5

Now take your places, Musickers, let's hear dem dulcum tones,  
 We'll dance to de music, ob de Banjo and de Bones,  
 Balance to your partners all, and keep widin de tune,  
 Your too fast, altogether, my worthy Mr. Coon.

CHO. Oh! Mr. Coon, &c.

6

So now cum again to-morrow all, in de arternoon,  
 For really, sirs, you hab cum, a little while too soon,  
 Allow me de honor, to say to you good night,  
 For de gals are getting tired, and its most daylight.

CHO. Oh! Mr. Coon, &c.



## A DARKIE'S LIFE IS ALWAYS GAY.

ALTO. Allegro.



1. A dark-ie's life am always gay, Al - ways gay, Tho' he work from morn till de set ob sun, Yet he mer - ri - ly sings when de

1st TENOR.



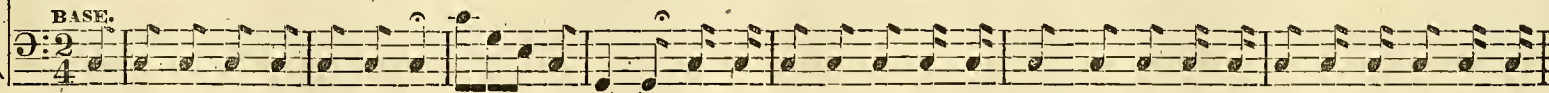
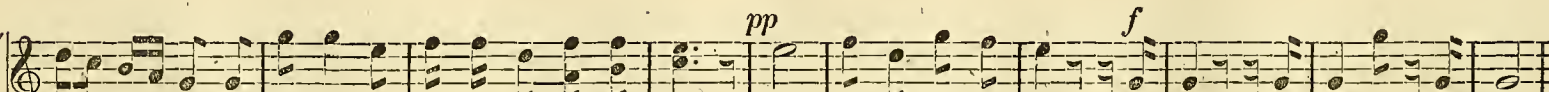
2. When de daylight he come ober de hill, ober de hill, De nig he jump from his cot so quick, De corn for to hoe or de cotton

2d TENOR.

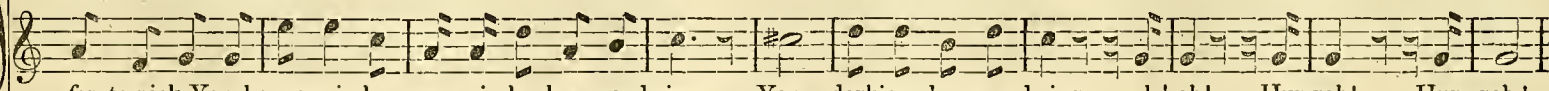


3. But when de darkies work am done, work am done, Den he gai - ly dance wid his own chum chum, Nor tink ob de work dat to

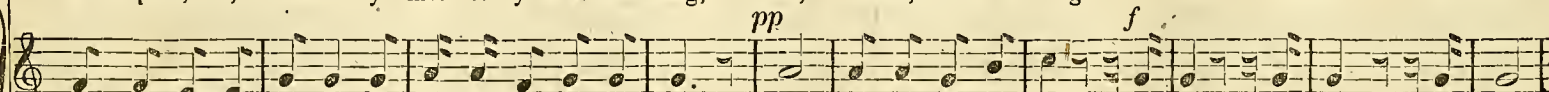
BASE.

*pp**f*

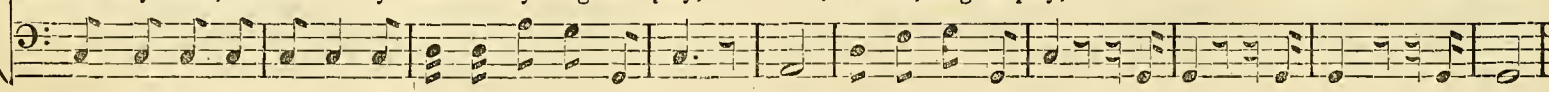
work am done, Den mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly sing and play, Yas, darkies, sing and play, Ah! ah! Hur-rah! hip Hur-rah!



for to pick, Yes, he mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly dance and sing, Yas, darkies, dance and sing ah! ah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah!

*pp**f*

morrow may come, But mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly sing an play, Yas, darkies, sing an play, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!



Sing dark-ies sing, Sing darkies sing, tink not ob de mor-row, Mu-sic an wine am de charm divine, Dat drown all thoughts of sor-row.

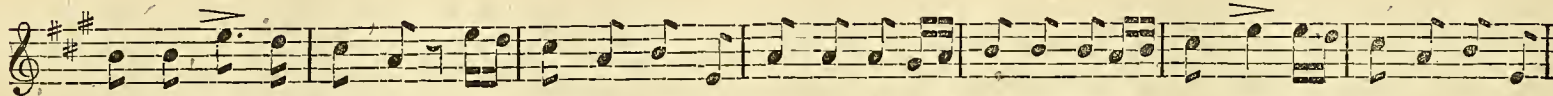
Sing darkies sing, Sing darkies sing, tink not ob de mor-row, Mu-sic an wine am de charm divine, Dat drown all thoughts of sor-row.

[illegible]

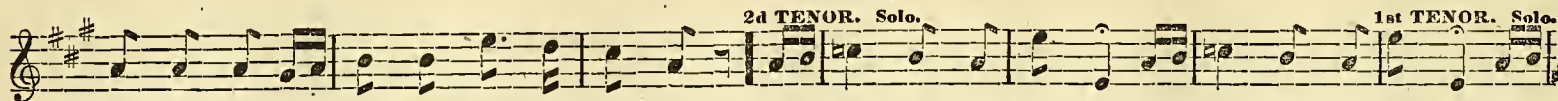
## GONE TO ALABAMA.



1. Lor' bless dat lub - ly yal - ler gal, De white folks call her Di - nah, She's gone a - way and left me, And I  
 2. Her eyes, dey shine like di - a - monds, Her lips are red as co - ral; She us'd to live on mush and milk, We



don't know where to find her? Lor' bless dat lub - ly yal - ler gal, De white folks call her Di - nah, Take pi - ty on me  
 neb - ber had a quar - rel: Her voice was like de Jay bird, 'Twas sweet as any hon - ey; At dan - cing she could



dark - ies all, And tell me where to find her, She's gone, and she's left you, For fear dat you'd harm her, She's  
 beat dem all, For an - y kind ob mon - ey. But she's gone, and she's left you, She had'nt time to tell you, She's

**AIR.**

whar? To Al - a - ba - ma.

**1st TENOR.**

gone a - way for eb - er, For she's gone, To Al - a - ba - ma.

**2d TENOR.**

To Al - a - ba - ma.

**BASE.**

3

If eber I meet dat gal again  
 Der's one ting I will tell her,  
 She musn't fool her time wid me;  
 But get some udder feller:  
 For I am one ob dat ere sort.  
 Best kind ob lookin nigger,  
 Plenty gals down in de south,  
 Admire dis darky's figure.  
**CHO.** Now she's gone, and she's left you,  
 Because you war brack hearted,  
 You neber more will see her,  
 For she's gone to Alabama.



## AIR. Moderato. Chorus.

Now she's gone, and she's left you, Because you were brack hearted; You more will nebber see her, whar? To Al - a - ba - ma.

For she's gone, To Al - a - ba - ma.

Now she's gone, and she's left you, Because you were brack hearted, You nebber more will see her, To Al - a - ba - ma.

## ROSA DEAR.

1. - O de sun dat ri - ses in de eastern sky, Am not more clear, am not more clear Dan de light dat shines from de coal brack eye Ob Rosa dear, ob Rosa dear.
2. At night when I presses de lubly hand, Ob Rosa dear, ob Rosa dear, It seems she has drapt from a heavenly band In de moonlight clear, in de moonlight clear.
3. It al-most makes dis dar - key cry, To see de tear—to see de tear, Dat draps like a pearl from de coal brack eye Ob Rosa dear, my Rosa dear.

And de sun when he sets in de yaller west A sighin for de darkies to go to dere rest, Am not more quiet dan de charcoal breast Ob Rosa dear, ob Rosa dear.  
 When de daylight comes, I hasten a-way, For if I don't ole Mas-sa say, Dat I no more shall my banjo play, To Rosa dear, my Rosa dear.  
 Den wid my lips I brush it a-way, And tell her "every one has his day," Oh Lor'! what sweet things I do say To Rosa dear, my Rosa dear

**TREBLE. Chorus.**  
**1st TENOR.**  
**2a TENOR.**  
**BASE.**

O, de sun dat ri - ses in de east-ern sky, Am not more clear, am not more clear Dan de

O, de sun dat ri - ses in de east-ern sky, Am not more clear, am not more clear Dan de

light dat shines from de coal brack eye Ob Ro - sa dear, ob Ro - sa dear.

light dat shine from de coal brack eye Ob Ro - sa dear, ob Ro - sa dear.

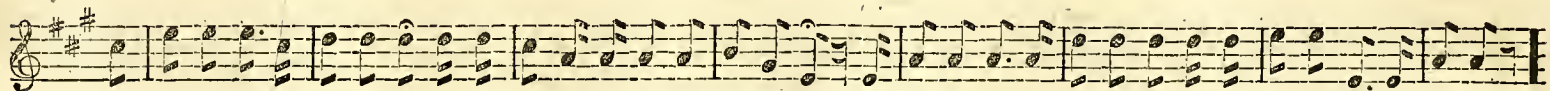
4  
 Now, folks, I'll tell you something true,  
 Widout any fear, dat's berry clear,  
 I'se not going to marry Cynthia Sue—  
 But Rosa dear, my Rosa dear  
 And when we are married we'll have a  
 spree,  
 Which we invite all de white folksto see,  
 How happy den dis darkey will be,  
 Wid Rosa dear, his Rosa dear.  
 O de sun dat rises in de eastern sky  
 Am not more clear, am not more clear  
 Dan de light dat shines from de coal  
 brack eye  
 Ob Rosa dear, ob Rosa dear.

# MY LOVELY VIRGINIA GAL.

97



1. One night just at the close ob day, On de ribber bank I chanc'd to stray, Some darkies did on de banjo play, For my sweet lub, Virginia:
2. I cannot tell de reason why, My heart it heaves up many a sigh, When I tink ob times dat hab gone by, When I lib'd in Alabama;



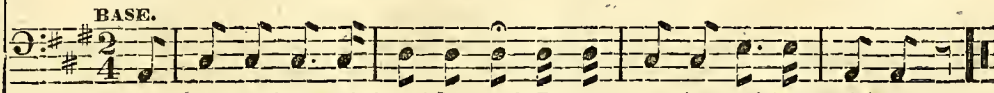
Dey danc'd and sung away all night, By de stars and de bright moon's silver light; Dey kept it up till broad day light, For de sake ob my Virginia.  
Wid age my hairs are turning grey, I lay my ole banjo away, No more dem sweet sounds can I play, As I did for my Virginia.



Dey kept it up till broad daylight For de sake ob my Vir - gin - ia.



Dey kept it up till broad day light For de sake ob my Vir - gin - ia.



By permission of JAKES & BROTHER, proprietors of the copyright.

3

When from dis world I'm dead and gone,  
No darkies den shall sing dis song,  
And wid my banjo I'll tote it along,  
And remember my Virginia.  
Den fare you well good people all,  
Some uder time I'll gib a call,  
If fore dat time I do not fall,  
For de sake ob my Virginia.  
CHO. If fore dat time I do not fall,  
For de sake ob my Virginia.



## I SEEN HER AT THE WINDOW.



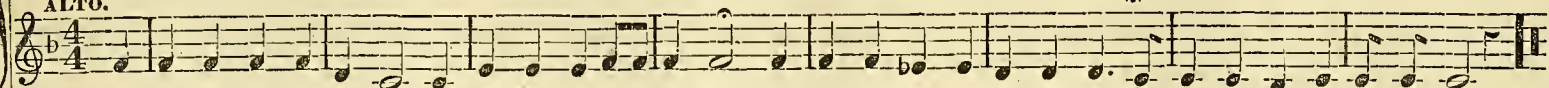
1. Last Sunday night as I walk'd out, I know I was quite la - zy, A col-or'd gal I saw well dress'd, Like to set this color'd man crazy.
2. Her hair was curled tight on her head, She could not keep from grinning, I really thought I'd suspire When I heard that yaller gal singing.

## TREBLE.



I seen her at the win-dow, It was my dear Lu-cin-da; She dress'd so neat and look'd so sweet, I'd gin my life to bin in dar.

## ALTO.

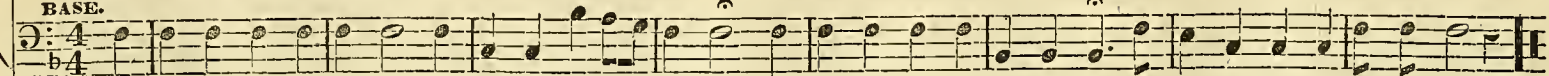


## TENOR.



I seen her at the win-dow, It was my dear Lu-cin-da; She dress'd so neat and look'd so sweet, I'd gin my life to bin in dar.

## BASE.



3

I go to de door and pull de string,  
And de bell it kept a ringing,  
Den she cum down an let me in,  
An dis here song kept singing.

CHO. I left her at the window,  
I kiss my hand to Lucinda,  
She dress so neat, and look so sweet,  
I wish dat nigger had'nt been dar.

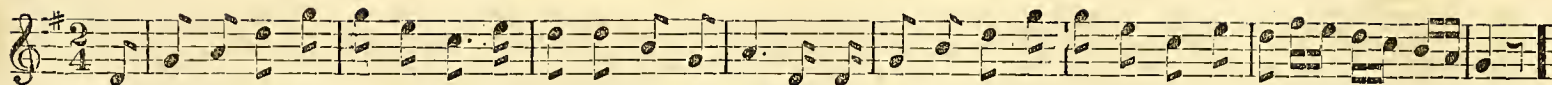
4

I got inside, I took a seat,  
And I thought I was a goner,  
Dare sat her beau young Julius Crow,  
A nodding in de corner.

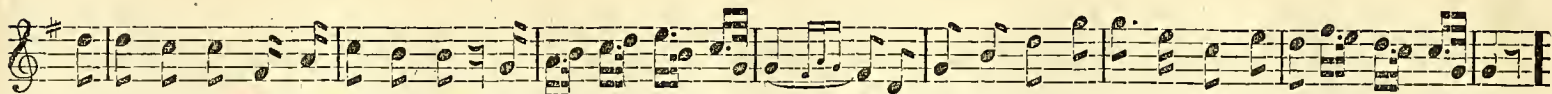
CHO. I left her at the window,  
I kiss my hand to Lucinda,  
She dress so neat, and look so sweet;  
I wish dat nigger had'nt been dar.

# MY PRETTY YALLER GAL.

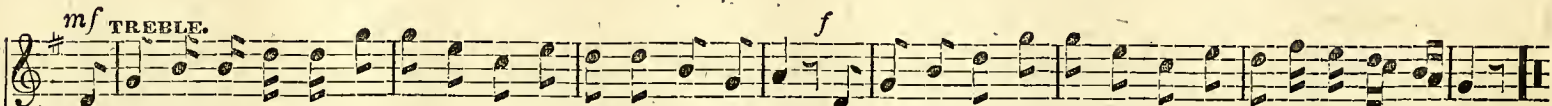
99



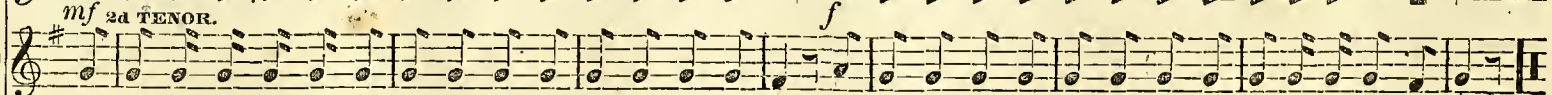
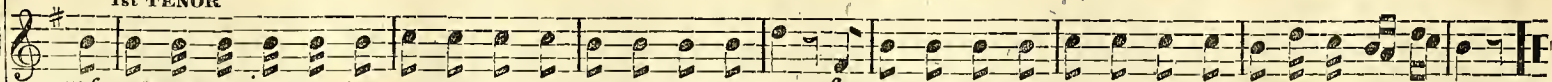
1. O, white folks listen to dis song, dat I am gwine to sing, Of a pret-ty lit - tle yal - ler gal, who danc'd de wi - gin - ping!
2. I went to see dis eol - or'd gal one pleasant night in May, When in de field my work was done, I had a hol - y - day.
3. She gib con - sent to hab me if I would on - ly say I'd lub her now and eb - er - more and neb - ber run a - way.



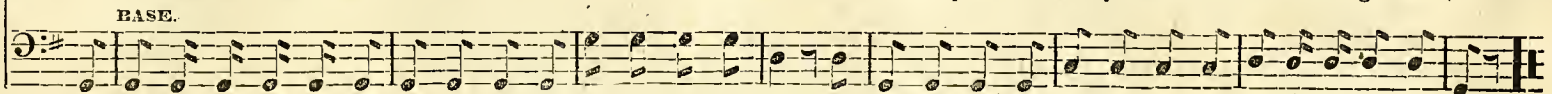
Her eyes were bright as de stars at night, Her teeth were like de snow, One pleasant night wid heart so light, To see her I did go.  
 I took her out a walk - ing and to her I did say— "My dear - est gal, I lub you so, oh! hab me now I pray."  
 To gib her proof I lubed her I for de par - son went, Since den I've lib'd in har - mo - ny and hap - py days I spent.



For she was de pret - ti - est yal - ler gal dat ev - er I did see, She was de prin - ces ob my heart, An she was de gal for me.



For she was de pret - ti - est yal - ler gal dat ev - er I did see, She was de prin - ces ob my heart, An she was de gal for me.



By permission of JAMES & BROTHER, proprietors of the copyright.

## WALK IN THE PARLOR.



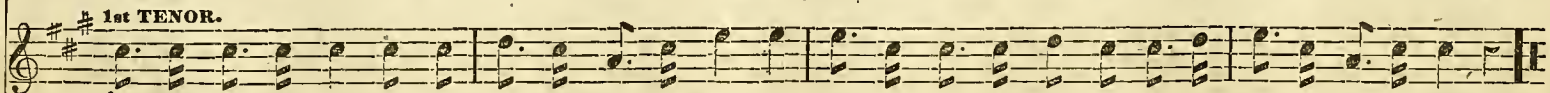
1. I'm right from old Virginny, wid my head so full of knorledge, I never went to free school, or any oder college, But I will tell you one ting,
2. Lightning is a yaller gal who libs up in de clouds, Thunder is a brack man, and he can holler loud, When he kisses lightning, she



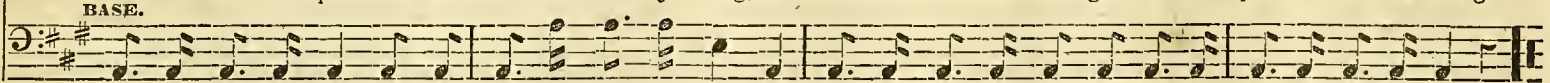
It is a certain fact, I'll git you 'scription of de world in a twinkling of a crack. So walk in, walk in, walk in I say; Walk in to de parlor, and hear de banjo play. darts up in a wonder, He jumps up and grabs de clouds and dats what make it thunder. So walk in, walk in, walk in I say; Walk in to de parlor and hear de banjo play.



Walk in to de par-lor and hear de ban-jo ring, And watch de dark-ies' fin-gers while he picks it on de string.



Walk in to de par-lor and hear de ban-jo ring, And watch de dark-ies' fin-gers while he picks it on de string.



3

Noah built de ark and filled it full of sassage,  
All de odder animals took a cabin passage;  
De elephant he cum last,—Noah said “you’s drunk!”  
“No,” says he, “it took me all dis time to pack away my trunk!”  
Walk in, &c

4

O, Noah sent de bird out to look for dry land,  
When he cum back, he had de banjo in his hand,  
I took up de banjo and played em dis ere tune,  
All de animals, 'cept the elephant, fell into a swoon.  
Walk in, &c.



# FAREWELL LADIES.

101



1. Now la-dies fair to you we'll sing, O, Julius, give dem bones a fling; We'll sing the minstrels' parting lay, So darkies, all now sing away.
2. We've been all over the country thro', And seen most things both old and new; But of all our very great desire, Is to have de ladies us admire.

**TREBLE. Chorus.** *pp* *p* *mf* *p*

Fare you well, Ladies! O . . . . Fare you well, Ladies! Fare you well, Ladies! Fare you well, Ladies! We're gwine to leave you now.

**1st TENOR.**

**2d TENOR.** *pp* *p* *mf* *p*

Fare you well, Ladies! O . . . . Fare you well, Ladies! Fare you well, Ladies! Fare you well, Ladies! We're gwine to leave you now.

**BASE.**

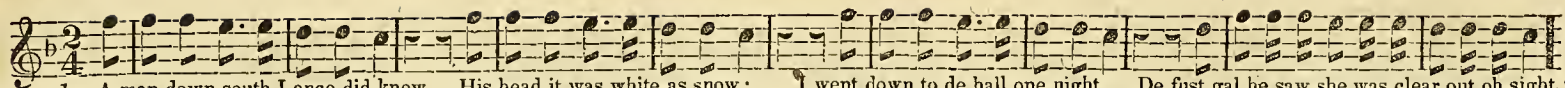
3

O, Gembilmen, we thank you too,  
For fetching de ladies long wid you,  
To hear this darkie minstrel band,  
Who sing and dance throughout the land.  
Fare you well, Ladies, &c.

4

Whenever again we make a call,  
We'll do our best to please you all:  
One ting is sure, we'll neber tire,  
Unless some ob us should suspire.  
Fare you well, Ladies, &c.

## OLD JOE.



1. A man down south I once did know, His head it was white as snow; I went down to de ball one night, De fust gal he saw she was clear out ob sight.  
 2. Old Joe he walk wid her aside, And said ole gal will you be my bride; She says, dear Joe I must confess, I re-ally lubs you much de best.  
 3. Dey married, but 'tis sad to say, Dat ole Joe's wife went dead one day; 'Dis gib ole nigger Joe de blue, He turned round and went dead too.

*p* **Adagio.** **TREBLE.** *p* **a Tempo.**

**ALTO.**

Ole Joe, ole Joe a kick-ing up a hind and a foe, And a yal-ler gal a kick-ing up a

*pp* **TENOR.** *p*

**BASE.**

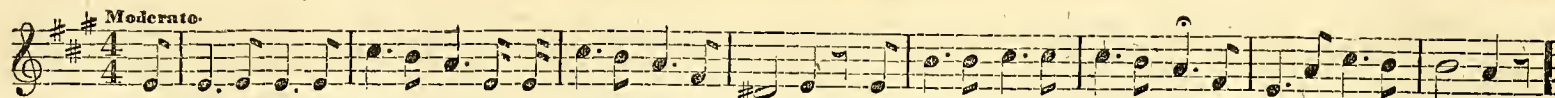
*ff*

hind ole Joe, Ole Joe a kick-ing up a hind and a foe; And a yel-low gal a kick-ing up a hind ole Joe.

*ff*

# SNOW DROP ANN.

103



1. Snow-drop Ann, my lubly Ann, I'll be always sure to lub you, Your pictur's painted on my heart, You charming color'd dove, you.
2. No matter where, or how I go, Your daggertype's be-fore me! If in de field wid my old hoe, Blest tho'ts of you come o'er me.

TREBLE. Chorus. Allegretto.

1st TENOR.

2d TENOR.

BASE.

The hawk fly high, the bird fly low, Sweet Snow-drop Ann, I lub you: It's no odds how the wind does blow, This darkey's heart is always blue.

3

I've eaten coon and possum fat,  
And drank some milk and honey;  
But Missus says, "de only cure  
For me is matrimony."  
De hawk, &c.

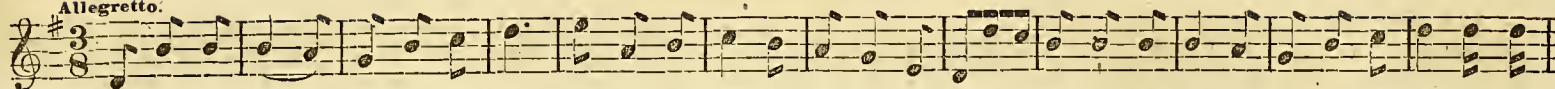
4

So Snow-drop Ann, suppose dat we  
No longer wait or tarry,  
We'll take de banjo and de bones,  
And then we'll both get marry.  
De hawk, &c.

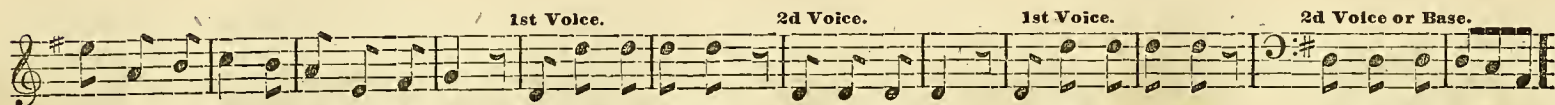


## HAPPY ARE WE DARKIES SO GAY.

Allegretto.

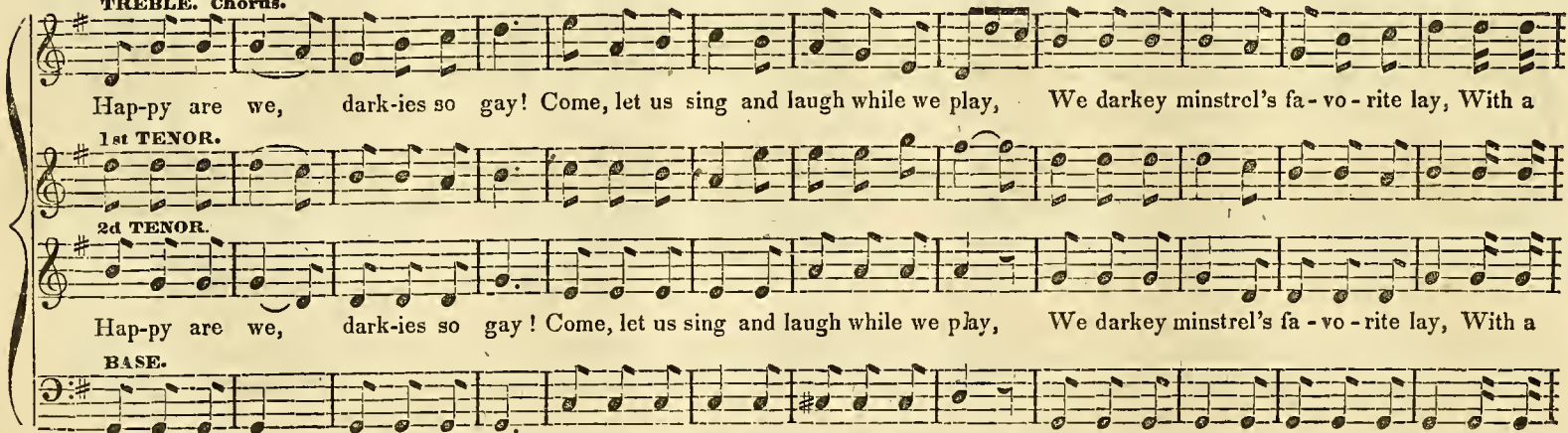


1. Hap-py are we dar-kies so gay! Come let us sing and laugh while we play, We darkey minstrels fa - vo - rite lay, With a
2. The songs that we sing, some of dem are fine, The chorus is good, when we do combine, We always are den so hap-py and gay, We sing
3. Mam'selle Augusta—she is so fine, In dancing and playing in de pan-to - mine! We darkey minstrels wid blacken face, Comes de



ha ha ha ha, and laugh while we play, Mu-sic de-li-cious! O den how sweet! Your kind applauses We hope to greet.  
 ha ha ha ha ha ha, while we play. Singing de-li-cious! O den how fine! We darkey minstrels! At night we do shine  
 Ca - chuca and Pol-ka wid grace. Dancing de-li-cious! O den how gay! We'll dance and we'll sing Till broke ob day.

TREBLE. Chorus.



Hap-py are we, dark-ies so gay! Come, let us sing and laugh while we play, We darkey minstrel's fa - vo - rite lay, With a

Hap-py are we, dark-ies so gay! Come, let us sing and laugh while we play, We darkey minstrel's fa - vo - rite lay, With a

*ff*

ha ha ha ha, and laugh while we play. Ha ha ha ha ha ha, laugh while we play.

*ff*

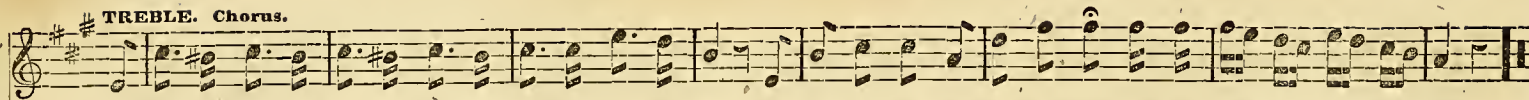
ha ha ha ha, and laugh while we play. Ha ha ha ha ha ha, laugh while we play.

## THE DANDY BROADWAY SWELL.

1. Dey may talk ob dan-dy nig-gers, But dey neb-er see dis coon, A prombernarding Broadway On a Sun-day ar-ter-noon
2. My new sack coat am pad-ded, Just to make my shoulders broad; You'd tink I was jewpeter, You would up-on my word.

Ise de sole de-light ob yel-low gals, De en-vy ob de men, Ob-sarve dis child when he turn out, An talk ob dan-dies den.  
 I sometimes wear mustashers, But I loss em todder day, For de glue was bad, de wind was high, An so dey blowed away.

## TREBLE. Chorus.

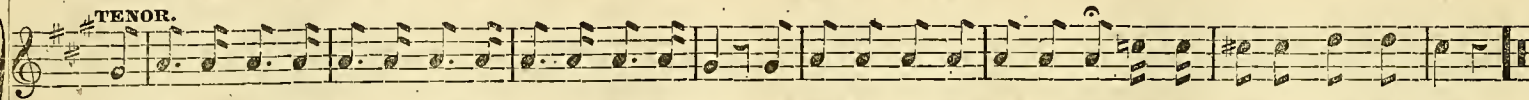


For Ise de grit de go de cheese As ebe-ry one may tell, De dark fair sex Ise sûre to please, Ise de Dan-dy Broadway swell.

## ALTO.

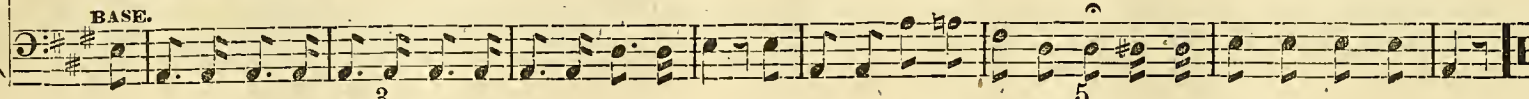


## TENOR.



For Ise de grit de go de cheese As ebe-ry one may tell, De dark fair sex Ise sûre to please, Ise de Dan-dy Broad-way swell.

## BASE.



I sports a double eye glass,  
Dat shuts up in a case,  
A brack silk stock ac cause it suits,  
De spression ob dis face.  
My linen cuffs an collar too  
Look beautifully white,  
An so by gosh I tink dey ought,  
For I wash em ebery night. For Ise, &c.

4

I wears a gold wash'd guard chain,  
Dat I bought ob Uncle Pete,  
But I left de watch for safety,  
Wid a man in Chatham street. (Pawn Brokers.)  
Wid grobes, an cane, an fancy vest,  
French trowserloons an hat,  
Wid gran imperial which I cut  
From de tail ob our brack cat. For Ise, &c.

I rader tink Miss Chloe White  
Am growing quite forlorn,  
I hears it in her dulcet voice,  
As she sweetly cries "Hót Corn."  
She's up to de eyes in lub wid me,  
An so am twenty more,  
For Ise sich a gay deceiver  
As dey neber seed before. For Ise, &c.

6

Dis nigger's name am Cesar,  
Mars Napoleon Sinclair Brown,  
De biggest bug de greatest coon,  
Dat eber walk'd dis town.  
So take care gals an miind your sefs,  
For if I roll dis eye  
You'll gib a shake, a sigh an groan,  
An den flop down an die. For Ise, &c.



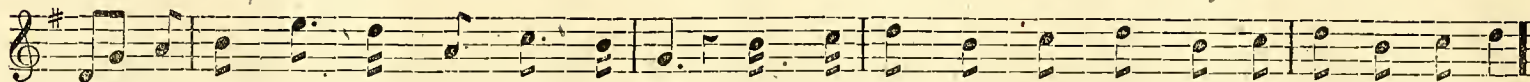
# GINGER'S WEDDING.

107

*Allegretto.*



1. O pleas-ant de song dat I sing, And well I re-mem-ber the day, When the lit-tle church bells they did ring,  
 2. Dey were going to be married on dat day, And de darkies were all to be there, In de lit-tle log church by de way,  
 3. Shall I eb-er for-get it in-deed? How hap-py de dark-ies did look When de par-son he den did pro-ceed

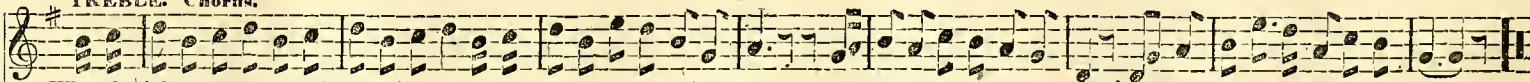


And the dark-ies were done mak-ing hay. When de birds were at rest and lay snug in their nest,  
 Wid de col-or'd gals look-ing so fair. Den locked arm in arm, For fear of some harm,  
 By pe-rus-ing de high-mo-nial book! Den he asked de lovely Rosa, If wed-ded she'd be,



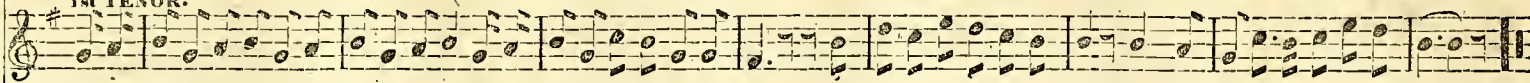
And de clouds they looked pleasant and clear, Sweet Ro-sa was hap-py in-deed, When to church she and Ginger did steer.  
 Dis couple went skipping a-long And Ro-sa felt hap-py dat day As she sang dat sweet nightingale song.  
 And take Gin-ger for bet-ter or wus? Wid a tear and a sigh she said yes! Den Gin-ger give Ro-sa a buss.

**TREBLE. Chorus.**

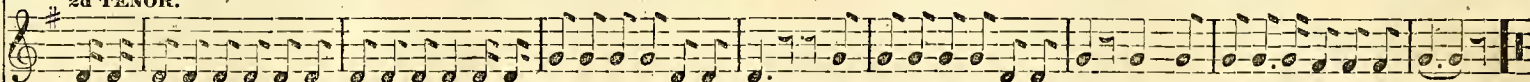


When de birds were at rest, and lay snug in their nest, And de clouds dey look'd pleasant and clear; Sweet Rosa was happy indeed When to church she and Ginger did steer.

**1st TENOR.**

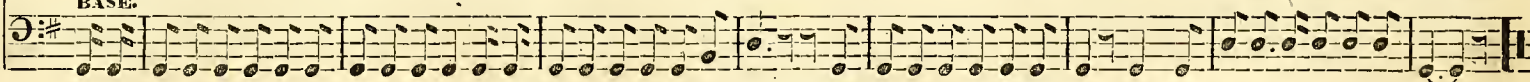


**2d TENOR.**



When de birds were at rest, and lay snug in their nest, And de clouds dey look'd pleasant and clear; Sweet Rosa was happy indeed When to church she and Ginger did steer.

**BASE.**

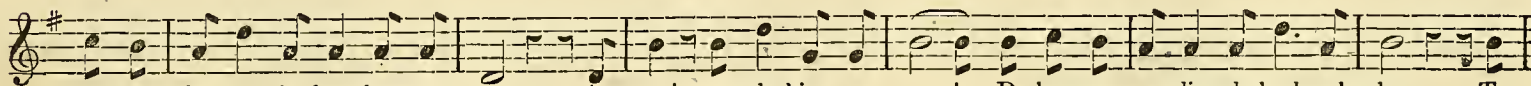


## THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Allegro Moderato.



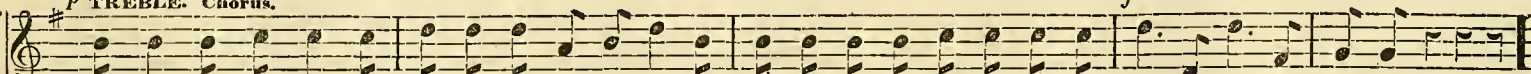
1. A - way! now darkies a - way! De horn am sounding de broke ob day; To work wid your shubble and your hoe,



When your la - bor is done, haste a - way, A - way! now darkies, a - way! De horn am sounding de broke ob day; To

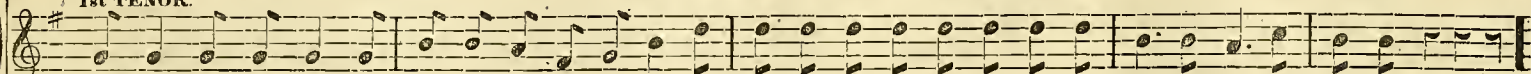
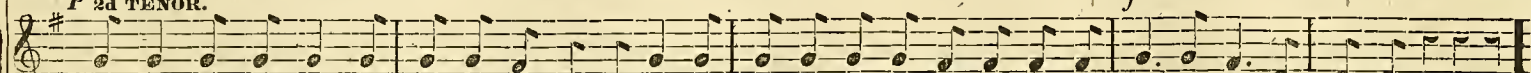


work wid your shub - ble and your hoe, When your la - bor is done, haste a - way . . . . . To the

*p* TREBLE. Chorus.

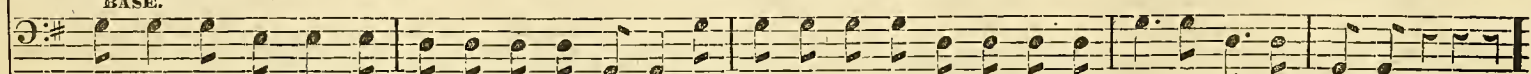
lil - y, the lil - y, the lil - y of the val - ley, When work is done, we'll hasten to see the lil - y of the val - ley.

1st TENOR.

*p* 2d TENOR.

lil - y, the lil - y, the lil - y of the val - ley, When work is done, we'll hasten to see the lil - y of the val - ley.

BASE.



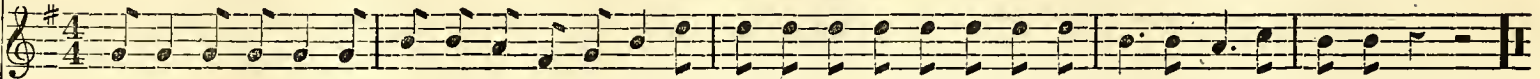
SOLO. Vivace.



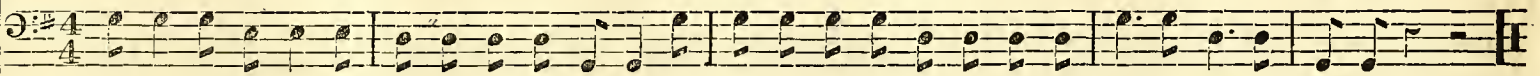
To mar-ry her you hab no chance, Her eyes is like an Injin lance, She sings to de horse to make him prance, And beats all de darkies in de dance. The

*p* CHORUS. Allegro Moderato.*f*

lil - y, the lil - y, the lil - y of the val-ley, When work is done, we'll haste to see the lil - y of the val-ley.

*p**f*

lil - y, the lil - y, the lil - y of the val-ley, When work is done, we'll haste to see the lil - y of the val-ley.



2 Away! now darkies, away!

De horn am blowing de close ob day,  
From our work wid our hearts all so gay,  
Our labor all done we'll away.

Away now darkies, &c.

CHO. To the lily, the lily, the lily of de valley,  
Our work's all done, we'll haste to see the lily of the valley.

Wid eyes so bright and waist so slim,  
She dance and cut de wigeon-ping!  
Dat gal is up to ebery ting,—  
And like a martingale she sing.

CHO. The lily, the lily, the lily of the valley,  
When work is done, we'll haste to see the lily of the valley.



## DE OYSTER BOAT.

*mf*

TENOR. Allegro. Siciliano.

1. O swift-ly goes the oy-ster boat, Just walk-in' from de shore, Un-to de dark-ies song she'll float, To hunt de shel-ly store; We

ALTO.

*mf*

TREBLE.

3. De sai-lor in his ship may sing, An tink he's free from harm, Our boat can cut de gull wing, An walk right thro' the storm; Den

BASE.

whistle up a jol-ly breeze, An hoist de square-toed sail, Den down de rib-ber scud wid ease, An cheat ole mas-sa gale. We

safe-ly to de port she splash, Filled with her shelly store, While folks come to shell out to dar cash, In crowds along de shore. We

*f*

cast our tongs in oys-ter bay, An rake em far an wide, Den haul up while our boat so gay, Plays see-saw on de tide; Den

cast our tongs in oys-ter bay, An rake em far and wide, Den haul up, while our boat so gay, Plays see-saw on de tide, Den

wid her bo-som jam up full Ob oys-ter fat an fine, Up to de town we swift-ly pull, An sing while our grinners shine.

wid her bo-som jam up full Ob oys-ter fat an fine, Up to de town we swift-ly pull, An sing while our grinners shine.

## PHANTOM CHORUS.

**SOLO.**

**1st Voice.**

Yas 'tis true he goes a - bout at night.

**2d Voice.**

'Tis true in - deed, Sar! 'Tis true in - deed, Sar! 'Tis de deb-il or some Bug - a - boo dat goes a - bout at night.

**3d Voice.**

**Bass.**

**SOLO.**

Oh

What dat Sar? look yar! hold you jaw, jus lis - en.

What dat Sar? look yar! hold you jaw, jus lis - en.

gammon, go a - head den.



When work am done, Sar, den home we run, Sar, For fear dis deb - il might be un - civ - il, We all shake so, Sar, from top to

When work am done, Sar, den home we run, Sar, For fear dis deb - il might be un - civ - il, We all shake so, Sar, from top fo -

toe, Sar, Oh! we fear he'll come wid horns an tail, wid horns an tail, From all Var-gi - ni, each Picka - nin - ny, wid ber-ry long face on; Wid prespi-

toe, Sar, Oh! we fear he'll come wid horns an tail, wid horns an tail, From all Var-gi - ni, each Picka - nin - ny, wid ber-ry long face on; Wid prespi-

ra-tion; Dere wool am drip - piog, As home dere skipping, a - fraid to poke dere nos - es in de dark, Sar, I'll go bail.

ra-tion; Dere wool am drip - piog, As home dere skipping, a - fraid to poke dere nos - es in de dark, Sar, I'll go bail.

**SOLO.**

'Tis some ole cow, sar, or big Bow-

Oh no it arnt no cow, Sar, nor big Bowwow, Sar, for Gingers' seen him, an dat we know.

wow, sar It arnt de Deb-il, for he's be - low. (pointing down.)

Yes dat I'll

Oh dear! oh dear me! I tink he's near me, Whene'er de dog bark, An 'tis at all dark, Our teeth dey chat - ter, wid sitch a

swear. Oh dear! oh dear me! I tink he's near me, Whene'er de dog bark, An 'tis at all dark, Our teeth dey chat - ter, wid sitch a

Oh Sar!

clatter. dat you'd tink five pair of cas-ti-nets was being played. Wid nose on ground, Sar, a snuffing round, Sar, Our ole dog Tow - ler be-gins to

clatter dat you'd tink five pair of cas ti-nets was being played. Wid nose on ground Sar, Dog

(getting frightened.) His nose on ground, Ah! he sniffs a-round, Ah! your ole dog Tow - ler



(all start.)

howl, Sar, 'Tis den wid' fright, Sar! we all turn white, Sar! you'd tink each dar-ky in his shroud has jus been laid. Oh!

(loud knock.)

howl, Sar, 'Tis den wid' fright, Sar! we sll turn white, Sar! you'd tink each dar-ky in his shroud has jus been laid. Oh!

he-gins to howl, Oh Sar! Hab

(all tremblé.)

tr tr

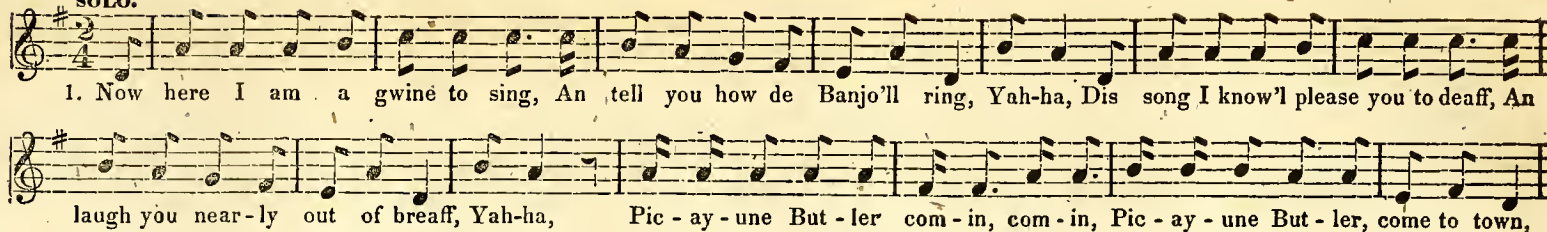
tr tr

tr

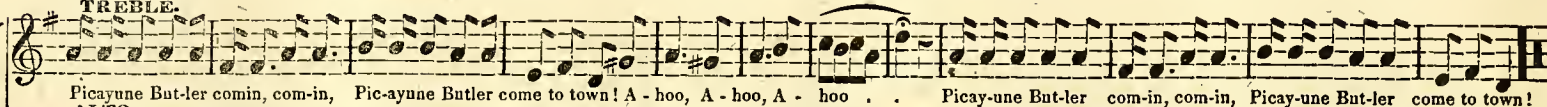
dear me! dats him I knows. Oh! gra - - - cious, he's com - ing now, Oh!

dear me! dats him I knows. Oh! gol - - - ly, he's com - ing now, Oh!

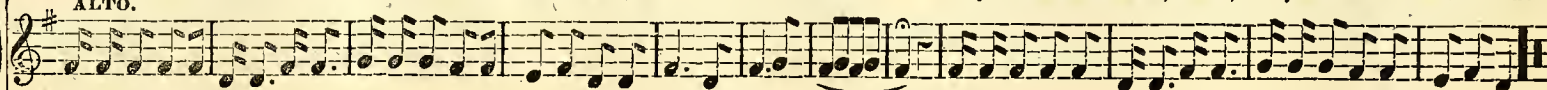
mer - - - cy,

**SOLO.**


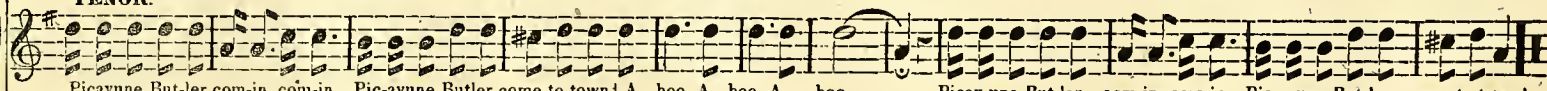
1. Now here I am a gwine to sing, An tell you how de Banjo'll ring, Yah-ha, Dis song I know'l please you to deaff, An  
laugh you near-ly out of breaff, Yah-ha, Pic - ay - une But - ler com - in, com - in, Pic - ay - une But - ler, come to town,

**CHORUS.  
TREBLE.**


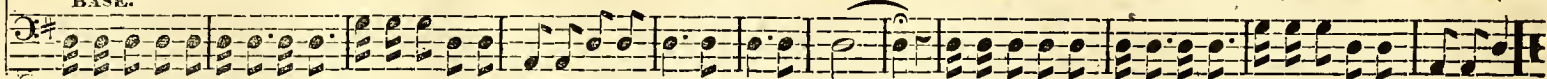
Picayune But-ler comin, com-in, Pic-ayune Butler come to town! A - hoo, A - hoo, A - hoo . . . Picay-une But-ler com-in, com-in, Picay-une But-ler come to town!

**ALTO.**


Picayune But-ler com-in, com-in, Pic-ayune Butler come to town! A - hoo, A - hoo, A - hoo . . . Picay-une But-ler com-in, com-in, Picay-une But-ler come to town!

**TENOR.**


Picayune But-ler com-in, com-in, Pic-ayune Butler come to town! A - hoo, A - hoo, A - hoo . . . Picay-une But-ler com-in, com-in, Picay-une But-ler come to town!

**BASE.**


Picayune But-ler com-in, com-in, Pic-ayune Butler come to town! A - hoo, A - hoo, A - hoo . . . Picay-une But-ler com-in, com-in, Picay-une But-ler come to town!

2

Away down souf whar I was born,  
I work'd all day in fields ob corn, Yah-ha.  
When de sun shines hot de niggars roast,  
But when dey dance dey sweat de most, Yah-ha.  
Picayune Butler, &c.

3

Oh all de gals I eber did see,  
Miss Lucy Neal was best to me, Yah-ha.  
She chased de bulgine out of breaff,  
And dat's what caused Miss Lucy's deaff, Yah-ha  
Picayune Butler, &c.

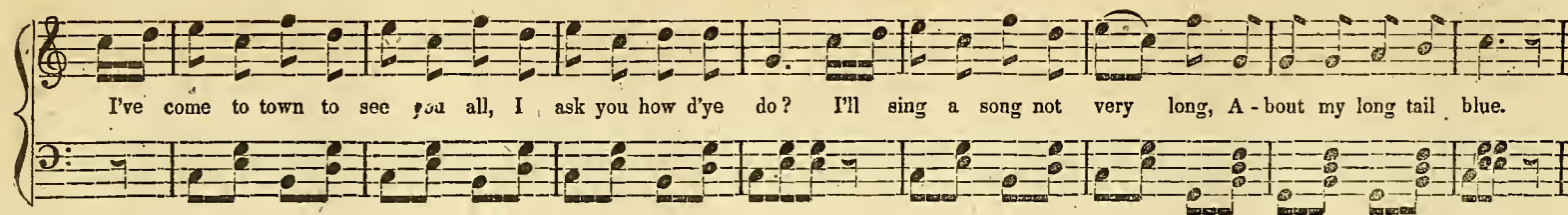
4

Young fólks come here to take a walk,  
And wid dar lubs to hab sum talk, Yah-ha.  
De ladies asks, "am dat a fac?  
Is dem gemmen really black?" Yah-ha.  
Pacayune Butler, &c.

5

I'se gwine some day to buy a farm,  
An a band of niggars I'll take along, Yah-ha.  
An ebory day we'll sing dis song,  
Ob Picayune Butler come to town, Yah-ha.  
Picayune Butler, &c.

## LONG TAIL BLUE.



2

Some niggers they have but one coat,  
 But you see I've got two;  
 I wears a jacket all the week,  
 And Sunday my long tail blue.  
 Oh! for the long tail blue, &c.

3

Jim Crow is courting a white gall,  
 And yaller folks call her sue;  
 I guess she back'd a nigger out,  
 And swung my long tail blue.  
 Oh! for the long tail blue, &c.

4

As I was going up Fulton Street  
 I hollered arter Sue,

The watchman came and took me up,  
 And spoilt my long tail blue.  
 Oh! for the long tail blue, &c.

5

I took it to a Tailor's shop,  
 To see what he could do;  
 He took a needle and some thread,  
 And mended my long tail blue.  
 Oh! for the long tail blue, &c.

6

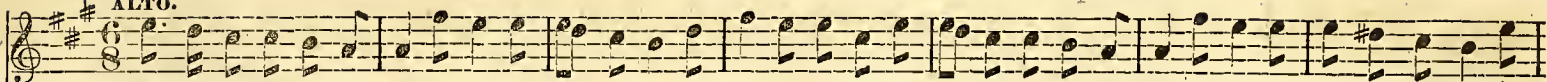
If you want to win the Ladies' hearts,  
 I'll tell you what to do;  
 Go to a tip top Tailor's shop,  
 And buy a long tail blue.  
 Oh! for the long tail blue, &c.



# DARKIES, OUR MASTER'S GONE TO TOWN.

119

ALTO.



1. Darkies our Mas-sa am gone to town, An wont come back a - fore to-morrow, So throw de shov-el an hoe too down, An once in our lives, we'll

1st TENOR.



2d TENOR.



2. Mas - sa re-turns to-morrow for sure, An den we muss work like hosses to-geder, De world does'nt know wot we darkies endure, By day an by nite and in

BASE.



drown all sor-row.

, So fill de Co-co-nut up to de brim, An de jol - li - est darkey we'll drink to him, So fill : up, fill

all sorts ob wedder.

So fill de Co-co-nut up to de brim, An de jol - li - est darkey we'll drink to him, fill up, drink down, fill

drink down.

up drink down, All grief in de Co-co- nut drown. So fill up, fill up, drink down, All grief in de Co - co - nut drown.

up drink down, All grief in de Co-co- nut drown. fill up, drink down, fill up, drink down, All grief in de Co - co - nut drown.

drink down, All grief in de Co-co- nut drown. drink down, drink down, All grief in de Co - co - nut drown.

## UNCLE GABRIEL, THE NEGRO GENERAL.

### CHORUS.

1. Oh my boys I'm bound to tell you, Oh! . . . Lis - ten a while and I will tell you,

Oh . . .

Oh . . .

## CHORUS.

## CHORUS.

Oh! . I'll tell you little 'bout Un-cle Gabriel, Oh! boys I've just be-gan. Hard times in Old Vir-gin-y.

Oh! . . . Hard times in Old Vir-gin-y.

2. Oh dont you know Old Unclé Gabriel,

CHORUS. Oh! Oh!

Oh! he war a nigger General,

CHO. Oh! Oh!

He war de Chief of de Insurgents,

Way down in Southampton.

CHO. Hard times in Old Virginy.

3. It war a little boy betrayed him,

CHO. Oh! Oh!

A little boy by the name of Daniel

CHO. Oh! Oh!

Betrayed him at de Norfolk landing,

Oh! boys I'm gettin done.

CHO. Hard times in Old Virginy.

4. Says he how de do my Uncle Gabriel,

CHO. Oh! Oh!

I am not your Uncle Gabriel,

CHO. Oh! Oh!

My name it is Jim McCullen,

Some dey calls me Archey Mullin.

CHO. Hard times in Old Virginy.

[16]

5. The whites dey fought him and dey caught him,

CHO. Oh! Oh!

To Richmond Court House dey did brought him,

CHO. Oh! Oh!

Twelve men sot up on de jury,

Oh! boys I'm most done.

CHO. Hard times in Old Virginy.

6. Dey took him down to de Gallows,

CHO. Oh! Oh!

Dey drive him down, wid four grey horses,

CHO. Oh! Oh!

Brice's Ben, he drove de waggon,

Oh! boys, I'm most done.

CHO. Hard times in Old Virginy.

7. And dare dey hung him an dey swung him,

CHO. Oh! Oh!

And dey swung him and dey hung him,

CHO. Oh! Oh!

And that war the last of the Nigger General,

Oh! boys I'm just done,

CHO. Hard times in Old Virginy.



## OLE CUFF IN DE MORNIN.

1. Ole Cuff in de morn-in, He sure for to cry, Den wipe wid he el-bow, De cor-ner ob he eye; He den take de Ban-jo, De way he make it play, He set you all a laff-in, Most an-y time ob day.

## CHORUS.

## PRIMO.

Yah ha ha Yah ha ha yah yah, yah ha ha yah ha ha yah, Yah ha ha Yah ha ha Yah, yah, yah ha ha yah ha ha yah.

## ALTO.

## SECONDO.

Yah ha ha Yah ha ha yah yah, yah ha ha yah ha ha yah, Yah ha ha Yah ha ha Yah, yah, yah ha ha yah ha ha yah.

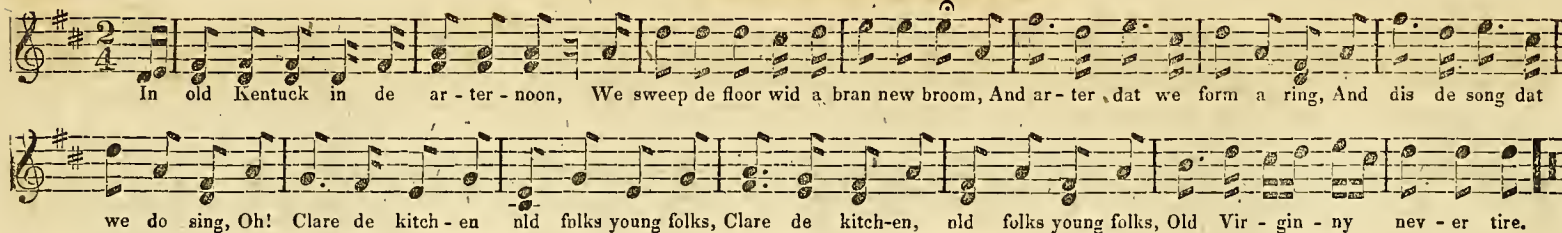
## BASE.

2. I den go wid Ole Cuff,  
To see de gal he lub,  
And when we cum dar,  
Shé on her knees do scrub;  
He den take de Banjo,  
De way he make it play,  
He set de gals a laffin,  
All de time we stay. Yah ha ha, &c.
3. Dey laff and dey scrub,  
Dey dance and dey play,  
Dat massa call out, Ole Cuff,  
You nigger go away;  
He den take de Banjo,  
De way he make it play,  
Dat massa get a laffin,  
And nebber stop all day. Yah ha ha, &c

4. I den take my partner,  
De polka for to dance,  
But massa, cum and take her,  
Den dey begin to prance;  
He den take de Banjo,  
De way he make it play,  
He set Ole Cuff a laffin,  
Den massa run away. Yah ha ha, &c.
5. I den dance de burlesque,  
De Rodawa I try,  
And when I take de grand step,  
De wool has den to fly;  
I den take de Banjo,  
De way I make it play,  
Dis nigger kick he heel up,  
Den laff and run away. Yah ha ha, &c.



## CLARE DE KITCHEN.



I went to de creek, I couldn't git across,  
I'd nobody wid me but an old blind horse;  
But old Jim Crow came riding by,  
Says he, old fellow your horse will die.  
Its Clare de kitchen, &c.

My horse fell down upon de spot,  
Says he "dont you see his eyes is sot;"  
So I took out my knife and off wid his skin,  
And when he comes to life I'll ride him agin.  
So Clare de kitchen, &c.

A jay bird sot on a hickory limb,  
He wink'd at me and I wink'd at him;  
I pick'd up a stone and I hit his shin,  
Says he you better not do dat agin.  
So Clare de kitchen, &c.

A Bull frog dress'd in sogers close,  
Went in de field to shoot some crows;  
De crows smell powder and fly away,  
De Bull frog mighty mad dat day.  
So Clare de kitchen, &c.

Den down I went wid Cato Moore,  
To see de Steamboat come ashore;  
Every man for himself so I pick'd up a trunk,  
Leff off said de Captain or I burn you wid a chunk  
And Clare de kitchen, &c.

I hab a sweetheart in dis town,  
She wears a yellow striped gown,  
And when she walks de streets around,  
De hollow of her foot make a hole in de ground.  
Now Clare de kitchen, &c.

Dis love is a ticklish ting you know,  
It makes a body feel all over so;  
I put de question to Coal black Rose,  
She as black as ten of spades and got a lubby flat nose  
So Clare de kitchen, &c.

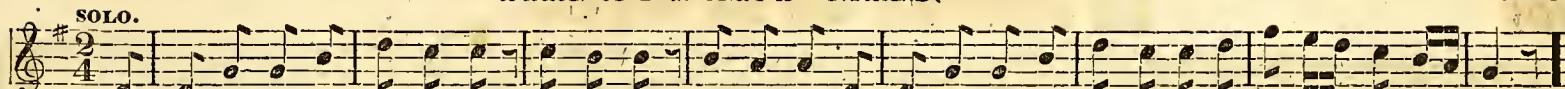
Go away says she wid your cowcumber shin,  
If you come here agin I stick you wid a pin;  
So I turn on my heel and I bid her good bye,  
And arter I was gone she began for to cry.  
So Clare de kitchen, &c.

So now I'se up and off you see,  
To take a julep sangaree;  
I'll sit upon a tater hill,  
And eat a little Whip poor will.  
So Clare de kitchen, &c.

I wish I was back in old Kentuck,  
For since I left it I had no luck;  
De gals so pround dey wont eat mush,  
And wen you go to court 'em dey say O hush  
Its Clare de kitchen, &c.

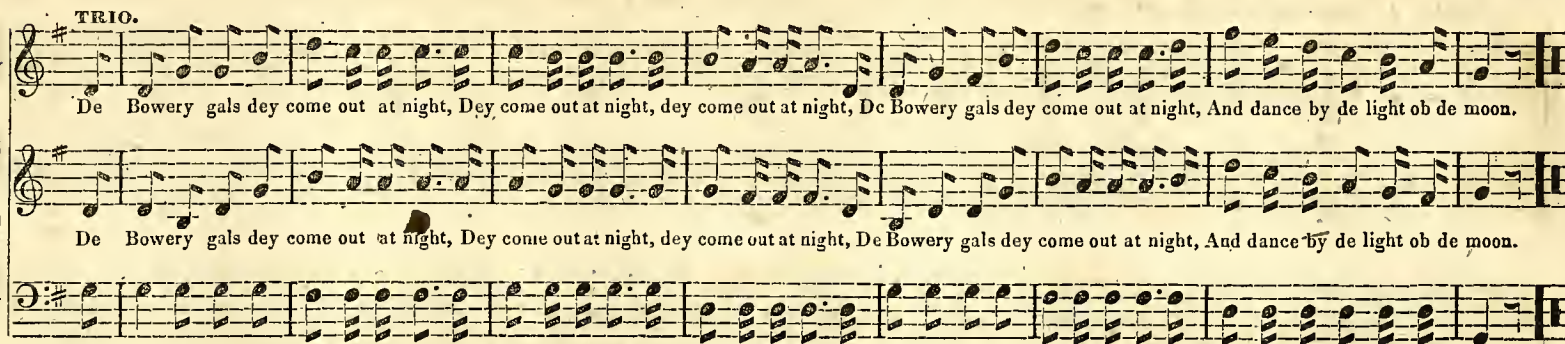


**SOLO.**



I oft - en walk out in de street, In de street, in de street, De Bowery is de place to meet, De neat and pret - ty gals.

**TRIO.**



De Bowery gals dey come out at night, Dey come out at night, dey come out at night, De Bowery gals dey come out at night, And dance by de light ob de moon.

De Bowery gals dey come out at night, Dey come out at night, dey come out at night, De Bowery gals dey come out at night, And dance by de light ob de moon.

2  
I stop'd awhile and had a talk,  
Had a talk, had a talk;  
Wid a pretty gal on de side walk,  
She was so neatly dress'd.  
De Bowery, &c.

3  
I ax'd her would she dance wid me,  
Dance wid me, dance wid me;  
She answer'd,—yes,—if I'd agree,  
To meet by de light ob de moon.  
De Bowery, &c.

4  
De polka dance kept heels a rocking,  
Heels a rocking, heels a rocking;  
I ballanc'd to de gal wid a hole in her stocking,  
So pretty and neat was she.  
De Bowery, &c.

5  
Her dress was yellow trim'd wid red,  
Trim'd wid red, trim'd wid red,  
She had dem diamonds on her head,  
Her shoes was satin green.  
De Bowery, &c.

6  
Oh, I'd like to kiss dem lubly lips,  
Dem lubly lips, dem lubly lips;  
When I take her hand she closely grips,  
For fear she fall on de floor.  
De Bowery, &c.

7  
I'm bound to make dat gal my wife,  
Dat gal my wife, dat gal my wife,  
Den I'll be happy all my life,  
Wid her by de light ob de moon.  
De Bowery, &c.

1. O, I come from ole Vir - gin - ny Wid my head full ob knowledge, And I neb - er went to free school Nor a - ny od - er colledge,

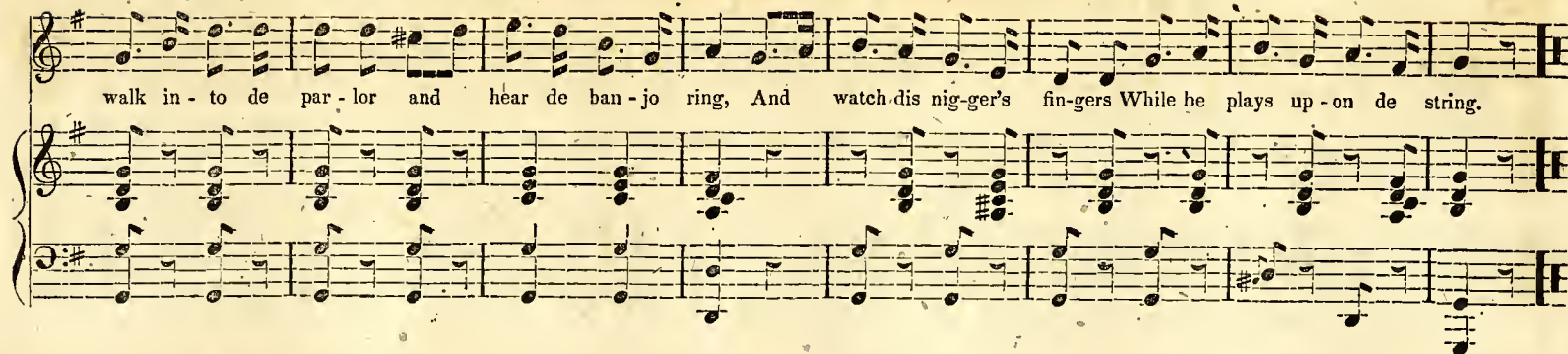
This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

But one ting I will tell you Which am a sol - emn fact, I tell you how dis world was made in a twink - ling ob a crack,

This system contains the second line of music. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

**Chorus.**  
Den - walk in, Den walk in I say, Den walk in, And hear de ban - jo play, And

This system contains the chorus of the song. It begins with the word 'Chorus.' in bold. The music continues with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.



2

Oh dis world was made in six days,  
 And den dey made de sky,  
 And den dey hung it ober head,  
 And left it dar to dry;  
 And den dey made de stars,  
 Out ob nigger wenches eyes,  
 For to gib a little light  
 When de moon didn't rise.  
 Den walk in, &c.

5

O lightning is a yellow gal,  
 She libs up in de clouds,  
 And thunder he's a black man,  
 \* For he can hollow loud;  
 When he kisses lightning  
 She doges off in wonder,  
 Den he jumps and tares his trousers,  
 And dat's what makes de thunder.  
 Den walk in, &c.

3

So Adam was de first man,  
 Ebe she was de oder,  
 And Cain walk'd on de treadmill  
 Recause he killed his broder;  
 Ole Modder Ebe *infedder*  
 Couldn't sleep widout a piller,  
 And de greatest man dat eber lived  
 Was Jack de Giant killer.  
 Den walk in, &c.

4

And den dey made de sea,  
 And in it put a Whale;  
 And den dey made a racoon  
 Wid a ring around his tail;  
 All de oder animals  
 Was finished one by one,  
 And stuck against de fence to dry  
 As fast as dey were done.  
 Den walk in, &c.

6

O de wind begin to blow,  
 And de rain begin to fall,  
 And de water come so high  
 Dat it drowned de niggers all;  
 And it rained forty days and nights  
 Exactly, by de counting,  
 And it landed Noah's ark  
 'Pon de Alleghany mountains.  
 Den walk in, &c.



## 'Twill NEBBER DO TO GIB IT UP SO!



De ole Jim riv - er I float down, I ran my back - er boat up - on de groun, De drift log come wid a



rush - in din An stove both ends ob de ole boat in. It will neb - er do to gib it up so! It will



neb-ber do to gib it up so! It will neb-ber do to gib it up Old Mis-ter Brown, It will nebber do to gib it up so!!

2

De ole log rake me aft an fore,  
An leff my cook-house on de shore;  
I tho't it would'nt do to gib it up so,  
So I scull myself ashore wid de ole banjo.  
It will neber do, &c.

3

I lite on de sand an feel sorter glad,  
I looks at de banjo an feels bery mad;  
I walks up de bank dat slick as glass,  
Up went my heels an I lite upon de grass.  
It will neber do, &c.

4

It will nebber do to gib it up so, Mr. Brown,  
I jump up agin an stood upon de groun;  
I haul de boat out high an dry up de bank,  
Den float down de ribber wid de backer on a plank.  
It will nebber do, &c.

5

Nigger on de wood-pile barkin like a dog,  
Toad in de mill-pond sittin on a log,  
Possum up a gum tree, sarey, fat an dirty;  
Come kiss me gals or I'll run like a turky.  
It will nebber do, &c.

# VIRGINNY'S BLACK DAUGHTER.

129

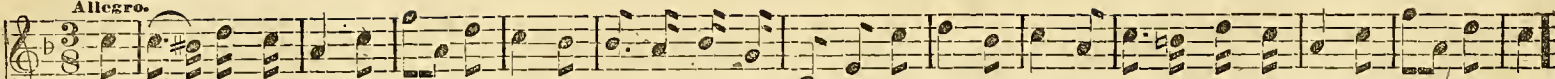
1. Fare-well, farewell, to Vir-gin-ny's black daughter, 'Thus warbled a nig-ger by de light ob de moon, }  
 No clam eb-er lay on de black bay wa-ter, More sweeter, more sweeter than you are to me. } For I will hunt for de lub-li-est possum Dat

2. Nor shall I be-loved by my Di-nah for-get her, No massa should beat me and make my back smart, }  
 But to her side would I stick, for I lub her, For she is de pride ob dis ole nigger's heart. } For I will hunt for de lubli-est possum Dat

ber was cotched in de holler gum tree, On-ly if you will steal sly-ly from your bed chamber, And meet me un-der dat ole tall gum tree.

ber was cotched in de holler gum tree, On-ly if you will steal sly-ly from your bed chamber, And meet me un-der dat ole tall gum tree

## MY LUBLY CLEMENTINE.

TREBLE.  
Allegro.

1. HE. O list, oh list to me, and I will tell you, How I lub, how I lubs my dear Clementine; She is to me my most darling trea - sure,

ALTO.



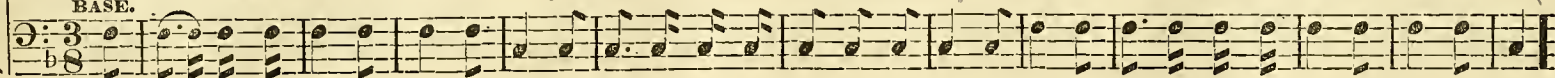
2. SHE. Oh Squash you know I lub you and it greibes me to tink Dat I'm a slave and 'bliged to work; For lub like ours ain ver - y pure and bright,

TENOR.

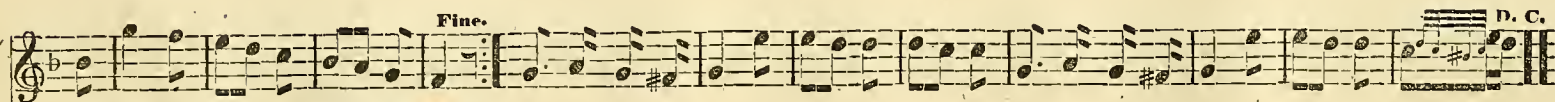


3 BOTH. In de ebening, lub, we'll steal away, And sly - ly creep out ob ole Massa's house; We'll join our hearts togedder in anoder land,

BASE.



Fine.



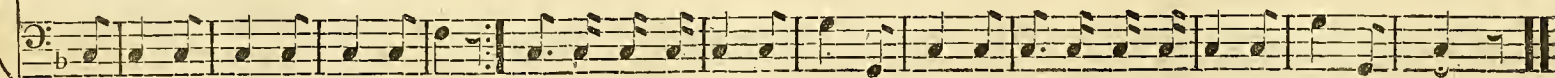
And Ise go - ing to make her mine.



Yes brighter far dan de stars ob night. Tol lol lol lol lol lol lol lol lol lol lol lol la la la!



And bid farewell to de sun - ny souf.



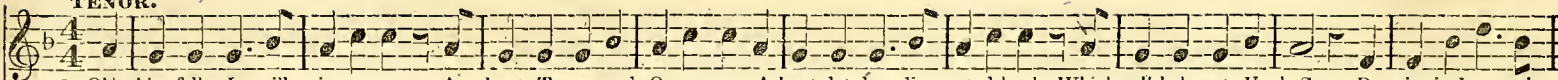
D. C.



# SUCCESS TO OREGON.

131

TENOR.



1. Oh white folks I will sing a song, A - bout Tex-as and Or-e - gon, A-bout dat dar dis - puted land, Which all belong to Uncle Sam. Den rise in de mornin,  
2. I used to drive a six horse team, But now dey've got to jurk by steam, Yah! Yah! it makes de niggers laff, To think ob Morse's Telegraph. Den rise, &c.

ALTO.



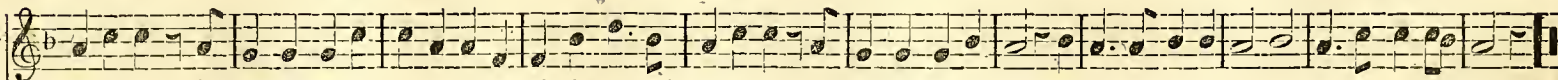
3. De Mex - i-cans am making a fuss, About Texas being annexe'd to us, But let dem come wid all dar kinds, An we'll smash dem into tater rinds. Den rise in de mornin,  
4. De Yankee boys did fight by rule, De Mexican's war great big fools, But I guess dey'll get another whaler, If dey go to fool wid General Taylor. Den rise, &c.

TREBLE.

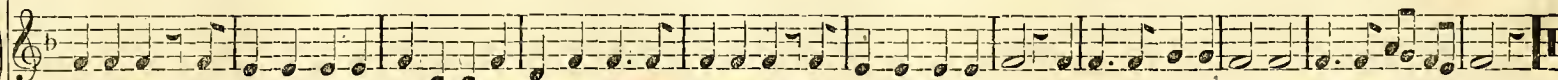


5. When next we want to hab some fun, We'll go it strong for Oregon, And other countries better keep still, Or we'll row dem up ole Tater Hill. Den rise in de mornin,

BASE.



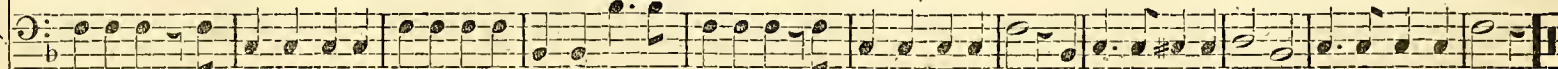
sound your horn, And sing success to Or-e-gon, Den rise in de mornin, sound your horn, An sing success to Oregon, An sing success to Oregon, An sing success to Oregon.



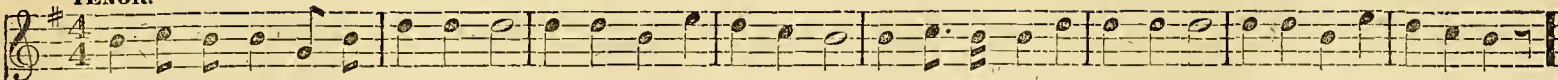
sound your horn, And sing success to Or-e-gon, Den rise in de mornin, sound your horn, An sing success to Oregon, An sing success to Oregon, An sing success to Oregon.



sound your horn, And sing success to Or-e-gon, Den rise in de mornin, sound your horn, An sing success to Oregon, An sing success to Oregon, An sing success to Oregon.



TENOR.



ALTO.

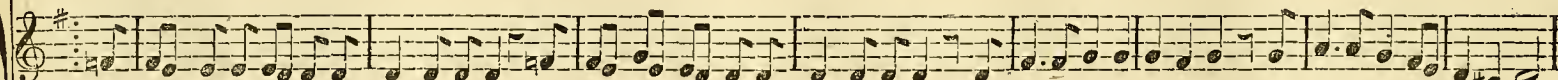
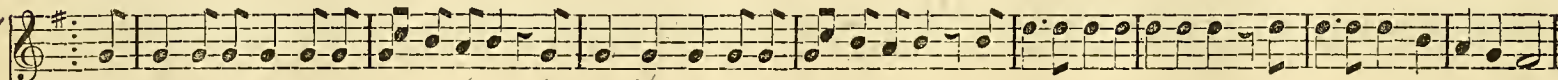


1. See, dar-kies, see, de sun sets fast, Our pleasure time am come at last, Soon from de field to de house we'll come, Al to de banjo's cheerin' hum.

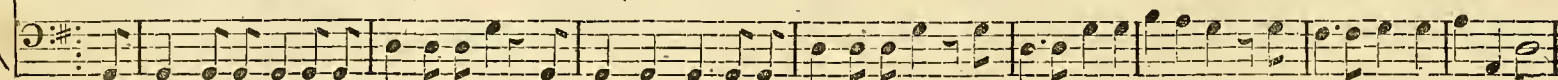
TREBLE.



BASE.



Make haste, let us work, Till ole sun's out ob sight, An' fold up' de sheaves, Till de mornin' light. Den round de house our heels we'll drum, All to de banjo's cheerin' hum.



Hum, hum, hum, De nig-ger's ban - jo hum, Sweet, oh sweet's de nig-gers's ban - jo hum. Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum.

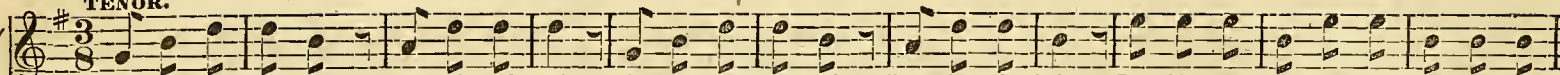
## 2

See now de light am dim an' dull,  
 An night shines like de nigger's wool,  
 See how Sambo works his shin,  
 See how Cudjo's eye balls grin.  
 Make haste, let us walk,  
 From our labor away,  
 An' rest by a break down,  
 Till broke ob day.  
 All round de house de gals now come,  
 To hear de nigger's banjo hum,  
 Hum, hum, hum,  
 De nigger's banjo hum,  
 Sweet, oh sweet's de nigger's banjo hum,  
 Hum, hum, hum, &c.



## DE RATTLE OF DE BONES.

TENOR.

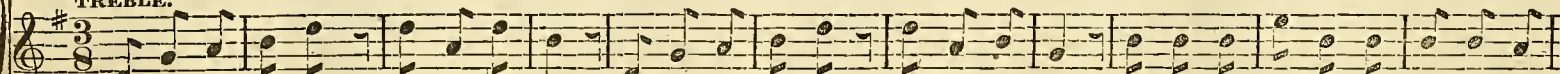


1. Oh, gwan arter cat - tle, Ra, raka, taka, tak, I make de bones rattle, Ra, raka, tak, kak, By hill an' by levels, All crea - ters I  
 2. De nigger's bones white are, Ra, raka, tak, tak, Tho' his skin aint so light, sa, Ra, raka, tak, tak, Dey say massa jaw bone, Will soon stop my  
 ALTO.

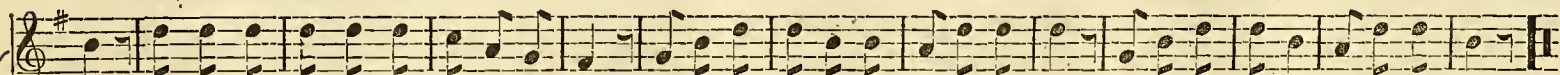
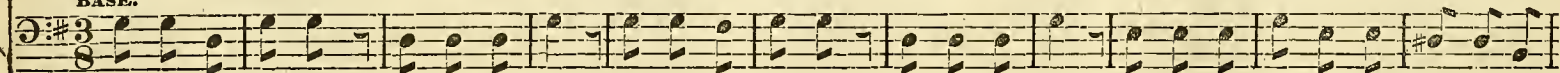


3. De rattlesnake jeal-ous, Ra, raka, tak, tak, Come out wid his fel-lows, Ra, raka, tak, tak, Says I massa sar-pent, You can't stop dese

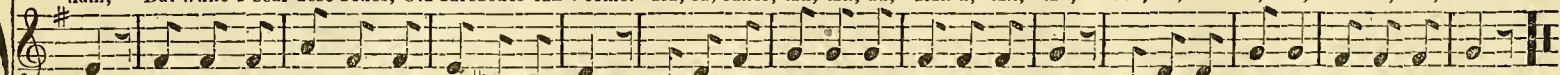
TREBLE.



4. De woodpeckers' mad, sa, At my raka, tak, Poke out dar red heads, sa, Ra, raka, tak, tak, Says I I'll be still, If you out rattle  
 BASE.



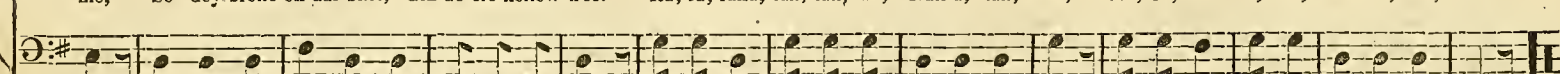
rouse, An' drive off blue devils, While driv-in' de cows. Ra, ra, raker, tak, tak, ah, Rak-a, tak, tak, Ra, ra, rak - a, tak, rak - a, tak, tak.  
 hum, But while I bear dese bones, Old barebones can't come. Ra, ra, raker, tak, tak, ah, Rak-a, tak, tak, Ra, ra, rak - a, tak, rak - a, tak, tak.



tones, For I'se got de sin-ews, A long wid de bones. Ra, ra, raka, tak, tak, ah, Rak-a, tak, tak, Ra, ra, rak - a, tak, rak - a, tak, tak.

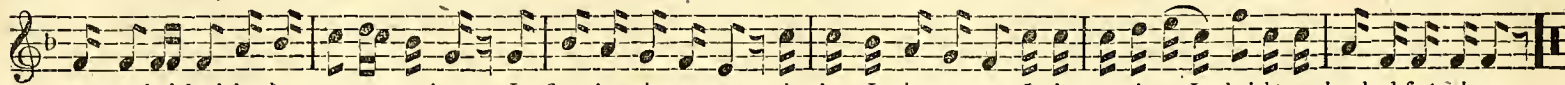


me, So dey broke off dar bills, 'Gin de ole hollow tree. Ra, ra, raka, tak, tak, ah, Rak-a, tak, tak, Ra, ra, rak - a, tak, rak - a, tak, tak.





1. A - way down south in de wild goose nation, I first come to life 'mong de rest ob cre - a - tion; Dar's where I use to hab de old times o - ber, I'de



go to bed dead drunk an get up so-ber; - I first be-gin to peep, An den I gin to creep, In de year ob our Lord eighteen hundred fast asleap.

2

I tho't I'de die laffin for to see de toad a hoppin,  
He took to his heels dar was no time for soppin;  
De tarapin he thot it was time for to trabble,  
He screw aron his tail an begin to scratch grabble,  
Den I gin to pitch an toss'um,  
For fear I might lossum,  
Den he swaller down his head an try to act de possum.

3

I cotch him by de heels an I toat him to de kitchen,  
When de varmit smell fire den he gin to kicken;  
But I roasted him alive, an I eat 'im in a minit,  
I eat him up so soon dat I had'nt time to skin it,  
Den massa got his gun,  
An to de kitchen come,  
An he ax me why de debble did'nt I leabe him some.

4

Den he cotch me by de wool an he whirl me roun an rounder,  
An laid me on de floor jis as flat as a flounder;  
Haff cock fire lock den he pick de frizzen,  
By de lawd I feel skeer'd when I heard de bullets whizzen,  
Den I sprin thro' de doór,  
An nebber seen im more,  
Kaze I dodge twixt his leggs an leff im on de floor.

5

I trabble o'er de groun till I gót to Mississippi,  
I set down upon a log an foun it rather sleepy,  
By de jumping jingo it was de sea serpent  
Come to scrape 'quaintance wid de fresh water varmint,  
His tuf begin to chattle,  
An his tail gin to ratle,  
An dats a sure sign he was gwin to make battle.

6

I spose you all know dat for spunk I is'nt lackin,  
But when I'm 'gwine to fight den I wants good backin;  
I jump on his back for he know what I'se arter,  
Gues de ole snake gin to tink he cotch a tarter.  
Den I cotch im by de tail,  
An we down de ribber sail,  
An we leff a streak behind like a crooked fence rail.

7

He turn roun his head an swore he'd go no fudder,  
Sez he I can swim well nuff widdout a rudder;  
He gib a long dive down to Davy Jones' locker,  
An leff me all alone out dar in de water;  
An to end all de strife,  
Now de way I saved my life,  
I scull myseff ashor wid a big jack knife.

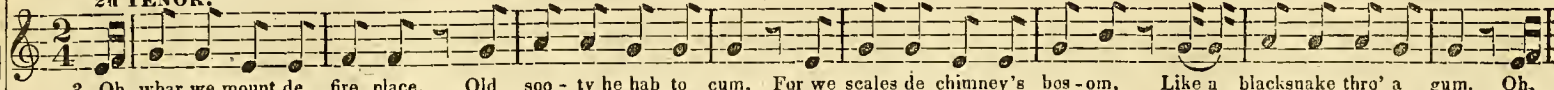
## DE CHIMNEY SWEEP'S GLEE.

1st TENOR.



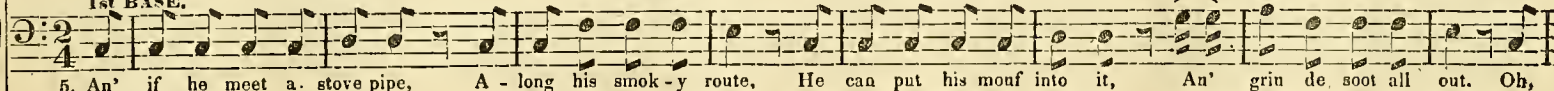
1. Oh, ear - ly eve - ry morn - in, De sweeps uh, goes a - long, De wind and weather scorn-in, An' sing his soo - ty song, Oh,  
 2. Wid our blan-kets like de Roman, Tied round our shoulders fine, We're with our scrap-ers com - in', To make your chimneys shine. Oh,

2d TENOR.



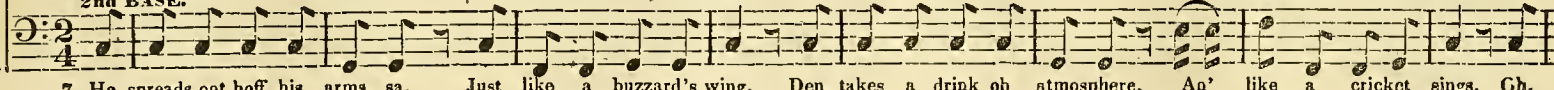
3. Oh, whar we mount de fire place, Old soo - ty he hab to cum, For we scales de chimney's bos - om, Like a blacksnake thro' a gum. Oh,  
 4. Oh, yar's a lit - tle black, sar, Dat can de chimney peel, For he can scrape it backwards, An' hold on by his heel. Oh,

1st BASE.

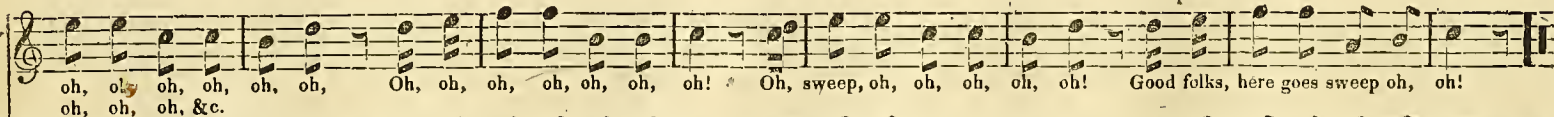


5. An' if he meet a stove pipe, A - long his smok - y route, He can put his mouf into it, An' grin de soot all out. Oh,  
 6. When he gets to de top, sa, An' out his head he poke, How sal - u - berous he feels, sa, When he sneezes out de smoke. Oh,

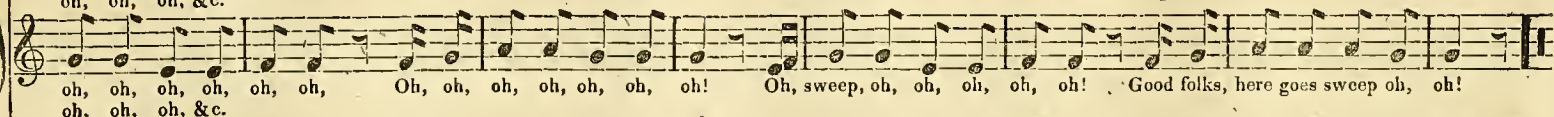
2nd BASE.



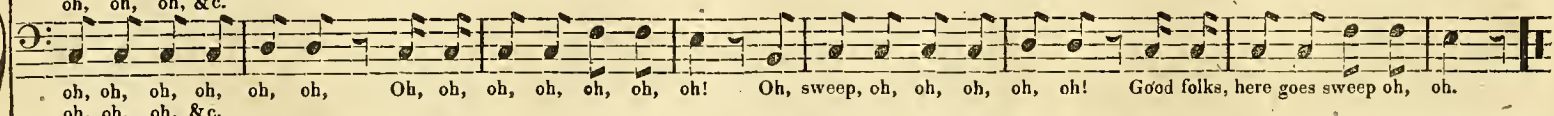
7. He spreads out boff his arms, sa, Just like a buzzard's wing, Den takes a drink ob atmosphere, An' like a cricket sings. Gh,



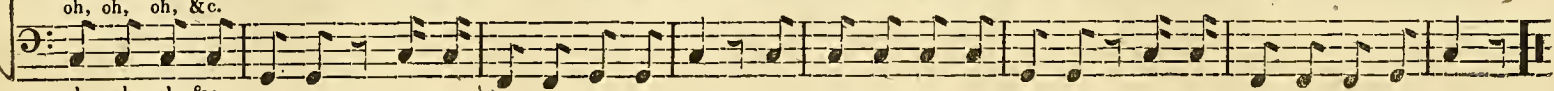
oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Oh, sweep, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Good folks, here goes sweep oh, oh!



oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Oh, sweep, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Good folks, here goes sweep oh, oh!



oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Oh, sweep, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Good folks, here goes sweep oh, oh.



oh, oh, oh, &c.



JULIA AM A BEAUTY.

137

**SOLO.**



1. Oh! Ju - lia am a handsome gal, Her heart is young and ten-der, Her eyes are dark and rad - er small, Her form gen-teel and slender, And

**Seque Chorus.**

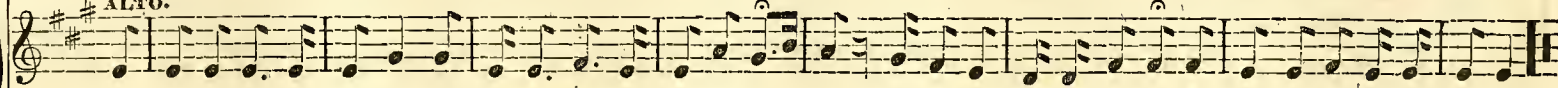


den her face so round and fat, De peo - ple do ad - mire, Her eyes set in dat face at night, Look like two towns on fire.

**CHORUS.  
TREBLE.**

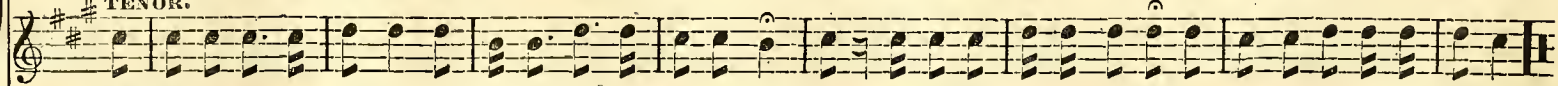


ALTO.



Oh, Ju-lia am a beau-ty, She blossoms like de Pi-na, Oh, yah, she am de pret-ti - est gal, Dat lives in Ole Caro - li - na.

**TENOR.**



**BASE.**



2

Miss Julia has a little foot,  
She wears a little gaiter,  
Dat fits as neat as e'er you saw,  
A peeling on a tater:  
And when she walks, good gracious me!  
Oh! Moses, what a swell,  
De boys and gals dey all cry out,  
Miss Julia am de Belle.

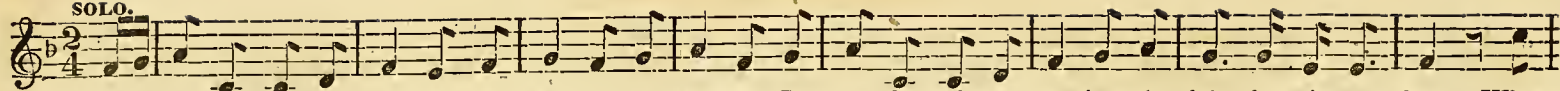
[18]

3

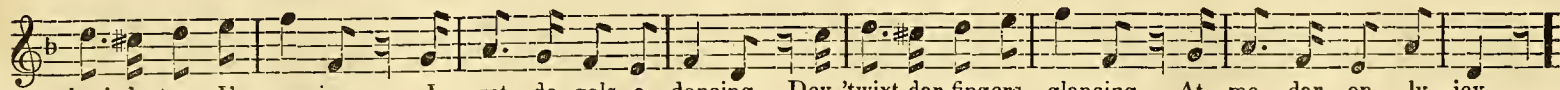
And when Miss Julia takes a walk,  
( 'Tis on some holiday, )  
A big steam engine goes a-head,  
So clear de track away:  
De bells all ring, and out she goes,  
Her hair floats on de breezes,  
And when de sun shines on her face,  
It makes de geeses sneezes.

## DE LUBLY NIGGER BOY.

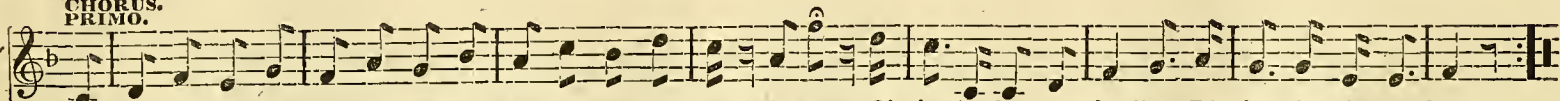
SOLO.



1. Dar's not a nig-ger go-ing, Worth showing, or knowing, But me, dats always growing, A lub - ly nig-ger boy; When

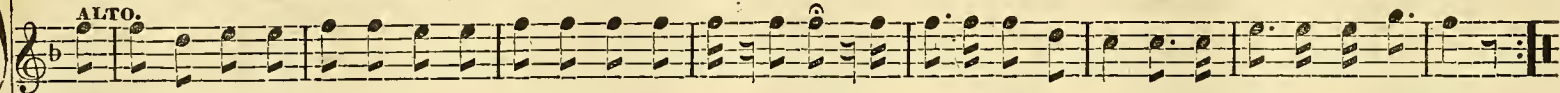


thro' de town I'm passing, I set de gals a dancing, Dey 'twixt-dar fingers glancing, At me, dar on - ly joy.

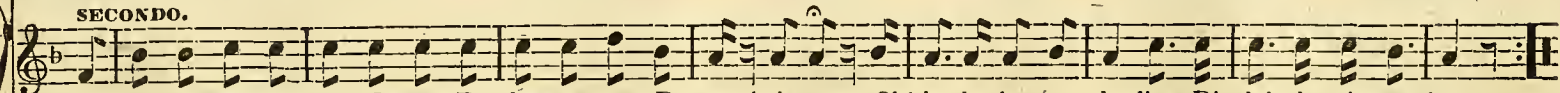
CHORUS.  
PRIMO.

Den in de street, Each gal I meet, Dat dress so neat, Dey say he's sweet, Oh is - 'nt he a dar-ling, Dis lub - ly nig-ger boy.

ALTO.

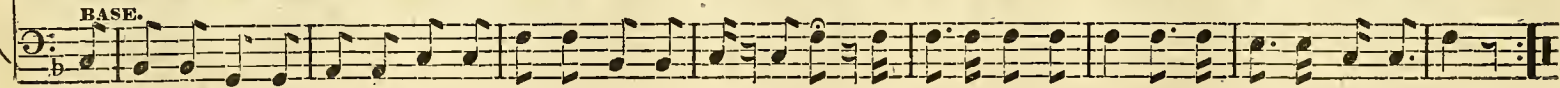


SECONDO.



Den in de street, Each gal I meet, Dat dress so neat, Dey say he's sweet, Oh! is - 'nt he a dar-ling, Dis lub - ly nig-ger boy.

BASE.



2

De ladies dat are fair,  
In despair, tear their hair,  
And I dar sorrow share,  
Dis lubly nigger boy;  
So many ladies lub me,  
Dey ax me cum and take tea,  
I go, dey tell me make free,  
I am dar only joy.  
Den in de street, &c.

3

I play de Polka tune,  
And de gals, bery soon,  
By de pale light ob de moon,  
Kiss dis lubly nigger boy;  
Dar's one I mean to marry,  
'Tis Sally, in de alley,  
Wid her I mean to tarry,  
I am her darling joy.  
Den in de street, &c.

# WALK IN, JOE.

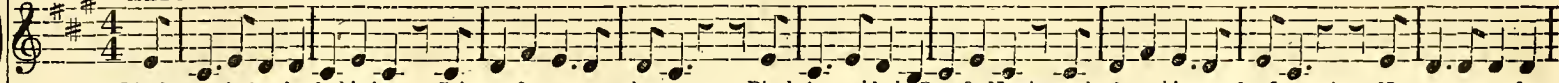
139

TENOR.



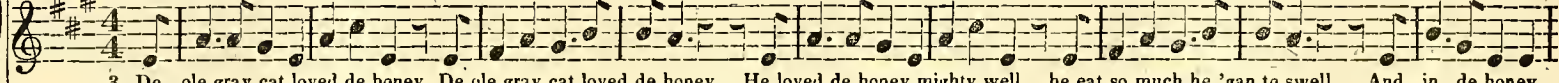
1. Sheep's meat is too good for colored people, Sheep's meat is too good for niggers; When I went into de house, no one dar except a mouse, Sit - tin' by de fire-

ALTO.



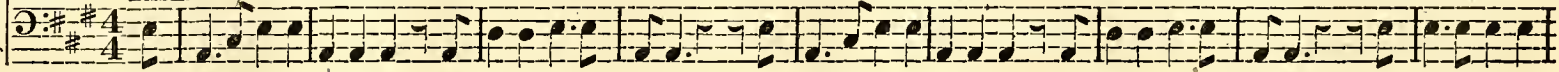
2. Black my boots in de kitchen, Sebenty-five cents to de quarter; Black 'em wid ole Day & Martin, make 'em shine an dat for sartin, Mas-sa sue me for

TREBLE.

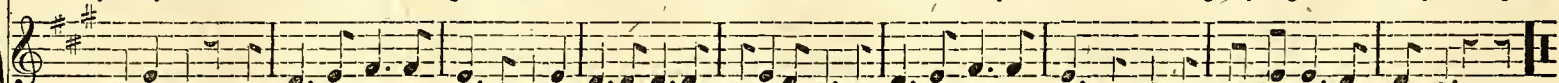


3. De ole gray cat loved de honey, De ole gray cat loved de honey, He loved de honey mighty well, he eat so much he 'gan to swell, And in de honey

BASE.



place, place, dar was a rat eatin' greese. Walk in Joe, Walk in Joe, Walk in Joe, now I'll be your friend John, A long way to go, an no money for to spend.



de treason, 'kase he could'nt, dats de reason. Walk in Joe, Walk in Joe, Walk in Joe, now I'll be your friend John, A long way to go, an aint got a red cent.



pot he fell, he could'nt get out its strange to tell. Walk in Joe, Walk in Joe, Walk in Joe, now I'll be your friend Jann, A long way to go, and aint got a picayune.



If dese words will not go wid dis music, probably some others will.



## O LUD GALS GIB ME CHAW TEBACKUR.

Here I am as you dis - kiv - ver, All de way from roar - ing riv - er; Here I cum as you all must know,

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment consisting of a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

All for to play de ole ban - jo. O lud gals gib me chaw to - bac - kur,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the same instrumental parts and a vocal line with lyrics. A 'Sym.' (Symphony) marking is present in the piano part towards the end of the system.

O lud gals, fotch a - long de whis - key, Makes my head swim when I gets a lit - tle tip - sy.

The third system concludes the piece. It maintains the 2/4 time and one-sharp key signature. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown, with the lyrics written below the vocal staff.

Way down in de Indian nation,  
 Pretty little gals from de wild goose nation,  
 My wife's dead, an' I'm a widower,  
 All de way from roaring river.

O lud gals, &c.

Ole Massa Miller goes out a preachin,  
 'Bout de world coming to pieces,  
 An if you wan't to do what's right,  
 Go an join de Millerites.

O lud gals, &c.

Now, den, if dis should happen,  
 Den good bye to Arthur Tappan;  
 But if it should fail,  
 We'll ride ole Miller on a rail.

O lud gals, &c.

Time draws near, it does by Job,  
 So now get ready your ascension robes,  
 Farewell, ladies, I must go,  
 To git some strings for my ole banjo.

O lud gals, &c.

Uncle Samuel and Massa Jess,  
 Dey buy a bully cider press,  
 De hoops flew off, de barrel buss  
 An blew 'em up in a thunder guss.

O lud gals, &c.

Its up de rope an down de cable,  
 Forty hosses in de stable,  
 First an Injen, a squaw,  
 'Gwine to Arkansaw.

O lud gals, &c.

Vinegar shoes an paper stockings,  
 Set to me Miss Polly Hopkins,  
 My wife's dead an I'm a widder,  
 All de way from roarin ribber.

O lud gals, &c.

If I had a wife an a little baby,  
 I'd support her like a lady;  
 Gods of war an little fishes,  
 Yearthen plates an puter dishes.

O lud gals, &c.

Cowhide shoes an buckskin breeches,  
 Gib me de gal dat sewed de stitches:  
 De prettiest ting in creation  
 Is a little yaller gal in de wild goose nation.

O lud gals, &c.

Pompey Smash an ole Pete Acre  
 Two best men in human natur,  
 Hop in de creek, an roll in de ribber,  
 Two oberseers to one little nigger.

O lud gals, &c.

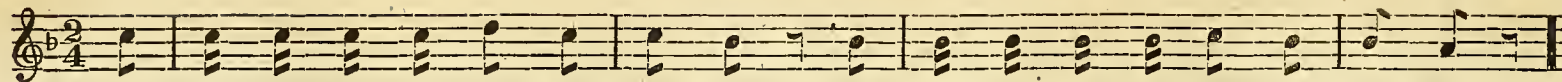
All de way from de Injun nation,  
 Big corn crib on little plantation;  
 My wife's dead an I'll get anudder,  
 Pretty little black gal jis like tudder.

O lud gals, &c.

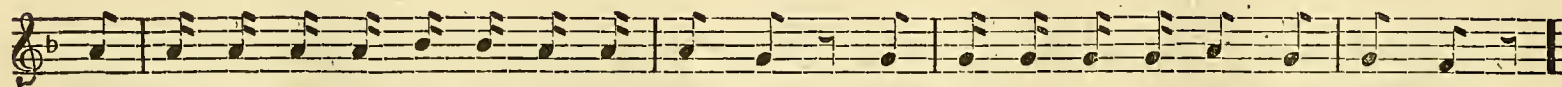
Blow away, ye gentle breezes,  
 All among de cimmon treeses,  
 Dar I set long wid de muses,  
 Mendin my old boots an shuses.

O lud gals, &c.

## OLE VIRGINNY.

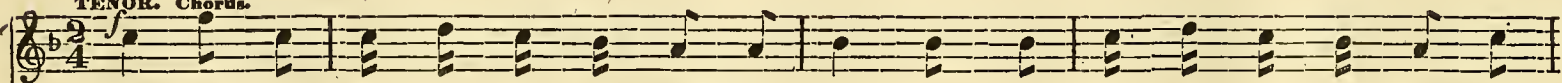


I wish I was in ole Var - - gin - - ny, Wid Di - nah and de Pick - er - ni - ny;



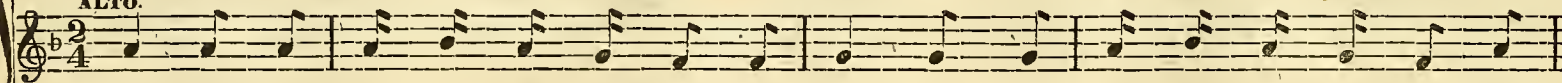
Jus sit - ting down to din - ner off of Gum - bo For dat's de ber - y ting for Jum - bo.

## TENOR. Chorus.



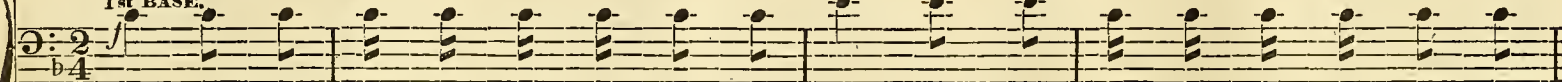
Oh! ole Var - gin - ny am de place, boys, Oh! ole Var - gin - ny am de place, boys,

## ALTO.



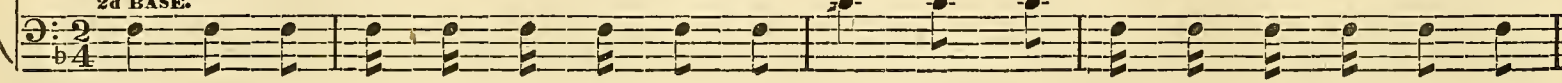
Oh! ole Var - gin - ny am de place, boys, Oh! ole Var - gin - ny am de place, boys,

## 1st BASE.



Oh! ole Var - gin - ny am de place, boys, Oh! ole Var - gin - ny am de place, boys,

## 2d BASE.





Oh! ole Var - gin - ny am de place, boys, Whar a sas - sy nig - ger neb - er dars to show his face, boys.

Oh! ole Var - gin - ny am de place, boys, Whar a sas - sy nig - ger neb - er dars to show his face, boys.

Oh! ole Var - gin - ny am de place, boys, Whar a sas - sy nig - ger neb - er dars to show his face, boys.

Oh! ole Var - gin - ny am de place, boys, Whar a sas - sy nig - ger neb - er dars to show his face, boys.

## 2

'Tis dar de Yaller Gals am beautiful,  
 An Massa's berry kind and dutiful;  
 Dar de rice an homminy am plenty,  
 Poor Niggurs stomach dar nebber empty.

CHO. Oh! ole Varginny am de place, boys,  
 Whar dandy Niggers shine on Sunday wid a grace, boys.

## 3

De fair sex dar am quite bewitching,  
 For should you ebber meet one in de kitchen;  
 You sure to feel your heart a growing bigger,  
 When you hear her cry out, "Oh! you lubly Nigger."

CHO. Oh! ole Varginny am de place, boys,  
 Whar a hansom gal arnt sham'd to look y'in de face, boys.

## 3

I wanted lubly Dinah for a wife, Sar,  
 But I didn't say a word, upon my life, Sar;  
 I rolled my eye and grinn'd, but didn't speak, Sar,  
 An Dinah was my chum chum in a week, Sar.

CHO. Oh! ole Varginny am de place, boys,  
 Whar you'll get a wife for sure, by grinning in her face, boys.

## NOW I LUB SUKEY DEARLY.



1. Now I lub Su - key dear - ly, But Su - key wont lub me, For Sukey lubs an od - er, I can't see who he can be  
 2. When I was young and hansom, Sukey was but a child; She grew up tall and slender, Wid a most 'witching smile.  
 3. 'Twas den she said she'd hab me, But massa he said no; She is too young to mar - ry, Which made de tears to flow.

## PRIMO. Chorus.

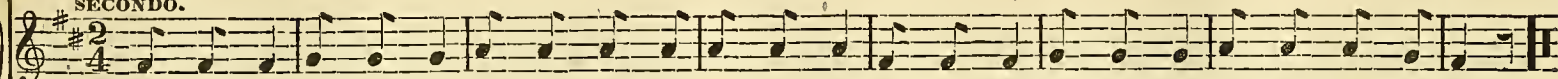


Su - key dear, Su - key dear, Won't you cum and lib wid me, Su - key dear, Su - key dear, Won't you cum' wid me.

## ALTO.

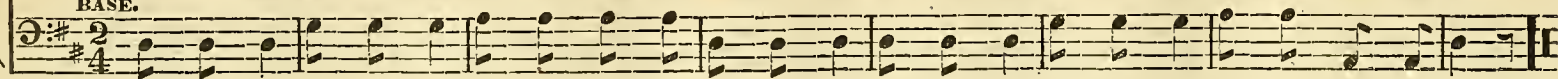


## SECONDO.



Su - key dear, Su - key dear, Won't you cum and lib wid me, Su - key dear, Su - key dear, Won't you cum wid me.

## BASE.



4

In time anoder nigger  
 My massa he did buy;  
 And den I see'd my Sukey,  
 A casting de sheep's eye.  
 Sukey dear, &c.

5

O den I buy my freedom,  
 Wid my banjo I did go;  
 De money I did pocket,  
 On Sukey to bestow.  
 Sukey dear, &c.

6

When I cum back to Sukey,  
 My heart wid lub did beat;  
 But Sukey kiss'd me coolly,  
 It did'nt taste so sweet.  
 Sukey dear, &c.

7

I tink I can't be happy,  
 If Sukey won't lub me;  
 If Sukey lubs anoder,  
 I can't see who he can be.  
 Sukey dear, &c.



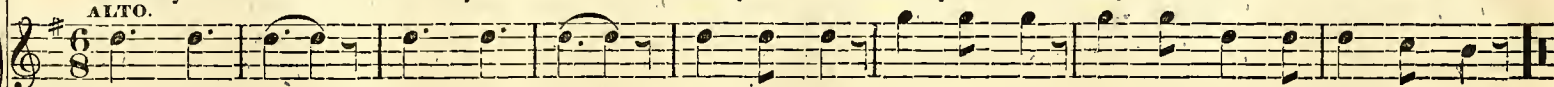
Dar's ma - ny nig - ger now a day - Dat 'try to imp de monkey phray, But ob all de nig - ger dat you see, Dar's none like Joe ob Tennessee.

## PRIMO. Chorus.



Dat you Joe? dat you Joe? dat you Joe? dat you Joe? Yes, 'tis Joe ob Ten - nes - see.

## ALTO.



## SECONDO.



Dat you Joe? dat you Joe? dat you Joe? dat you Joe? Yes, 'tis Joe ob Ten - nes - see.

## BASE.



2

When I buried Rosa Lee,  
I cried tree weeks to dat degree;  
Her sister Dina say to me,  
I lub you, Joe, ob Tennessee.

Dat you Joe, &c.

3

My Dina, she so fair so bright,  
She's black as Ase ob spades at night,  
And when tis day, tis plain to see,  
She's just like Joe, ob Tennessee.

Dat you Joe, &c.

4

My massa one day try to whip,  
Dis nigger, who gib him de slip,  
Dat make him laff to dat degree,  
He look like Joe, ob Tennessee.

Dat you Joe, &c.

5

I den make up my mind to go,  
Tro' all de States my genus show,  
To sing and dance de banjo glee,  
Dat's made by Joe, ob Tennessee.

[19]

Dat you Joe, &c.

6

Dis nigger trabble far and wide,  
Wid lubly Dina by he side,  
And on de road dey say to me,  
You look like Joe, ob Tennessee.

Dat you Joe, &c.

7

De money I hab made, I keep,  
And when I'm dead and fast asleep,  
My Dina, she will berry me,  
Wid Rosa dear, ob Tennessee.

Rosa dear, Rosa dear, &c.



## NIGGER TAKE WARNING.

1. Come nig - ger take warn - in' I must draw you horn in, De squeakes of my grun-ters cries out for deir swill, I put you 'pon

2. Wart! tink you I bear dis for eb - er and nebber, You cock up your fin - gers tell - me take a sight, De head ob my

tread - mill you breeches for pawn - in' And dan - cin all night wid you gal 'pon de hill, Un - do. you ole shirt and I will you well

watch - dog you sweetheart did seb - er, When you come home blind drunk 'at all' hours toder night, Take warnin' take warn - in', (no use you tears

leath - er, You stole off last night wid my tam - a - rine tart, Do'e you've sold you ole hat, you can't get drunk for eber, Per - duce you black

fall - in'), From fat Car - ry - me - lia you eb - er shall part, I'll tan you ole hide till it's tough as bull leath - er, I'll break off your

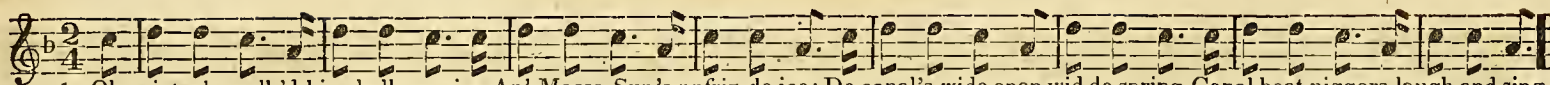
*Cres.*

back and my whip make you smart, Do'e you've sold you ole hat, you can't get drunk for eber, Per - duce you black back and my whip make you smart.

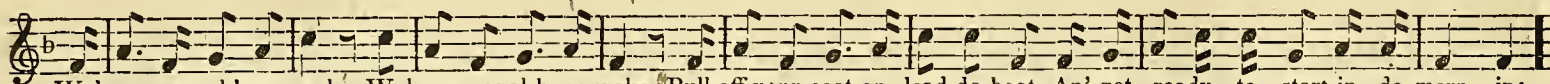
love match, or break your black heart, I'll tan you ole hide till it's tough as bull leath - er, I'll break off your love match, or break you black heart.

*p* *Cres.* *p*

## DE CANAL BOAT NIGGERS' SONG.

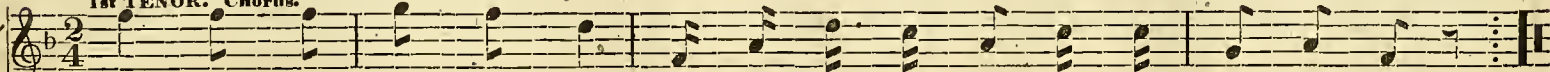


1. Ole winter's walk'd his chalk so nice, An' Massa Sun's unfritz de ice; De canal's wide open wid de spring, Canal boat niggers laugh and sing.  
2. Oh, when we all got in - to port, De yaller gals squeeze an court; We pass around de whiskey cup, An' we all break down till night break up.



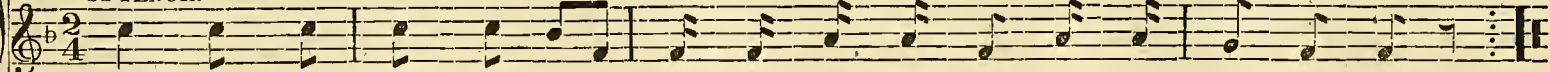
Wake up, canal boys, wake, Wake up, canal boys, wake, Pull off your coat an load de boat, An' get ready to start in de morn - in;  
Wake up, canal boys, wake, Wake up canal boys, wake, Pull off your coat an load de boat, An' get ready to start in de morn - in;

## 1st TENOR. Chorus.



Heigh ho! we'll steer and haul, Our boats up and down de big long ca - nal.

## 2d TENOR.



## 1st BASE.



Heigh ho! we'll steer and haul, Our boats up and down de big long ca - nal.

## 2d BASE.



3. We load our boat till her both sides laugh,  
Den we make de ole hoss toe de paff;  
We blow de horn, an' we take a horn too,  
An' den upon de trip we go.

Wake up, canal boys, &c.

4 Oh, when a storm comes, rain or hail,  
We neber hab to take in sail;  
But we take ourselves in for an hour,  
And sing like bull frogs in a shower.

Wake up, canal boys, &c.

5 Oh, goin' up Schuylkill canal,  
Dar I fuss seek my sweetheart Sal;  
She was diggin taters on de hill,  
An' she's about dem diggin's still.

Wake up, canal boys, &c.

6 I axed for to come aboard,  
An' down she waddled at de word;  
But while she was steppin' in,  
A snapper caught her by de shin.

Wake up, canal boys, &c.

7 De boat pull'd on an' she put off,  
An' she died wid de snappin-turtle cough;  
But off dat snapper's head I cuts,  
An' banjo strings made ob his—bosom.

Wake up, canal boys, &c.

8 Salt water boatmen think they're tall,  
But if they're wrecked we beat 'em all;  
We make a helm ob our heels,  
An' scud up stream like sharp-toed eels.

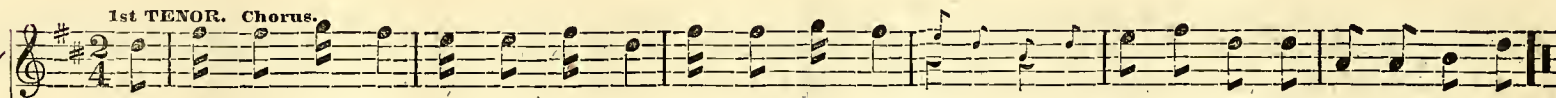
Wake up, canal boys, &c.





1. Ole Dan Tucker come to town To see de fashions up an down, He saw hair caps made of calf's wool, An' de folk all call dem Ole Bull.
2. Wid a black string hangin from de top, Jis like de tail ob a cannon swab, An' de fur pull'd clar down to dar noses, Dey look like upright buffaloses.

1st TENOR. Chorus.



An' up an' den down, Through all de town. Up an' down de streets am full ob chaps Wid calf's heads in de Ole Bull caps.

2d TENOR.



Solo.

1st BASE.



An' up an' den down, Through all de town. Up an' down de streets am full ob chaps Wid calf's heads in de Ole Bull caps.

2d BASE.



- 3 Some looked so tall dat Old Dan said,  
Dey'd trunks ob leather on dar head,  
Like stuffed bull necks some look'd to view,  
An' some like gal's muffs cut in two.  
An' up an' down, &c.

- 4 Some looked like old Russia's sogers,  
Some like Mississippi's hosiers,  
Some look like wild cats arter a battle,  
An' some jis like de no horned cattle.  
An' up an' down, &c.

- 5 A drover cum to town one night,  
A gang ob dandies met his sight,  
He tried to catch 'em all straight way, -  
For he thought his cattle had run away.  
An' up an' down, &c.

- 6 Some get dar hair caps ob de hatter,  
Some steal a bull's hide—dat's no matter,  
Some little better up to snuff,  
Buy up de casts off ladies' muffs.  
An' up an' down, &c.

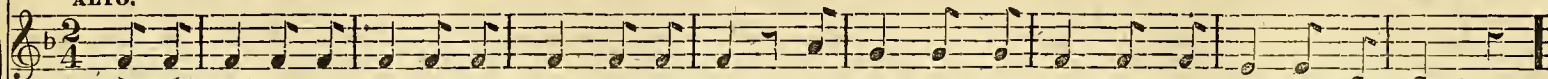
## WILL YOU WALK INTO DE CANE-BRAKE.

TENOR.



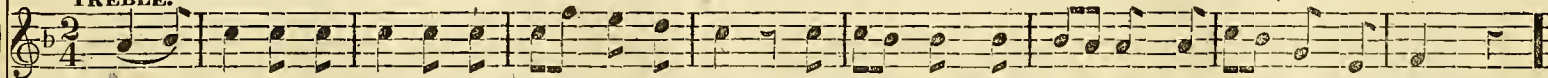
1. Will you walk into de cane-brake, Lubly Dinah, wid your Jake, Who am so constant and so true, All for his Dinah's sake. What am de world to me, den, &c.

ALTO.



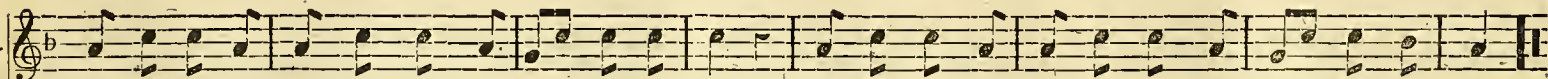
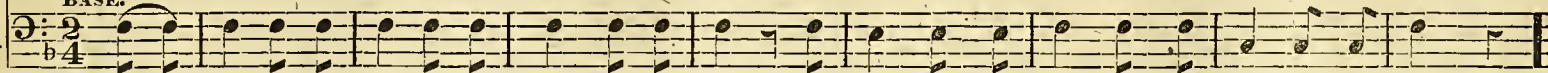
2. Ole massa he am bery kind, An says you may be mine, An dat no odder darkey here, Shall marry lubly Dine. Nor Cynthia Sue, nor lubly Fan, Dis darkey, &c.

TREBLE.

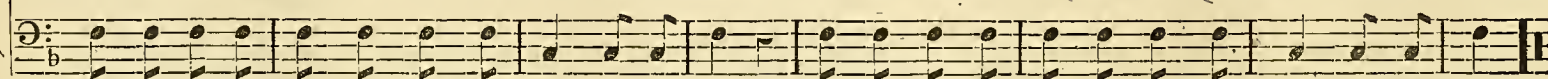
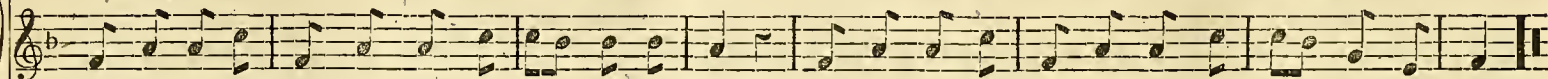


3. I know dat dey will envy me, An wish to cause me strife, When dey find out dat I hab got Sweet Dinah for my wife. But Jake will neber mind 'em, His heart, &c.

BASE.



Den will you, will you, will you, will you, Come along wid me, We'll play up - on de ban - jo, Wid a heart so light an free.



ALTO.

1. When de evening shades am going down, go - ing down, And sinking in de west, O, den de nig - ger's work am done, And den he takes him rest.

1st TENOR.

2d TENOR.

2. O, when de nig-gers are in de field, in de field, De sun am shining hot, He leans him-self upon his hoe, And curse his tiresome lot.

BASE.

Work, niggers, work—work, niggers, work, What care we fur de mor-row, Set ob de sun de day's work is done, Den we will ban - ish sor-row.

Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

3

But when de evening cums again,  
How good de niggers feel,  
'Tis den dey take de banjo down,  
And den dey dance de reel.  
Work, niggers, work, &c.

4

De niggers work, de niggers sing,  
De niggers all de go,  
Ob all de instruments dey plays,  
Gub me de ole banjo.  
Work, niggers, work, &c.



*Solo.*

1. At ear - ly dawn de nig-gers wakes, Puts on his ole at - tire, An thro' de fields bis way he takes, To la - bor for no hire. All

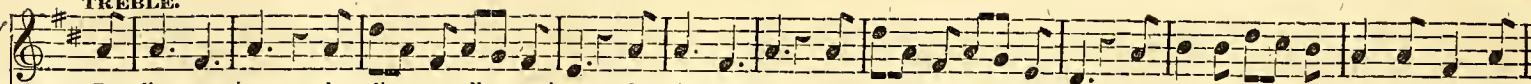
2. At noon, when no dark clouds ob-scure, De sun dat shines so hot, De nig-ger den leans on his hoe, An cuss his tiresome lot. He

3. When ebbing shades are com-ing on, De sun sinks down de west; De nigger's toil will soon be done, An den he'll hab some rest. 'Tis

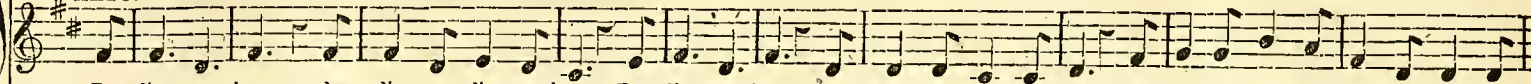
na - tur smiles to see him grin, While hoe-ing ob de corn; Its on - ly when he hears de sound, Ob dat ole din - ner horn.

tink ob frens he luff he - hind, When from dem he was torn; But pshaw—he soon for - gets dem all, When he hears de din - ner horn.

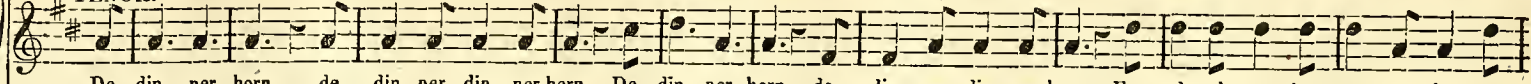
den he hears dem witch-in' notes, Dat on de breeze is borne, From de ole ob - er - se - er's throat, Fro' dat ole din - ner ' horn.

CHORUS.  
TREBLE.

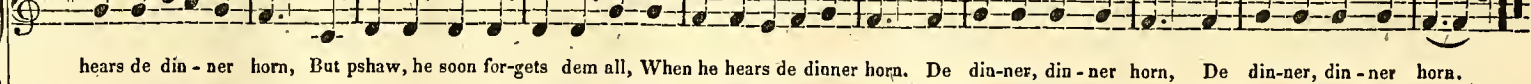
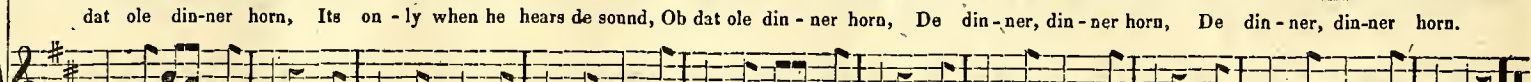
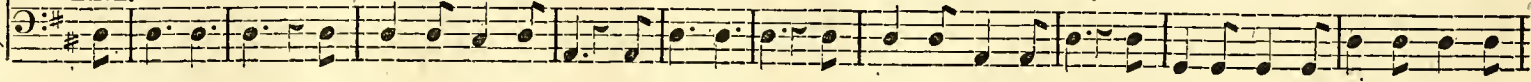
## ALTO.



## TENOR.



## BASE.



1. In Souf Car-li-na I was born, I husk de wood an chop de corn, De roast-in ear to de house I bring, De nigger cotch me an I sing;—

The first system of music consists of a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest followed by eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Ring de hoop! blow de horn! Cotch de nig-ger a steal-in corn, Way down in de low groun fiel 3, 4 mile from Pompey's heel.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a similar rhythmic pattern. The piano accompaniment maintains the same texture. The system concludes with a double bar line.

2. Dey took me out on tater hill,  
Dey make me dance against my will,  
I dance all roun de tater hole,  
De niggers punch me wid a pole.  
Ring de hoop, &c.

3. Down de riber I spied a ship,  
I slid down on my under lip,  
Hop on board an cross de drink,  
It make de niggers gizzard wink.  
Ring de hoop! an blow de horn,  
Nebber felt so glad sinc I was born, &c.

4. To Boston port I den sail roun,  
Dey said de Dickens was in town;  
I ax dem who de Dickens was,  
Dey sed't was massa Pickwick Boz.  
Ring de hoop! an blow de horn!  
Massa Dickens eat de corn, &c.

5. Dey fed ole massa Boz so tall,  
His trowsaloons dey grow too small;  
In Boston I couldnt get any pickens,  
Caze all de victuals went to de Dickens  
Ring de bell! an sown de gong!  
Massa Dickens' feedin strong, &c.





1. O has she den fail'd in her truth, Dat beau-ti-ful nig-ger I a-dore, Shall I neb-er a-gain see dat face, An view dat lov'd form a-ny more.

CHORUS.

Oh! Dine, Dine, Dine, I dear-ly love you Dine, Oh! Dine, Dine, Dine, I dear-ly love you Dine, Oh! Dine, Oh! Dine, Oh! Dine; I dear-ly love you Dine.

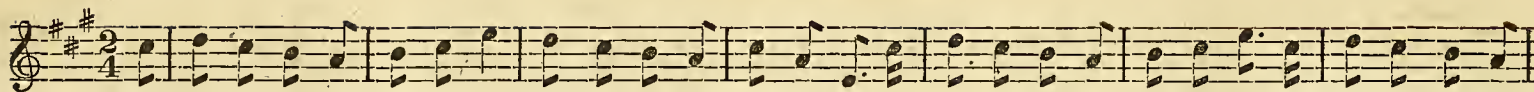
Dine, Dine, Dine, dear-ly love you Dine, Dine, Dine, Dine, dear-ly love you Dine, Oh! Dine, Oh! Dine, Oh! Dine, I dear-ly love you Dine.

2

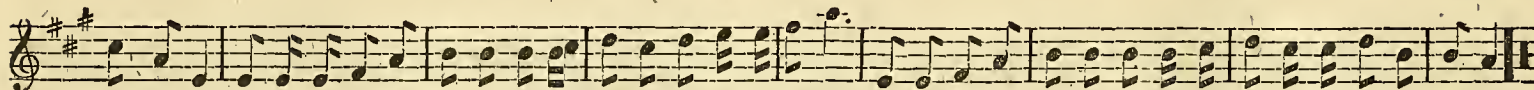
My Catø is just gone out,  
And you will have nothing to fear;  
So open de door and come in,  
An Dinah will meet you my dear.  
Oh! Dine, Dine, Dine, &c.

3

Now my Dinah since faithful you proved,  
I will cast off thoughts of despair,  
And each moment of pleasure that's lost,  
Is fresh in my memory my dear.  
Oh! Dine, Dine, Dine, &c.



1. One day, just at de set ob sun, When de work was did and done, I took my ban - jo and I played, Be - twixt de sun-shine



an de shade, Oh, get a-long, my yal-ler gals, De ebening sun tis de-clin-ing— Oh, git home, my yal-ler gals, For de dew on de grass am shin-ing.

2

A 'possum on a simmon tree,  
With one eye looked right down on me,  
Fast by his tail de critter hung,  
And in de chorus sweetly sung,  
O git home, &c.

3

I cast my eyes up to above,  
And saw de light of heavenly love,  
De comet set de clouds on fire—  
Lord, how dis nigger did suspire!  
O, git home, &c.

4

De wind come from out de souf,  
And de bull-frog grab him in de mouf;  
When de bull-frog catch 'him, he give him a wipe,  
And made him blow like an engine pipe.  
O, git along, &c.

5

De alligator in de brake,  
Plays fast asleep when he wide awake,  
He wants to suck some nigger in,  
As massa do a glass ob gin.  
O, git along, &c.

6

If I did own an old gray hoss,  
I would de alleghany cross;  
I'd cross de mountain an de plain,  
And neber hoe de corn again.  
O, git along, &c.

7

Oh tired hab grown the weary hours!  
Dey're goin to bed among de flowers;  
My own true lub I long to see,  
And wid her drink some ginger tea.  
O, git along, &c.

# DE CULLERED COKETT.

157

1st TENOR. Music, Lucy Long.

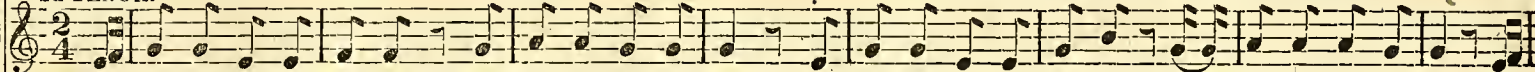


1. Oh, white folks, you'se heard ob Lucy Long, She was born in Philadelphia and de subject ob my song, Oh, she is a fair darkey, ob de rale fust stock, Sing

And wid her head and shoulders she could split a block.

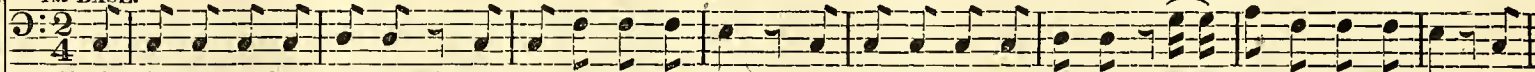
1. Oh, I kotch you toder morning, hanging by an ingin rope, Because Miss Lucy cut you like a cake o' brown soap. I'll soap you to de eyes, for dem lie-billous sayings, Sing  
And I'll gib you de magnetic shock dat folk call. Clar-away-ance.

2d TENOR.



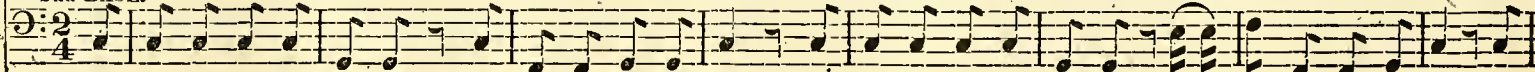
3. Oh, dar was a lub-sick darkey, about dat nigga's size, Dat fell in lub, and broke his nose, wid my sweet Lucy's eyes; Don't make dem sinivatioos, or I'll Sing  
[smash your pumpkin head, And dislocate the organ whar you stow away your bread!]

1st BASE.



4. Oh, she said you am as flat as your tater colored snout, And dat your words fell on her like water from a spout, Oh, she said, "Sweet Jim Along," you are Sing  
[distinguish man, And you'se set dis heart a fryiog like a shad widin a pan.]

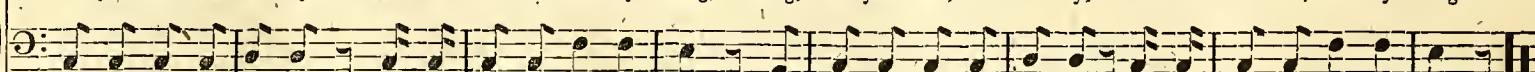
2nd BASE.



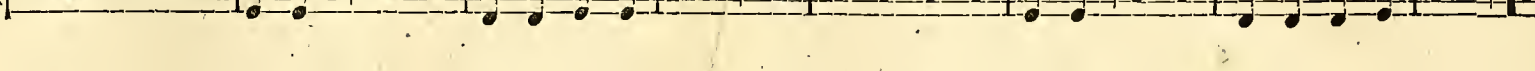
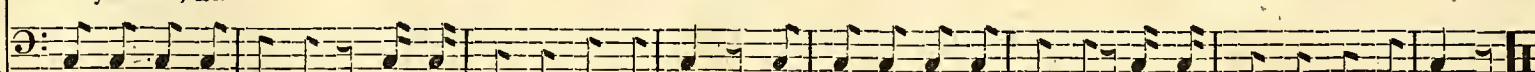
take your time, Miss Lu - cy; Rock de cra - dle Lu - cy Long. Sing, take your time, Miss Lu - cy; Rock de cra - dle, Lu - cy Long.  
take your time, &c.



take your time, Miss Lu - cy; Rock de cra - dle Lu - cy Long, Sing, take your time, Miss Lu - cy, Rock de cra - dle, Lu - cy Long.

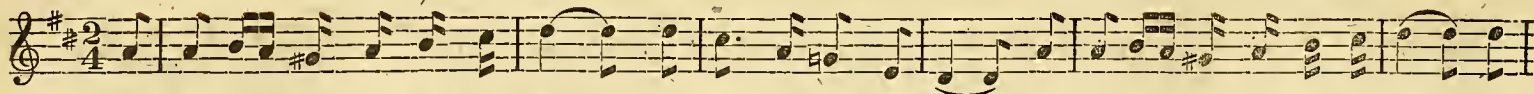


take your time, &c.

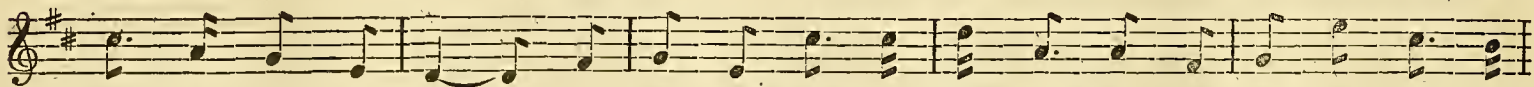




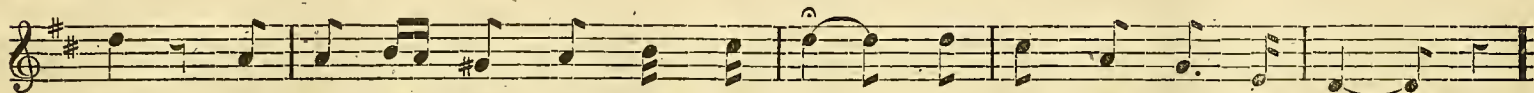
## WHO'S DAT KNOCKING AT DE DOOR.



1. Down in the woods ar - ter coons one night, Dar I seed a great big light, De bulgine scared me so I thought I was no more, I

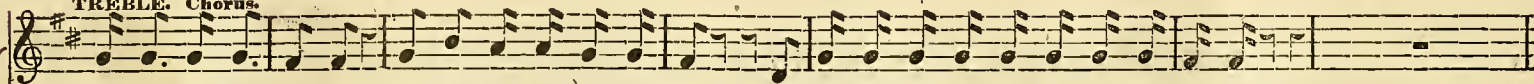


thought I was no more, De bul - gine scared me so, I thought I was no more, An I ran so hard a-



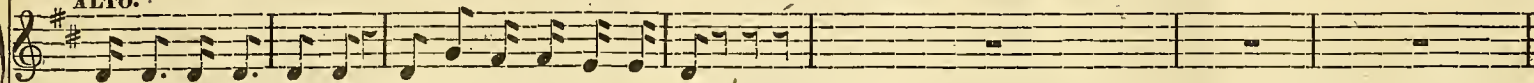
gainst the house my head went through the door, My head went through the door.

## TREBLE. Chorus.

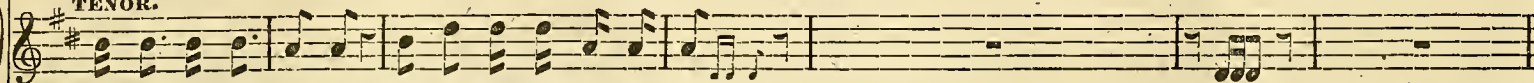


Who's dat knocking at de door? Who's dat knocking at de door? Who's dat knocking at de door, knocking at de door?

## ALTO.

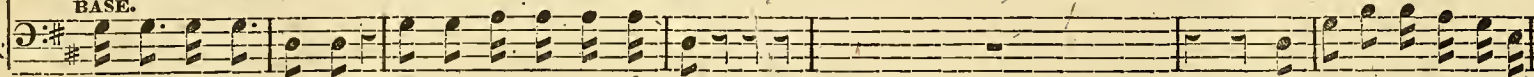


## TENOR.



Who's dat knocking at de door? Who's dat knocking at de door?

## BASE.



Who's dat a knock-ing at de

And its no use a' knocking at de door.

Is dat you Sam? No it is Jim, Is dat you Sam? No it is Jim Is dat you Sam? No it is Jim, You aint good looking an you can't come in.

door, You aint good looking, you aint good looking, You aint good looking an you can't come in, You aint good looking, you aint good looking, You aint good looking, &c.

2

I hab often tell ob habin wives,  
But I neber heard tell ob one dat had nines lives,  
She was deformed in de limbs, and she had a crooked jaw,  
Come from an accident dat happened wid de door.

Who's dat knocking, &c.

3

I dress myself up when I get done my work,  
And I went to a dance to see de wenchies flirt,  
Dar was a Bull dog in front, and he stretched out his paw,  
An he jerked off my coat tail a going in de door.

Who's dat knocking, &c.

[21]

4

Going ober to Hobuc, in de steamboat,  
De bulgine busted and we all got afloat!  
I swum berry fast to a house near de shore,  
And I hung my clothes to dry on de railings round de door.

Who's dat knocking, &c.

5

Old Dan Tucker and Dandy is dead,  
Dey boff got killed a bucking wid dar head;  
Dey boff had a fuss an you ought to heard dem sware,  
Dat's de way dey met dar death, a bucking gin de door.

Who's dat knocking, &c.

## SETTIN' ON A RAIL.

1. As I walked out by de light ob de moon, So mer - ri - ly sing - ing dis same tune, I cum a - cross a big ra-coon,  
 2. I at de racoon take a peep, An den so softly to him creep, I found de Racoon fast asleep, An pull de Ra-coon off de rail,  
 3. De Racoon gan to scratch an bite, I hit oncé wid all my might, I bung he eye an spile he sight, O I am dat ole child to fight,

A sit - tin on a rail, sit - tin on a rail, sit - tin on a rail, sit - tin on a rail, sleepin wer - ry sound.  
 An pull him off de rail, pull him off de rail, pull him off de rail, pull him off de rail, fling him on de ground.  
 O I'm dat child to fight, I'm dat child to fight, I'm dat child to fight, I'm dat child to fight, play de ban - jo too.

4

I tell de Racoon gin to pray,  
 While on de ground de Racoon lay,  
 But he jump up and run away,  
 An soon he out ob sight, (repeat)  
 Sittin on a rail.

5

My ole Massa dead an gone,  
 A dose ob poison help him on,  
 De Debil say him funeral song,  
 Oh bress him let him go, (repeat)  
 An joy go wid him to.

6

De Racoon hunt do worry quare,  
 Am no touch to kill de deer,  
 Becase you cotch him wid out fear,  
 Sittin on a rail, (repeat)  
 Sleepin worry sound.

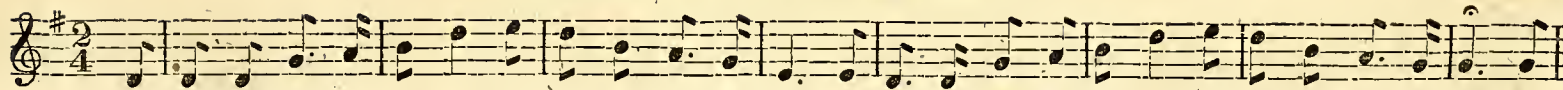
7

Oh, all de songs dat eber I sung,  
 De Racoon hunt's de greatest one,  
 It always pleases old and young,  
 An den dey cry encore, (repeat)  
 An den I cum agin.



# BELLE OB BALTIMORE.

161



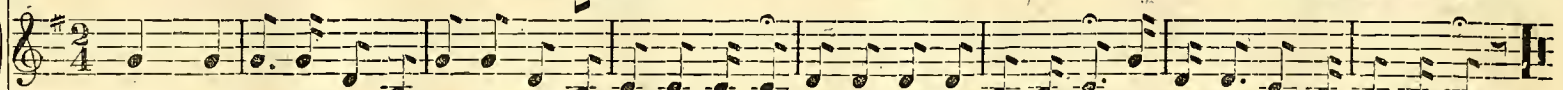
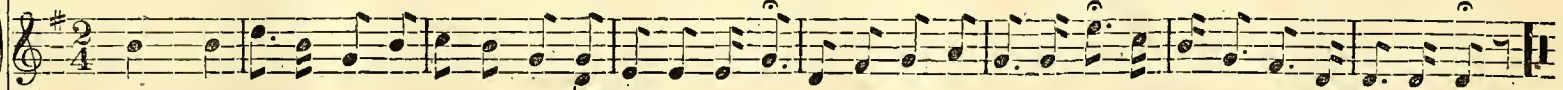
I've been through Car - o - li - na, I've been to Ten - nes - see, I sailed the Mis - sis - sip - pi, For mas - sa set me free, I've



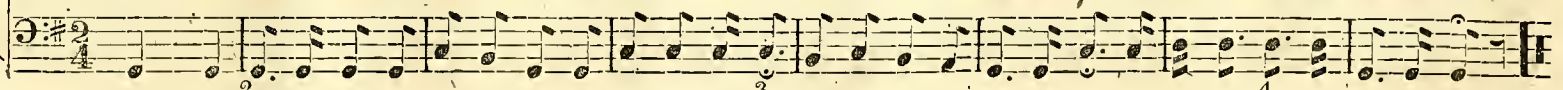
kissed de lub - ly Cre - ole on Lou - si - an - a's shore, But I neb - er found de gal to match De blooming Belle ob Bal - ti - more.



Oh, boys, Belle's a beauty, Eyes so bright and cheek so soot - y, No gal I eb - er seen a - fore, So sweet as Belle ob Bal - ti - more.



Oh, boys, Belle's a beauty, Eyes so bright and cheek so soo - ty, No gal I eb - er seen a - fore, So sweet as Belle ob Bal - ti - more.

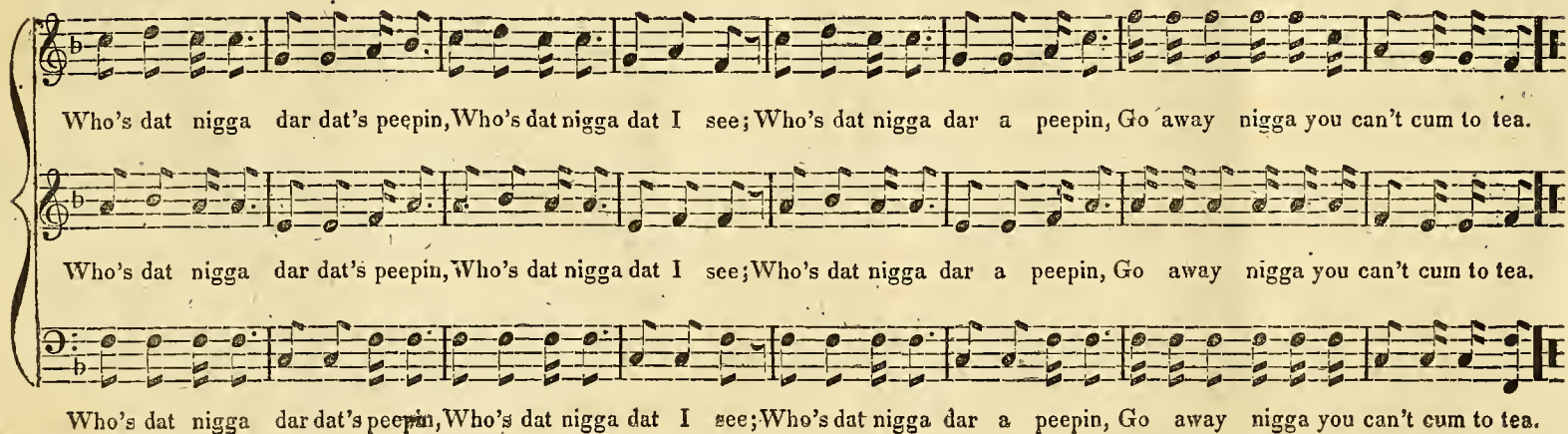
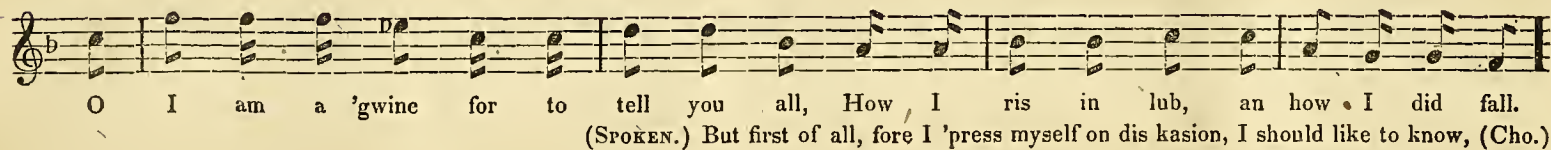
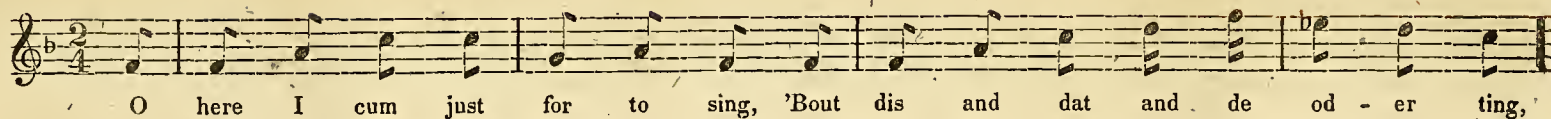


My Belle is tall and slender,  
And sings so berry clear,  
You'd tink she was an owlingale,  
If once her voice you hear;  
I walked down to her cabin  
And rapped upon the door,  
I went to gub my doggertype  
To my sweet Belle ob Baltimore.  
Oh, boys, &c.

I found her by de ribber,  
My errand I did tell,  
Says she, "You gay deceiber,  
I know your tricks too well;  
I seen you kiss anudder gal,  
De berry night afore!"  
Wid dat she turned upon her heel  
And off went Belle ob Baltimore.  
Oh, boys, &c.

I wrote my lub a letter,  
And scented it so sweet,  
De musk, de clobes, and peppermint,  
Stuck out about a feet!  
But all my trouble was no use,  
I neber seen her more,  
For I squashed de tender 'feckshins ob  
My blooming Belle ob Baltimore.  
Oh, boys, &c.

## WHO'S DAT NIGGA DAR A PEEPIN'?



2

Oh I fell in lub wid Miss Dinah Crow,  
And her teef was like de clar grit snow,  
And her eyes likè dem beams dat shine from de moon,  
Sharper dan de teef of de Possum and de Coon—

Yes, you see dis nigga first exprised herself by seeing her  
promulgating herseff up and down Chesnut Street, perspir-  
ating dat foot ob hers up so high dat when it dropt it was  
death to all creeping insects, and den wid de poet I was  
'strained to say,

Who's dat nigga, &c.

3

Oh I went dar one ebening, kording to rule,  
And I was exprised to see a nigga squattin on a stool  
Dar was Massa Zip Coon squatting down by de fire  
Singing dat song ob Ole Virginny neber tire—

Yes indeed, dare de digga was, dares no 'ception in dat,  
and as soon as dis nigga lit his eye 'pon him dare was quite  
a constervation 'mongst us niggas kase I axed Dinah if she  
would jist 'press herself openly pon de rezon and inform dis  
nigger,

Who's dat nigga, &c.

6

Now ladies and gemmen, my song is sung,  
And I hope you all hab some fun  
If you want to hear a song dat will keep you from sleepin,  
Hear who's dat nigga dar dat's peepin,

Yes indeed, dares so much percitation in it,  
dat it probitates de promulgation ob all oder sen-  
timations and de only 'spression dat you hear is,

Who's dat nigga, &c.

4

Oh, den us niggers you ort for to see—  
Dar was me hugging him, and he was hugging me,  
Oh, he bit me pon my arm and tore my close,  
I foteh him a lick and broke Miss Dinah's nose,

Den says I, jist look a here Miss Dinah, dats de facts ob  
your habbing more dan one nigga dressing himseff to you at  
one time, and now den, Miss Dinah, I shall lebe you for de  
present, but next time I sees any gemman ob color 'cept my-  
self, I hope I shant be under de discumgresable necessity of  
axing you

Who's dat nigga, &c.

5

Oh de next morning dey took dem fore de mare,  
Who taught dey had not acted fair,  
So he sent dem down jist for thirty days apiece  
For kicking up a row and brakin de police.

Oh Lord, lova, lova, ha! ha! hush, honey, hush, de fust  
ting I knew in de morning, dere Massa Zip was poking his  
ugly mug out ob de "Black Maria," and den you ort to hear  
dis child fling out to him and ax

Who's dat nigga, &c.



## DE BLUE TAIL FLY.

O when you come in sum-mer time, To South Car - li - na's sul - try cline, If in de shade you chance to lie, You'll

The first system of the musical score is written for three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/4. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

soon find out de blue tail fly, An scratch 'im wid a bri - er too. 2. Dar's ma - ny kind ob dese here tings, From diff'rent sort ob

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

insects springs; Some hatch in June, an some Ju - ly, But Au - gust fatches de blue tail fly, An scratch 'im wid a bri - er too.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

3

When I was young, I used to wait  
 On Massa's table and hand de plate;  
 I'd pass de bottle when he's dry,  
 An brush away de blue tail fly.  
 An scratch 'im, &c.

4

Den arter dinner Massa sleep,  
 He bid me vigilance to keep;  
 An when he gwine to shut he eye,  
 He tell me watch de blue tail fly.  
 An scratch im, &c.

5

When he ride in de arternoon,  
 I foller wid a hickory broom;  
 De poney being berry shy,  
 When bitten by de blue tail fly.  
 An scratch im, &c.

6

One day he rode aroun de farm,  
 De flies so numerous did swarm;  
 One chance to bite him on de thigh,  
 De debble take dat blue tail fly.  
 An scratch im, &c.

7

De poney run, he jump an pitch,  
 An tumble Massa in de ditch;  
 He died, an de Jury wonder why  
 De verdict was de "blue tail fly."  
 An scratch im, &c.

8

Dey laid him under a simmon tree,  
 His epitaph am dar to see;  
 Beneath dis stone I'm forced to lie,  
 All by de means ob de blue tail fly.  
 An scratch im, &c.

9

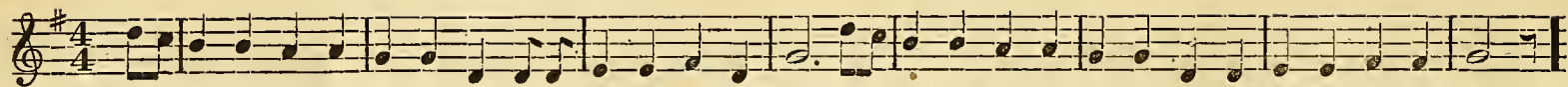
Ole Massa's gone, now let him rest,  
 Dey say all tings am for de best;  
 I neber shall forget till de day I die,  
 Ole Massa an de blue tail fly.  
 An scratch im, &c.

10

De hornet gets in your eyes an nose,  
 De 'skeeters bites ye through your close,  
 De gallinipper sweeten high,  
 But wusser yet de blue tail fly.  
 An scratch im, &c.

11

Dar's many kind ob dese here tings,  
 From diff'rent sort ob insects springs;  
 Some hatch in June, an some July,  
 But August fatches de blue tail fly.  
 An scratch 'im, &c.



Oh come my boys at - ten - tion give, And a song I'll sing to you Al - tho' the sto - ry may be old, The song you'll say is new,



It's a - bout de Reb - o - lu - tion days which de world did ad - mire; When in de hearts of pat - riots brave Glow'd pat - ri - ot - ic

Fire, fire,                      fi - - re,      Then hur - rah for the days of old,      Then hur -

Fire, fire,                      fi - - - re,      Then hur - rah for the days of old,      Then hur -

Fire, fire,                      fi - - - re,      Then hur - rah for the days of old,      Then hur -

Fire, fi - - - re,



rah for the days of old, When ev' - ry man and wo - man too was a he - ro, I've been told.

rah for the days of old, When ev' - ry man and wo - man too was a he - ro I've, been told.

2

Dere was a man among de rest  
 And Washington was his name;  
 And all de folks said he was de best,  
 He had such a mighty fame;  
 He nebber spared de enemy,  
 But when odder men would tire,  
 He wid his continentallers  
 Would meet de red-coats, fire, fire, &c.  
 And a running dey would go,  
 And a running dey would go,  
 For they tho't they'd got a little dose  
 Ob de fire down below.

3

Deres a place out here called Bunker Hill,  
 Whar de monument does stand,  
 It's de spot whar Massa Warren fell,  
 A-fighting for his land;  
 De Yankees were told to save dere shot  
 Till de enemy should get nigher,  
 And when dey saw de white ob dere eye,  
 Dey got de word to fire, fire, &c.  
 But dey could not beat de foe,  
 But dey could not beat de foe,  
 And many a gallant heart dat day  
 Was in de dust laid low.

4

But dere was anudder little hill  
 Wat dey call de Dorch'ster Hights,  
 Whar dey built a fort and cannons sot,  
 All in a single night;  
 When de British General saw de game,  
 He thought he should suspire,  
 So he sent an invitation for  
 De Yankees to stop dere fire, fire, &c.  
 But 'twas no use a talking so,  
 It was no use a talking so,  
 For de Yankees had found a patent way  
 To make de red-coats go.

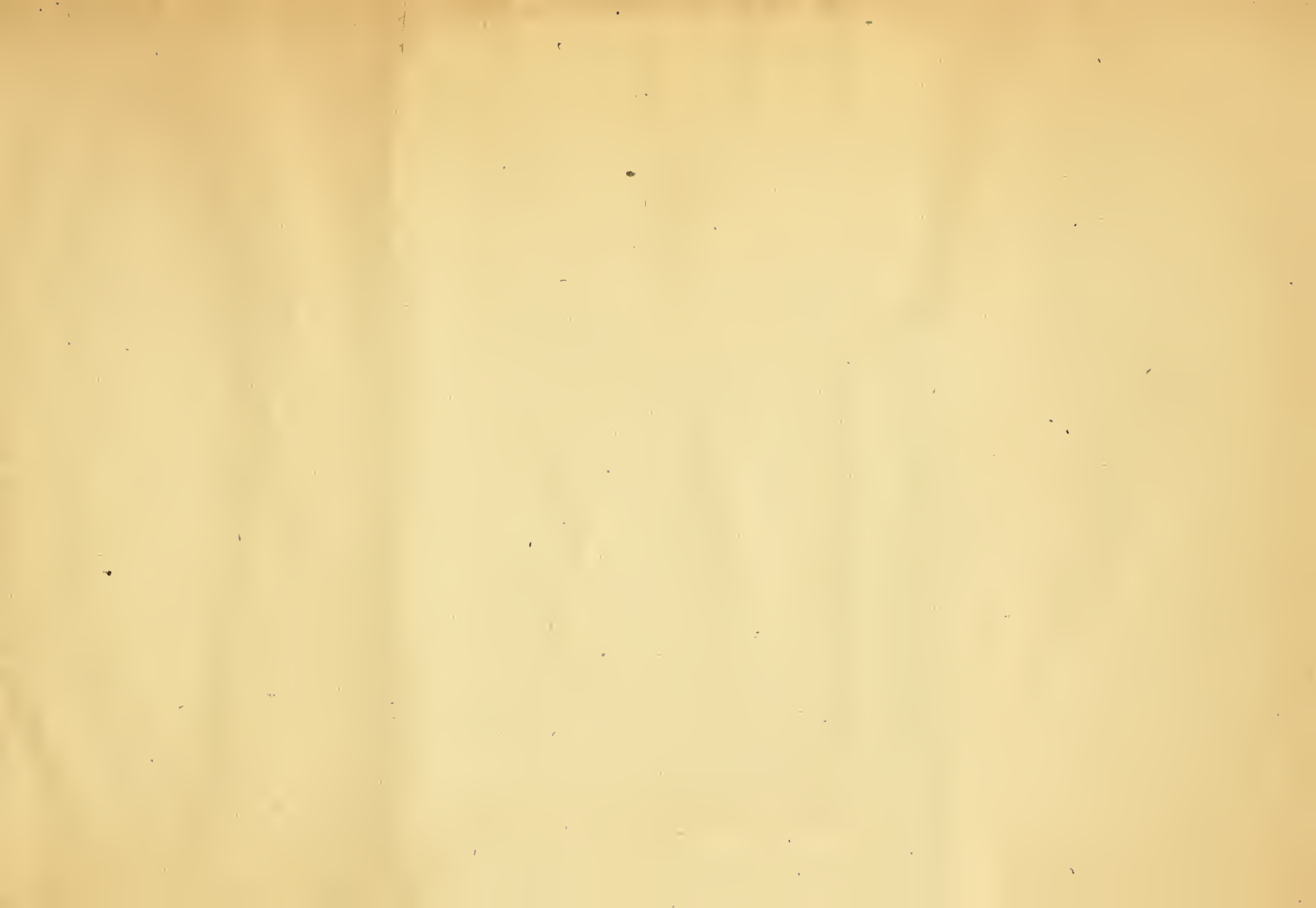
# INDEX.

A Life by de Galley Fire.....	50	Hark to de Banjo's sound.....	29	Over the Mountain.....	31
Alabama Joe.....	54	I seen her at the window.....	98	Old Dan Tucker.....	5
A Darkie's Life is always gay.....	92	I dreamt dat I libed in hotel halls.....	48	Ole Bull and Ole Dan Tucker.....	18
Banks of de Ohio.....	68	I'm sailin on de old Canal.....	40	O whar is de spot dat we was born on.....	38
Banja.....	69	In de wild Rackoon Track.....	24	Old Joe Golden.....	36
Black Eyed Susianna.....	44	Jim along Josey.....	61	Oh! Mr. Coon.....	90
Belle ob Baltimore.....	161	Jim Crack Corn.....	64	Phillisee Charcoal.....	28
Cynthia Sue.....	123	Jenny Boker.....	80	Picayune Butler.....	117
Clare de Kitchen.....	124	Jim Brown.....	81	Revolutionary Echoes.....	166
Come wid de Darkey Band.....	52	Jim Crow Polka.....	89	Rosa Lee.....	84
Coal Black Rose.....	6	Joe ob Tennessee.....	145	Rosa dear.....	95
Carry me back to Old Virginny.....	60	Julia am a Beauty.....	137	Sally Steele and Jenny Weaver.....	34
De nights when we went Coon Hunting.....	72	Jenny, get your hoe-cake done.....	41	Such a gettin up Stairs.....	9
De Oak Ise sawed so long.....	74	Jolly Raftsman.....	27	Sing, sing, darkies sing.....	16
Dandy Broadway Swell.....	105	Jim Crow.....	19	Stop dat Knocking.....	76
De Oyster Boat.....	110	Jumbo Jum.....	30	Snow Drop Ann.....	103
Dandy Jim ob Caroline.....	7	Lucy Neal.....	3	Settin' on a rail.....	160
De Rose ob Alabama.....	47	Long time ago.....	59	Success to Oregon.....	131
Den you'll remember me.....	46	Lousiana Belle.....	65	Suke of Tennessee.....	57
Dearest Mae.....	37	Lily of the Vallèy.....	108	The Bowery Gals.....	125
De Boatman's Dance.....	26	Luhly Dine.....	155	'Twill nebber do to gib it up so.....	128
De skeeters do bite.....	10	Long Tail Blue.....	118	The Dinner Horn.....	152
De Yaller Corn.....	12	My Uncle Ned.....	58	The jolly darkey.....	135
Darkies, our Master's gone to town.....	119	My Lubly Clementine.....	130	The Gal with the blue dress on.....	56
De History ob de World.....	126	Miss Nancy Paul.....	62	The Band of Niggers from old Virginny State.....	20
De Nigger's Banjo hum.....	132	My lovely Virginia Gal.....	97	Tell me Josey, whar you been.....	32
De rattle ob de Bones.....	134	My pretty Yellow Gal.....	99	The Phantom Chorus.....	112
De Chimney Sweep's Glee.....	136	Miss Lucy Long.....	8	Uncle Gabriel, the Negro General.....	120
De lubly Nigger Boy.....	138	Mary Blane.....	23	Virginny's Black Daughter.....	129
De Canal Boat Nigger's song.....	148	Now I lub Snkey dearly.....	144	Walk in Joe.....	139
De Ole Bull Caps.....	149	Nigger take warning.....	146	Will you walk into de cane-brake.....	150
De Culered Kokett.....	157	Ole Cuff in de mornin'.....	122	Work, niggers, work.....	151
De Blue Tail Fly.....	164	O lnd gals gib me chaw terhackur.....	140	Who's dat knocking at de door.....	158
Fine Old Color'd Gentleman.....	70	Ole Virginny.....	142	Who's dat Nigga dar a peepin.....	162
Farewell, Ladies.....	101	Ole Pee Dee.....	154	Walk in de Parlor.....	100
Gone to Alabama.....	94	Oh! Susanna.....	88	We'll have a little dance, to-night, boys.....	86
Ginger's Wedding.....	107	Ole King Crow.....	66	Way down South in Alabama.....	87
Gumbo Chaff.....	4	Old Aunt Sally.....	77	Young Bowshin's Bride.....	42
'Gwine to de Mill.....	22	Old Gray Goose.....	79	Yaller Gals.....	156
Happy are we Darkies so gay.....	104	Old Joe.....	72	Zip Coon.....	14









**Boston Public Library**  
**Central Library, Copley Square**

**Division of**  
**Reference and Research Services**

**Music Department**

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.



B.P.L. Binding,  
JUN 10 190...

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 05500 849 2

